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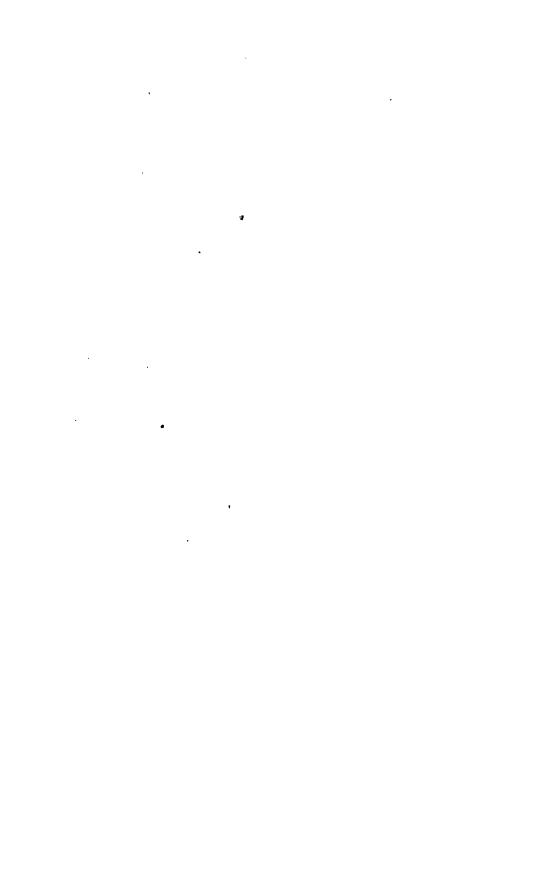




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BELGRAVIA

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BELGRAVIA

JULY 1871

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. MR. GRANGER IS PRECIPITATE.

CLARISSA had little sleep that night. The image of George Fairfax, and of that dead soldier whom she pictured darkly like him, haunted her all through the slow silent hours. Her mother's story had touched her to the heart; but her sympathies were with her father. Here was a new reason why she should shut her heart against Lady Geraldine's lover, if any reason were wanted to strengthen that sense of honour which reigns supreme in a girl's unsullied soul. In her conviction as to what was right she never wavered. She felt herself very weak where this man was concerned—weak enough to love him in spite of reason and honour; but she did not doubt her power to keep that guilty secret, and to hide her weakness from George Fairfax.

She had almost forgotten her engagement at Arden Court when her father came down to his late breakfast, and found her sketching at a little table near the window, with the affectionate Ponto nestling close at her side.

'I thought you would be dressing for your visit by this time,

Clary,' he said very graciously.

- 'My visit, papa? O, yes, to the Court,' she replied, with a faint sigh of resignation. 'I had very nearly forgotten all about it. I was to be there between twelve and one, I think. I shall have plenty of time to give you your breakfast. It's not eleven yet.'
- 'Be sure you dress yourself becomingly. I don't want you to appear at a disadvantage compared with the heiress.'

'I'll put on my prettiest dress, if you like, papa; but I can't

wear such silks and laces as Miss Granger wears.'

'You will have such things some day, I daresay, and set them off better than Miss Granger. She is not a bad-looking young Second Series, Vol. V. F.S. Vol. XV.

woman—good complexion, fine figure, and so on—but as stiff as a poker.'

'I think she is mentally stiff, papa; she is a sort of person I could never get on with. How I wish you were coming with me

this morning!'

'I couldn't manage it, Clarissa. The schools and the model villagers would be more than I could stand. But at your age you ought to be interested in that sort of thing; and you really ought to get on with Miss Granger.'

It was half-past twelve when Miss Lovel opened the gate leading into Arden Park—the first time that she had ever opened it; though she had stood so often leaning on that rustic boundary, and gazing into the well-known woodland, with fond sad looks. There was an actual pain at her heart as she entered that unforgotten domain; and she felt angry with Daniel Granger for having forced this visit upon her.

'I suppose he is determined that we shall pay homage to his wealth, and admire his taste, and drink the bitter cup of humiliation to the very dregs. If he had any real delicacy of feeling, he would nuderstand our reluctance to any intimacy with him.'

While she was thinking of Mr. Granger in this unfriendly spirit, a step sounded on the winding path before her, and looking up, she perceived the subject of her thoughts coming quickly towards her. Was there ever such an intrusive man? She blushed rosy red with vexation.

He came to her, with his hat in his hand, looking very big and stiff and counting-house-like among the flickering shadows of forest trees; not an Arcadian figure by any means, but with a certain formal business-like dignity about him, for all that; not a man to be ridiculed or despised.

'I am glad you have not forgotten your promise to come early, Miss Lovel,' he said, in his strong sonorous voice. 'I was just walking over to the cottage to remind you. Sophia is quite ready to do the honours of her schools. But I shall not let her carry you off till after luncheon; I want to show you my improvements. I had set my heart on your seeing the Court for the first time—since its restoration—under my guidance.'

'Pompous, insufferable parvenu,' thought Clarissa, to whom this desire on Mr. Granger's part seemed only an odious eagerness to exhibit his wealth. She little knew how much sentiment there was involved in this wish of Daniel Granger's.

They came into the open part of the park presently, and she was fain to confess, that whatever changes had been made—and the alterations here were not many—had been made with a perfect appreciation of the picturesque. Even the supreme neatness with which the grounds were now kept did not mar their beauty. Fairy-like young

plantations of rare specimens of the coniferous tribe had arisen at every available point of the landscape, wherever there had been barrenness before. Here and there the old timber had been thinned a little, always judiciously. No cockney freaks of fancy disfigured the scene. There were no sham ruins, no artificial waterfalls poorly supplied with water, no Chinese pagodas, or Swiss cottages, or gothic hermitages. At one point of the shrubbery where the gloom of cypress and fir was deepest, they came suddenly on a Grecian temple, whose slender marble columns might have gleamed amidst the sacred groves of Diana; and this was the only indulgence Mr. Granger had allowed to an architect's fancy. Presently, at the end of a wide avenue, a broad alley of turf between two lines of unrivalled beeches, the first glimpse of the Court burst upon Clarissa's sight—unchanged and beautiful. A man must have been a Goth, indeed, who had altered the outward aspect of the place by a hair's breadth.

The house was surrounded by a moat, and there was a massive stone gateway, of older date than the Court itself—though that was old—dividing a small prim garden from the park; this gatehouse was a noble piece of masonry, of the purest gothic, rich with the mellow tint of age, and almost as perfect as in the days when some wandering companionship of masons gave the last stroke of their chisels to the delicate tracery of window and parapet.

The Court formed three sides of a quadrangle. A dear old place, lovable rather than magnificent, yet with all the grandeur of the middle ages; a place that might have stood a siege perhaps, but had evidently been built for a home. The garden originally belonging to the house was simplicity itself, and covered scarcely an acre. All round the inner border of the moat there ran a broad terrace-walk, divided by a low stone balustrade from a grassy bank that sloped down to the water. The square plot of ground before the house was laid out in quaint old flower-beds, where the roses seemed, to Clarissa at least, to flourish as they flourished nowhere else. The rest of the garden consisted of lawn and flower-beds, with more roses. There were no trees near the house, and the stables and out-offices, which made a massive pile of building, formed a background to the grave old gothic mansion.

Without, at least, Mr. Granger had respected the past. Clarissafelt relieved by this moderation, and was inclined to think him a little less hateful. So far he had said nothing which could seem to betray a boastful spirit. He had watched her face and listened to her few remarks with a kind of deferential eagerness, as if it had been a matter of vital importance to him that she should approve what he had done. A steward, who had been intrusted with the conduct of alterations and renovations during the absence of his master, could scarcely have appeared more anxious as to the result of his operations. The great iron gates under the gothic archway stood wide

open, just as they had been wont to do in Mr. Lovel's time, and Clarissa and her companion passed into the quiet garden. How well she remembered the neglected air of the place when last she had seen it—the mossgrown walks, the duckweed in the moat, the straggling rose-bushes, everything out of order, from the broken weathercock on one of the gateway towers, to the scraper by the half-glass door in one corner of the quadrangle, which had been used instead of the chief entrance! It seems natural to a man of decayed fortune to shut up his hall-door and sneak in and out of his habitation by some obscure portal.

Now all was changed; a kind of antique primness, which had no taint of cockney stiffness, pervaded the scene. One might have expected to see Sir Thomas More or Lord Bacon emerge from the massive gothic porch, and stroll with slow step and meditative aspect towards the stone sun-dial that stood in the centre of that square rose-garden. The whole place had an air of doublet and hose. It seemed older to Clarissa than when she had seen it last—older and yet newer, like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, restored, after a century of decay, to all its original grandeur.

The door under the porch stood open; but there were a couple of men in a sober livery waiting in the hall-footmen who had never been reared in those Yorkshire wilds-men with powdered hair, and the stamp of Grosvenor-square upon them. These flew to open inner doors, and Clarissa began with wonder to behold the new glories of the mansion. She followed Mr. Granger in silence through dining- and billiard-rooms, saloon and picture-gallery, boudoir and music - room, in all of which the Elizabethan air, the solemn grace of a departed age, had been maintained with a marvellous art. Money can do so much; above all where a man has no bigoted belief in his own taste or capacity, and will put his trust in the intelligence of artists by genius and profession. Daniel Granger had done this. He had said to an accomplished architect, 'I give you the house of my choice; make it what it was in its best days. Improve wherever you can, but alter as little as possible; and, above all, no modernising.'

Empowered by this carte blanche, the architect had given his soul to dreams of mediæval splendour, and had produced a place which, in its way, was faultless. No matter that some of the carved-oak furniture was fresh from the chisel of the carver, while other things were the spoil of old Belgian churches; that the tapestry in one saloon was as old as the days of its designer, Boucher, and that in the adjoining chamber made on purpose for Arden Court at the Gobelins manufactory of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. No matter that the gilt-leather hangings in one room had hung there in the reign of Charles I., while those in another were supplied by a west-end upholsterer. Perfect taste had harmonised every detail;

there was not so much as a footstool or a curtain that could have been called an anachronism. Clarissa looked at all these things with a strange sense of wandering somewhere in a dream. It was, and yet was not, her old home. There was nothing incongruous. The place scarcely seemed new to her, though everything was altered. It was only as it ought to have been always.

She remembered the bare rooms, the scanty shabby furniture of the Georgian era, the patches and glimpses of faded splendour here and there, the Bond-street prettinesses and fripperies in her mother's boudoir, which, even in her early girlhood, had grown tawdry and rococo, the old pictures rotting in their tarnished frames; everything with that sordid air of poverty and decay upon it.

'Well, Miss Lovel,' Daniel Granger said at last, when they had gone through all the chief rooms almost in silence, 'do you approve of what has been done?'

'It is beautiful,' Clarissa answered, 'most beautiful; 'but—but it breaks my heart to see it!'

The words were wrung from her somehow. In the next moment she was ashamed of them — it seemed like the basest envy.

- 'O, pray, pray do not think me mean or contemptible, Mr. Granger,' she said; 'it is not that I envy you your house, only it was my home so long, and I always felt its neglect so keenly; and to see it now so beautiful, as I could have only pictured it in my dreams, and even in them I could not fancy it so perfect!'
- 'It may be your home again, Clarissa, if you care to make it so,' said Mr. Granger, coming very close to her, and with a sudden passion in his voice. 'I little thought when I planned this place that it would one day seem worthless to me without one lovely mistress. It is all yours, Clarissa, if you will have it—and the heart of its master, who never thought that it was in his nature to feel what he feels for you.'

He tried to take her hand; but she shrank away from him, trembling a little, and with a frightened look in her face.

'Mr. Granger, O, pray, pray don't—'

'For God's sake don't tell me that this seems preposterous or hateful to you—that you cannot value the love of a man old enough to be your father. You do not know what it is for a man of my age and my character to love for the first time. I had gone through life heart-whole, Clarissa, till I saw you. Between my wife and me there was never more than liking. She was a good woman, and I respected her, and we got on very well together. That was all. Clarissa, tell me that there is some hope. I ought not to have spoken so soon; I never meant to be such a fool—but the words came in spite of me. O, my dearest, don't crush me with a point-blank refusal. I know that all this must seem strange to you. Let

it pass. Think no more of anything I have said till you know me better—till you find my love is worth having. I believe I fell in love with you that first afternoon in the library at Hale. From that time forth your face haunted me—like some beautiful picture—the loveliest thing I had ever seen, Clarissa!'

'I cannot answer you, Mr. Granger,' she said, in a broken voice; 'you have shocked and surprised me so much, I—'

'Shocked and surprised you! That seems hard.'

In that very moment it flashed upon her that this was what her father and Lady Laura Armstrong had wished to bring about. She was to win back the lost heritage of Arden Court—win it by the sacrifice of every natural feeling of her heart, by the barter of her very self.

How much more Mr. Granger might have said there is no knowing—for, once having spoken, a man is loth to leave such a subject as this unexhausted—but there came to Clarissa's relief the rustling sound of a stiff silk dress, announcing the advent of Miss Granger, who sailed towards them through a vista of splendid rooms, with a stately uncompromising air that did not argue the warmest possible welcome for her guest.

'I have been hunting for you everywhere, papa,' she said in an aggrieved tone. 'Where have you been hiding Miss Lovel?'

And then she held out her hand and shook hands with Clarissa in the coldest manner in which it was possible for a human being to perform that ceremony. She looked at her father with watchful suspicious eyes as he walked away to one of the windows, not caring that his daughter should see his face just at that moment. There was something, evidently, Sophia thought—something which it concerned her to discover.

CHAPTER XX.

MODEL VILLAGERS.

They went to luncheon in a secondary dining-room—a cosy little apartment, which served pleasantly for all small gatherings, and had that social air so impossible in a spacious and grandiose banqueting-chamber—a perfect gem of a room, hung with gilt leather, relieved here and there by a choice picture in a frame of gold and ebony. Here the draperies were of a dark glowing crimson cut velvet, which the sunshine brightened into ruby. The only ornaments in this room were a pair of matchless Venetian girandoles on the mantelpiece, and a monster Pallissy dish, almost as elaborate in design as the shield of Achilles, on the oaken buffet.

The luncheon was not a very genial repast; Miss Granger maintained a stately sulkiness; Clarissa had not yet recovered from the agitation which Mr. Granger's most unexpected avowal had occasioned; and even the strong man himself felt his nerves shaken,

and knew that he was at a disadvantage, between the daughter who suspected him and the woman who had all but refused his hand. He did his utmost to seem at his ease, and to beguile his daughter into a more cordial bearing; but there was a gloom upon that little party of three which was palpably oppressive. It seemed in vain to struggle against that dismal influence. Mr. Granger felt relieved when, just at the close of the meal, his butler announced that Mr. Tillott was in the drawing-room. Mr. Tillott was a mild inoffensive young man of High-church tendencies, the curate of Arden.

'I asked Tillott to go round the schools with us this afternoon,' Mr. Granger said to his daughter in an explanatory tone. 'I know what an interest he takes in the thing, and I thought it would be

pleasanter.'

'You are very kind, papa,' Miss Granger replied, with implacable stiffness; 'but I really don't see what we want with Mr. Tillott, or with you either. There's not the least reason that we should take you away from your usual occupations; and you are generally so busy of an afternoon. Miss Lovel and I can see everything there is to be seen, without any escort; and I have always heard you complain that my schools bored you.'

'Well, perhaps I may have had rather an overdose of the philanthropic business occasionally, my dear,' answered Mr. Granger, with a good-humoured laugh. 'However, I have set my heart upon seeing how all your improvements affect Miss Lovel. She has such a peculiar interest in the place, you see, and is so identified with the people. I thought you'd be pleased to have Tillott. He's really a good fellow, and you and he always seem to have so much to talk about.'

On this they all repaired to the drawing-room, where Mr. Tillott the curate was sitting at a table, turning over the leaves of an illuminated psalter, and looking altogether as if he had just posed himself for a photograph.

To this mild young man Miss Granger was in a manner compelled to relax the austerity of her demeanour. She even smiled in a frosty way as she shook hands with him; but she had no less a sense of the fact that her father had out-manœuvred her, and that this invitation to Mr. Tillott was a crafty design whereby he intended to have Clarissa all to himself during that afternoon.

'I am sorry you could not come to luncheon with us, Tillott,' said Mr. Granger in his hearty way. 'Or are you sure, by the bye, that you have taken luncheon? We can go back to the dining-room and hear the last news of the parish while you wash down some game-pie with a glass or two of the old madeira.'

'Thanks, you are very good; but I never eat meat on Wednesdays or Fridays. I had a hard-boiled egg and some cocoa at half-past seven this morning, and shall take nothing more till sunset. I

had duties at Swanwick which detained me till within the last half-hour, or I should have been very happy to have eaten a biscuit with you at your luncheon.'

'Upon my word, Tillott, you are the most indefatigable of men; but I really wish you High-church people had not such a fancy for starving yourselves. So much expenditure of brain-power must involve a waste of the coarser material. Now, Sophy, if you and Miss Lovel are ready, we may as well start.'

They went out into the sunny quadrangle, where the late roses were blooming with all their old luxuriance. How well Clarissa remembered them in those days when they had been the sole glory of the neglected place! In spite of Sophia, who tried her hardest to prevent the arrangement, Mr. Granger contrived that he and Clarissa should walk side by side, and that Mr. Tillott should completely absorb his daughter. This the curate was by no means indisposed to do; for, if the youthful saint had a weakness, it lay in the direction of vanity. He sincerely admired the serious qualities of Miss Granger's mind, and conceived that, blest with such a woman and with the free use of her fortune, he might achieve a rare distinction for his labours in the fold, to say nothing of placing himself on the high-road to a bishopric. Nor was he inclined to think Miss Granger indifferent to his own merits, or that the conquest would be by any means an impossible one. It was a question of time, he thought; the sympathy between them was too strong not to take some higher development. He thought of St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal, and fancied himself intrusted with the full guidance of Miss Granger's superior mind.

They walked across the park to a small gothic gateway, which had been made since the close of Marmaduke Lovel's reign. Just outside this stood the new schools, also gothic, and with that brannew aspect against which architecture can do nothing. They would be picturesque, perhaps, ten years hence. To-day they had the odour of the architect's drawing-board.

Beyond the schools there were some twenty cottages, of the same modern gothic, each habitation more or less borne down and in a manner extinguished by its porch and chimney. If the rooms had been in reasonable proportion to the chimneys, the cottages would have been mansions; but gothic chimneys are pleasing objects, and the general effect was good. These twenty cottages formed the beginning of Mr. Granger's model village—a new Arden, which was to arise on this side of the Court. They were for the most part inhabited by gardeners and labourers more or less dependent on Arden Court, and it had been therefore an easy matter for Miss Granger to obtain a certain deference to her wishes from the tenants.

The inspection of the schools and cottages was rather a tedious business. Sophia would not let her companions off with an iota less than the whole thing. Her model pupils were trotted out and examined in the Scriptures—always in Kings and Chronicles—and evinced a familiarity with the ways of Jezebel and Rehoboam that made Clarissa blush at the thought of her own ignorance. Then there came an exhibition of plain needlework, excruciatingly suggestive of impaired eyesight; then fancy-work, which Miss Granger contemplated with a doubtful air, as having a frivolous tendency; and then the schoolmistress's parlour and kitchen were shown, and displayed so extreme a neatness that made one wonder how she could ever venture to exist in them; and then the garden, where the heels of one's boots seemed a profanation; and then the schools and schoolhouses being exhausted, there came the cottages.

How Clarissa's heart bled for the nice clean motherly women who were made to go through their paces for Miss Granger's glorification, and were fain to confess that their housekeeping had been all a delusion and a snare till that young lady taught them domestic economy! How she pitied them as the severe Sophia led the way into sacred corners, and lifted the lids of coppers and dustholes, and opened cupboard-doors, and once, with an aspect of horror, detected an actual cobweb lurking in an angle of the whitewashed wall! Clarissa could not admire things too much, in order to do away with some of the bitterness of that microscopic survey. Then there was such cross-examination about church-going, and the shortcomings of the absent husbands were so ruthlessly dragged into the light of The poor wives blushed to own that these had still a lurking desire for an occasional social evening at the Coach and Horses, in spite of the charms of a gothic chimney, and a porch that was massive enough for the dungeon of a mediæval fortress. Miss Granger and the curate played into each other's hands, and between the two the model villagers underwent a kind of moral dissection. was dreary work altogether; and Daniel Granger had been guilty of more than one yawn before it was all over, even though he had the new delight of being near Clarissa all the time. It was finished at One woman, who in her benighted state had known Miss Lovel, had shown herself touched by the sight of her.

'You never come anigh me now, miss,' she said tenderly, 'though I've knowed you ever since you was a little girl; and it would do my heart good to see your sweet face here once in a way.'

'You've better friends now, you see, Mrs. Rice,' Clarissa answered gently. 'I could do so little for you. But I shall be pleased to look in upon you now and then.'

'Do'ee, now, miss; me and my master will be right down glad to see you. How ever kind new friends may be,' this was said with a conciliatory curtsey to Miss Granger, 'we can't forget old friends. We haven't forgot your goodness when my boy Bill was laid up with the fever, miss, and how you sat beside his bed and read to him.'

It was at this juncture that Sophia espied another cobweb, after which the little party left this the last of the cottages, and walked back to the park, Daniel Granger still by Clarissa's side. not make the faintest allusion to that desperate avowal of the morn-He was indeed ornelly ashamed of his precipitation, feeling that he had gone the very way to ruin his cause. All that afternoon, while his daughter had been peering into coppers and washing-tubs and dustholes, he had been meditating upon the absurdity of his conduct, and hating himself for his folly. He was not a man who suffered from a mean opinion of his own merits. On the contrary, in all the ordinary commerce of life he fancied himself more than the equal of the best among his fellow-men. He had never wished himself other than what he was, or mistrusted his own judgment, or doubted that he, Daniel Granger, was a very important atom in the scheme of creation. But in this case it was different. He knew himself to be a grave middle-aged man, with none of those attributes that might have qualified him to take a young woman's heart by storm; and as surely as he knew this, he also knew himself to be passionately in love. All the happiness of his future life depended on this girl who walked by his side, with her pale calm face and deep hazel eyes. If she should refuse him, all would be finished for him. He had dreamed his dream, and life could never any more be what it had been for him. The days were past in which he himself had been all-sufficient for his own happiness. But, though he was angry with himself for that hasty betrayal of his feelings, he did not altogether despair. It is not easy to reduce a man of his age and character to the humble level of a despairing lover. had so much to bestow, and could not separate himself in his own mind from those rich gifts of fortune which went along with him. No. there was every chance of ultimate success, he thought, in spite of his rashness of that morning. He had only to teach himself patience—to bide his time.

CHAPTER XXI.

VERY FAR GONE.

It was a little after six when they came to the gateway of the Court, at which point Mr. Tillott made his adieux. Mr. Granger would have been very glad to ask him to dinner, had he not promised Mr. Lovel that they would be quite alone; so he made up for any apparent inhospitality towards the curate by a hearty invitation for the following Sunday.

There was nearly an hour and a half before dinner; but Sophia carried off her guest to her own rooms at once, for the revision of her toilet, and detained her in those upper regions until just before the ringing of the second bell, very much to the aggravation of Mr.

Granger, who paced the long drawing-room in dismal solitude, waiting for Mr. Lovel's arrival.

In her own rooms Miss Granger became a shade more gracious to Clarissa. The exhibition of her sanctum sanctorum was always pleasing to her. It was the primmest of apartments, half study, half office; and Sophia, one of whose proudest boasts was of her methodical habits, here displayed herself in full force. It seemed as if she had inherited all the commercial faculties of her father, and having no other outlet for this mercantile genius, was fain to expend her gifts upon the petty details of a woman's life. Never had Clarissa seen such a writing-table, with so many pigeon-holes for the classification of documents, and such ranges of drawers with Brahma locks. Miss Granger might have carried on a small banking business with less paraphernalia than she employed in the conduct of her house-keeping and philanthropy.

'I am my own housekeeper,' she told Clarissa triumphantly, 'and know the consumption of this large establishment to an ounce. There is no stint of anything, of course. The diet in the servants' hall is on the most liberal scale, but there is no waste. Every cinder produced in the house is sifted; every candle we burn has been in stock a twelvemonth. I could not pretend to teach my cottagers economy if I did not practise it myself. I rule everything by the doctrine of averages—so much consumed in one month, so much necessarily required in another; and I reduce everything to figures. Figures cannot deceive, as I tell Mrs. Plumptree, my cook, when she shows me a result that I cannot understand or accept. And there are my books.'

Miss Granger waved her hand towards a row of most uncompromising-looking volumes of the ledger or day-book species. The delight which she displayed in these things was something curious to behold. Every small charity Miss Granger performed, every shortcoming of the recipients thereof, was recorded in those inexorable volumes. She had a book for the record of the church-going, a book for the plain needlework, and was wont to freeze the young blood of her school-children by telling them at the end of the year how many inches of cambric frilling they had hemmed, and how many times they had missed afternoon service. To them she appeared an awful supernatural creature—a kind of prophetess, sent upon earth for their correction and abasement.

On a solid ecclesiastical-looking oak table in one of the windows Miss Granger had a row of brass-bound money-boxes, inscribed, 'For the Home Mission,' 'For the Extra Curate Society,' and so on—boxes into which Miss Granger's friends and visitors were expected to drop their mite. Clarissa felt that if she had been laden down with shillings, she could not for her very life have approached those formidable boxes to drop one in under Miss Granger's ken; but, of

course, this was a morbid fancy. On another table there were little piles of material for plain work; so prim, so square, so geometrically precise, that Clarissa thought the flannel itself looked cold—a hard, fibrous, cruel fabric, that could never be of use to mortal flesh except as an irritant.

Miss Granger's bed-room and dressing-room were like Miss Granger's morning-room. No frivolous mediævalism here, no dainty upholsterer's work in many-coloured woods, but solid mahogany, relieved by solemn draperies of drab damask, in a style that the wise Sophia called unpretentious. The chief feature in one room was a sewing-machine that looked like a small church organ, and in the other a monster medicine-chest, from the contents of which Miss Granger dealt out doses of her own concoction to her parishioners. Both of these objects she showed to Clarissa with pride, but the medicine-chest was evidently the favourite.

Having improved the time after this manner till twenty minutes past seven, with a very brief interval devoted to the duties of the toilet, the two young ladies went down to the drawing-room, where the lamps were lighted, and Mr. Lovel just arrived.

That gentleman had the honour of taking Miss Granger in to dinner, and did his utmost to render himself agreeable to her in a quiet undemonstrative way, and to take the gauge of her mental powers. She received his attentions graciously enough—indeed it would not have been easy for any one to be ungracious to Marmaduke Lovel when he cared to please—but he could see very clearly that she suspected the state of affairs, and would be, to the last degree, antagonistic to his own and his daughter's interests. He saw how close a watch she kept upon her father all through the dinner, and how her attention was distracted every now and then when he was talking to Clarissa.

'It is only natural that she should set her face against the business,' he said to himself; 'no woman in her position could be expected to act otherwise; but it strikes me that Granger is not a man likely to be influenced by domestic opposition. He is the kind of man to take his own way, I fancy, in defiance of an opposing universe—a very difficult man to govern. He seems over head and ears in love, however, and it will be Clarissa's own fault if she doesn't do what she likes with him. Heaven grant she may prove reasonable! Most women would be enchanted with such an opportunity, but with a raw schoolgirl there is no knowing. And that fellow Fairfax's influence may work against us, in spite of her protestations last night.'

This was the gist of Mr. Lovel's disjointed musings during the progress of the dinner; but he took care not to neglect Miss Granger even for a moment, and he gave her very little time to listen to her father's conversation with Clarissa.

The dinner ceremonial was performed in a manner which seemed perfection, even to the fastidious taste of Marmaduke Lovel. There was not the faintest indication of ostentation. Daniel Granger's father had been rich before him; he had been born in the commercial purple, as it were, and none of these things were new to him. Before the Arden-Court days he had occupied a handsome modern country house southward, near Doncaster. He had only expanded his style of living after the purchase of the Court, that was all. He had good taste too, and a keen sense of the incongruous. not affect the orchids and frivolous floral decorations, the fragile fairy-like glass, with which Lady Laura Armstrong brightened her dinner-table; but, on the other hand, his plate, of which he exhibited no vulgar profusion, was in the highest art, the old Indian china dinner-service scarcely less costly than solid silver, and the heavy diamond-cut glass, with gold emblazonment of crest and monogram, worthy to be exhibited behind the glazed doors of a cabinet. There was no such abomination as gas in the state chambers of Arden Innumerable candles, in antique silver candelabra, gave a subdued brightness to the dining-room. More candles, in sconces against the walls, and two pairs of noble moderator-lamps, on bronze and ormolu pedestals six feet high, lighted the drawing-room. the halls and corridors there was the same soft glow of lamplight. Only in kitchens and out offices and stables was the gas permitted to blaze merrily for the illumination of cooks and scullions, grooms and helpers.

Miss Granger only lingered long enough to trifle with a cluster of purple hothouse grapes before giving the signal for withdrawal. Her father started up to open the dining-room door, with a little sudden sigh. He had had Clarissa all to himself throughout the dinner, and had been very happy, talking about things that were commonplace enough in themselves, but finding a perfect contentment in the fact that he was talking to her, that she listened to him and smiled upon him graciously, with a sweet self-possession that put him quite at his ease. She had recovered from that awkward scene of the morning, and had settled in her own mind that the business was rather absurd than serious. She had only to take care that Mr. Granger never had any second opportunity for indulging in such folly.

He held the door open as Clarissa and his daughter went out of the room—held it till that slim girlish figure had vanished at the end of the corridor, and then came back to his seat with another sigh.

'Very far gone,' Mr. Lovel thought, smiling ever so little, as he bent over his claret-glass, pretending to admire the colour of the wine.

It was really wonderful. That vague dream which had grown

out of Lady Laura's womanly hints, that pleasant phantom which she had conjured up in Mr. Lovel's mental vision a month or two ago, in the midsummer afternoon, had made itself into a reality so quickly as to astound a man too Horatian in his philosophy to be easily surprised. The fish was such a big one to be caught so easily—without any exercise of those subtle manœuvres and Machiavellian artifices in which the skilful angler delights—nay, to pounce open-eyed upon the hook, and swallow it bodily!

Mr. Granger filled his glass with such a nervous hand, that half the claret he poured out ran upon the shining oak table. He wiped up the spilt wine clumsily enough, with a muttered denunciation of his own folly, and then made a feeble effort to talk about indifferent things.

It was no use; with every appearance of courtesy and interest Mr. Lovel contrived not to help him. One subject after another fell flat: the state of the Conservative party, the probability of a war—there is always a probability of war somewhere, according to after-dinner politicians—the aspect of the country politically and agriculturally, and so on. No, it was no use; Daniel Granger broke down altogether at last, and thought it best to unbosom himself.

'There is something that I think you have a right to know, Mr. Lovel,' he said, in an awkward hesitating way; 'something which I should scarcely like you to learn from your daughter's lips, should she think it worth her while to mention it, before you have heard it from mine. The fact is, in plain English'—he was playing with his dessert-knife as he spoke, and seemed to be debating within himself whereabouts upon the dining-table he should begin the carving of his name—'the fact is, I made an abject fool of myself this morning. I love your daughter—and told her so.'

Mr. Lovel gave a little start, the faintest perceptible movement, expressive of a gentle astonishment.

'I need hardly tell you that you have taken me entirely by surprise,' he said in his quietest tone.

'Of course not. People always are surprised when a man of my age presumes to fall in love with a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty. If I were to marry some worn-out woman of fashion, some battered widow, steeped to the lips in the worst worldly experience, every one would call the match the most suitable thing possible. But if a man of fifty ventures to dream a brighter dream, he is condemned at once for a fool.'

'Pardon me, my dear Granger; I have no idea of looking at things in that light. I only remark that you surprise me, as you no doubt surprised my daughter by any avowal you may have made this morning.'

'Yes; and, I fear, disgusted her still more. I daresay I did my cause all the harm that it was possible to do it.'

'I must own that you were precipitate,' Mr. Lovel answered, with his quiet smile. He felt as if he had been talking to a school-

oy. In his own words the man was so 'very far gone.'

'I shall know how to be more careful in future, if not wiser; but I suffered myself to be carried away by impulse this morning. It was altogether unworthy of—of my time of life.' This was said rather bitterly. 'Frankly, now, Mr. Lovel: if in the future I were able to gain some hold upon your daughter's affection—without that I would do nothing, no, so help me heaven, however passionately I might - love her; if I could—if, in spite of the difference of our ages, I could win her heart—would you be in any way antagonistic to such a marriage?'

'On the contrary, my dear Granger.' Mr. Lovel had already something of the tone of a father-in-law.. 'Slight as our actual acquaintance has been, I think I know the estimable qualities of your character well enough from other sources to be able to say that such a marriage would be eminently pleasing to me. Nor is this all. I mean to be perfectly candid with you, Granger. My daughter and myself have both an almost romantic attachment to this place, and I freely own that it would be very delightful to me to see her mistress of her old home. But, at the same time, I give you my honour that nothing would induce me to govern her choice by the smallest exercise of parental influence. If you can win her, win her, and my best wishes shall go with your wooing; but I will utter no word to persuade her to be your wife.'

'I respect you for that resolution; I think I should have asked you to be neutral, if you hadn't said as much. I couldn't stand the idea of a wife driven into my arms by fatherly coercion. I suppose such things are done in modern society. No, I must win my treasure myself, or not at all. I have everything against me, no doubt, except a rival. There is no fear of that, is there, Lovel?'

'Not the slightest. Clarissa is the merest schoolgirl. Her visit to Lady Laura Armstrong was her first glimpse of the world. No, Granger, you have the field all before you. It must go hard with you if you do not emerge from the struggle as a conqueror. And

you strike me as a man not given to succumb.'

'I never yet set myself to do a thing which I didn't accomplish in the long run,' answered Mr. Granger; 'but then I never set myself to win a woman's heart. My wife and I came together easily enough—in the way of business, as I may say—and liked each other well enough, and I regretted her honestly when she was gone, poor soul! but that was all. I was never "in love" till I knew your daughter; never understood the meaning of the phrase. Of all the accidents that might have happened to me, this is the most surprising to myself, believe me. I can never make an end of wondering at my own folly.'

'I do not know why you should call it a folly. You are only in the very middle of a man's life; you have a fortune that exempts you from all care and labour, and of course at the same time leaves you more or less without occupation. Your daughter will marry and leave you in a year or two, no doubt. Without some new tie your future existence must needs be very empty.'

'I have felt that; but only since I have loved your daughter.'

This was all. The men came in with coffee, and put an end to all confidential converse; after which Mr. Granger seemed very glad to go back to the drawing-room, where Clarissa was playing a mazurka; while Sophia sat before a great frame, upon which some splendid achievement in Berlin woolwork, that was to be the glory of an approaching charity bazaar, was rapidly advancing towards completion. The design was a group of dogs, after Landseer, and Miss Granger was putting in the pert black nose of a Skye-terrier as the gentlemen entered. The two ladies were as far apart as they well could be in the spacious room, and had altogether an inharmonious air, Mr. Granger thought; but then he was nervously anxious that these two should become friends.

He went straight to the piano, and seated himself near Clarissa, almost with the air of having a right to take that place.

'Pray, go on playing,' he said; 'that seems very pretty music. I am no judge, and I don't pretend to care for that classical music which every one talks about nowadays, but I know what pleases me.'

The evening was not an especially gay one; but it seemed pleasant enough to Mr. Granger, and he found himself wondering at its brevity. He showed Clarissa some of his favourite pictures. His collection of modern art was a fine one—not large, but very perfect in its way, and he was delighted to see her appreciation of his treasures. Here at least was a point upon which they might sympathise. He had been a good deal worried by Sophia's obtuseness upon all artistic matters.

Mr. Lovel was not very sorry when the fly from the Arden Inn was announced, and it was time to go home. The pictures were fine, no doubt, and the old house was beautiful in its restored splendour; but the whole business jarred upon Marmaduke Lovel's sensitive nerves just a little, in spite of the sudden realisation of that vague dream of his. This place might be his daughter's home, and he return to it, but not as its master. The day of his glory was gone. He was doubtful if he should even care to inhabit that house as his daughter's guest. He had to remind himself of the desperate condition of his own circumstances before he could feel duly grateful to Providence for his daughter's subjugation of Daniel Granger.

He was careful to utter no word about her conquest on the way home, or during the quarter of an hour Clarissa spent with him before going to her room. 'You look pale and tired, my child,' he said, with a sympathetic

air, turning over the leaves of a book as he spoke.

'The day was rather fatiguing, papa,' his daughter answered listlessly, 'and Miss Granger is a tiring person. She is so strong-minded, that she makes one feel weak and helpless by the mere force of contrast.'

'Yes, she is a tiring person, certainly; but I think I had the worst of her at dinner and in the evening.'

'But there was all the time before dinner, papa. She showed us her cottages—O, how I pitied the poor people! though I daresay she is kind to them, in her way; but imagine any one coming in here and opening all our cupboards, and spying out cobwebs, and giving a little shriek at the discovery of a new loaf in our larder. She found out that one of her model cottagers had been eating new bread. She said it gave her quite a revulsion of feeling. And then when we went home she showed me her account-books and her medicine-chest. It was very tiring.'

'Poor child! and this young woman will have Arden Court some day—unless her father should marry again.'

Clarissa's pale face flamed with sudden crimson.

- 'Which he is pretty sure to do, sooner or later,' continued Mr. Lovel, with an absent meditative air, as of a man who discusses the most indifferent subject possible. 'I hope he may. It would be a pity for such a place to fall into such hands. She would make it a phalanstery, a nest for Dorcas societies and callow curates.'
- 'But if she does good with her money, papa, what more could one wish?'
- 'I don't believe that she would do much good. There is a pinched hard look about the lower part of her face which makes me fancy she is mean. I believe she would hoard her money, and make a great talk and fuss about nothing. Yes, I hope Granger will marry again. The house is very fine, isn't it, since its renovation?'
- 'It is superb, papa. Dearly as I loved the place, I did not think it could be made so beautiful.'
- 'Yes, and everything has been done in good taste, too,' Mr. Lovel went on, in rather a querulous tone. 'I did not expect to see that. But of course a man of that kind has only to put himself into the hands of a first-class architect, and if he is lucky enough to select an architect with an artistic mind, the thing is done. All the rest is merely a question of money. Good heavens, what a shabby sordid hole this room looks, after the place we have come from!'

The room was not so bad as to merit that look of angry disgust with which Mr. Lovel surveyed it. Curtains and carpet were something the worse for wear, the old-fashioned furniture was a little sombre; but the rich binding of the books and a rare old bronze here and there redeemed it from commonness—poor jetsam and flotsam

from the wreck of the great house, but enough to give some touch of elegance to meaner things.

'O, papa,' Clarissa cried reproachfully, 'the room is very nice, and we have been peaceful and happy in it. I don't suppose all the splendour of Arden would have made us much happier. Those external things make so little difference.'

She thought of those evenings at Hale Castle, when George Fairfax had abandoned her to pay duty to his betrothed, and of the desolation of spirit that had come upon her in the midst of those brilliant surroundings.

Her father paced the little room as if it had been a den, and answered her philosophic remonstrance with an exclamation of contempt.

'That's rank nonsense, Clarissa—copybook morality, which nobody in his heart ever believes. External things make all the difference—except when a man is writhing in physical pain perhaps. External things make the difference between a king and a beggar. Do you suppose that man Granger is no happier for the possession of Arden Court—of those pictures of his? Why, every time he looks at a Frith or a Millais he feels a little thrill of triumph, as he says to himself "And that is mine." There is a sensuous delight in beautiful surroundings which will remain to a man whose heart is dead to every other form of pleasure. I suppose that is why the Popes were such patrons of art in days gone by. It was the one legitimate delight left to them. Do you imagine it is no pleasure to dine every night as that man dines? no happiness to feel the sense of security about the future which he feels every morning? Great God, when I think of his position and of mine!"

Never before had he spoken so freely to his daughter; never had he so completely revealed the weakness of his mind.

She was sorry for him, and forbore to utter any of those feminine commonplaces by which she might have attempted to bring him to a better frame of mind. She had tact enough to divine that he was best left to himself—left to struggle out of this grovelling state by some effort of his own, rather than to be dragged from the slough of despond by moral violence of hers.

He dismissed her presently with a brief good-night; but lying awake nearly two hours afterwards, she heard him pass her door on the way to his room. He too was wakeful, therefore, and full of care.

CHAPTER XXII.

TAKING THE PLEDGE.

CLARISSA had a visitor next day. She was clipping and trimming the late roses in the bright autumnal afternoon, when Lady Laura Armstrong's close carriage drove up to the gate, with my

lady inside it, in deep mourning. The visit was unexpected, and startled Clarissa a little, with a sensation that was not all pleasure. She could scarcely be otherwise than glad to see so kind a friend; but there were reasons why the advent of any one from Hale Castle should be somewhat painful to her. That meeting with George Fairfax by the churchyard had never been quite out of her mind since it happened. His looks and his words had haunted her perpetually, and now she was inclined to ascribe Lady Laura's coming to some influence of his. She had a guilty feeling, as if she had indeed tried to steal Lady Geraldine's lover.

Lady Laura greeted her with all the old cordiality, and there was a relief in that; and Clarissa's face, which had been very pale when she opened the gate to admit her visitor, brightened a little as my lady kissed her.

'My dear child, I am so glad to see you again!' exclaimed my lady. 'I am not supposed to stir outside the Castle in all this dreary week. Poor papa is to be buried to-morrow; but I wanted so much to see you on a most important business; so I ordered the brougham and drove here, with the blinds down all the way, so that no one might see me; and I'm sure, Clary, you won't think that I feel papa's loss any less because I come to see you just now. But I declare you are looking as pale and wan as any of us at Hale. You have not recovered that dreadful shock yet.'

'It was indeed a dreadful shock, dear Lady Laura,' said Clarissa; and then in a less steady tone she went on: 'Lady Geraldine is better, I hope?'

'Geraldine is what she always is, Clary—a marvel of calmness. And yet I know she feels this affliction very deeply. She was papa's favourite, you know, and had a most extraordinary influence over him. He was so proud of her, poor dear!'

'Won't you come into the house, Lady Laura?'

'By and by, just to pay my respects to your papa. But we'll stay in the garden for the present, please, dear. I have something most particular to say to you.'

Clarissa's heart beat a little quicker. This most particular some-

thing was about George Fairfax, she felt very sure of that.

'I am going to be quite candid with you, Clary,' Lady Laura began presently, when they were in a narrow walk sheltered by hazel bushes, the most secluded bit of the garden. 'I shall treat you just as if you were a younger sister of my own. I think I have almost a right to do that; for I'm sure I love you as much as if you were my sister.'

And here Lady Laura's plump little black-gloved hand squeezed Clarises's tenderly.

'You have been all goodness to me,' the girl answered; 'I can never be too grateful to you.'

'Nonsense, Clary; I will not have that word gratitude spoken between us. I only want you to understand that I am sincerely attached to you, and that I am the last person in the world to hold your happiness lightly. And now, dearest child, tell me the truth—you have seen George Fairfax since you left Hale?'

Clarissa flushed crimson. To be asked for the truth, as if, under any circumstances, she would have spoken anything less than truth about George Fairfax! And yet that unwonted guilty feeling clung to her, and she was not a little ashamed to confess that she had seen him.

'Yes, Lady Laura.'

'I thought so. I was sure of it. He came here on the very day you left—the day which was to have been his wedding-day.'

'It was on that evening I saw him; but he did not come to this house. I was sitting outside the churchyard sketching when I saw him.'

'He did not come to the house—no; but he came to Arden on purpose to see you,' Lady Laura answered eagerly. 'I am sure of that.'

Unhappily Clarissa could not deny the fact. He had told her only too plainly that he had come to Arden determined to see her.

'Now, Clary, let us be perfectly frank. Before my sister Geraldine came to Hale, I told you that the attachment between her and George Fairfax was one of long standing; that I was sure her happiness was involved in the matter, and how rejoiced I was at the turn things had taken. I told you all this, Clary; but I did not tell you that in the years we had known him Mr. Fairfax had been wild and unsteady; that, while always more or less devoted to Geraldine, he had had attachments elsewhere—unacknowledged attachments of no very creditable nature; such affairs as one only hears of by a sidewind, as it were. How much Geraldine may have known of this, I cannot tell. I heard the scandals, naturally enough, through Fred; but she may have heard very little. I said nothing of this to you, Clarissa; it was not necessary that I should say anything to depreciate the character of my future brother-in-law, and of a man I really liked.'

'Of course not,' faltered Clarissa.

'Of course not. I was only too happy to find that George had become a reformed person, and that he had declared himself so soon after the change in his fortunes. I was convinced that Geraldine loved him, and that she could only be really happy as his wife. I am convinced of that still; but I know that nothing on earth could induce her to marry him if she had the faintest doubt of his thorough devotion to herself.*

- 'I hope that she may never have occasion to doubt that, Lady Laura,' answered Clarissa. It was really all she could find to say under the circumstances.
- 'I hope not, and I think not, Clary. He has been attached to my sister so long—he proposed to her in such a deliberate manner—that I can scarcely imagine he would prove really inconstant. But I know that he is a slave to a pretty face, and fatally apt to be ruled by the impulse of the moment. It would be very hard now, Clary, if some transient fancy of that kind were to ruin the happiness of two lives—would it not, my dear?'

'It would be very hard.'

'O, Clarissa, do pray be candid. You must understand what I mean. That wretched man has been making love to you?'

'You ought not to ask me such a question, Lady Laura,' answered Clarissa, sorely perplexed by this straight attack. 'You must know that I should respect Lady Geraldine's position—that I should be incapable of forgetting her claims upon Mr. Fairfax. Whatever he may have said to me has been the merest folly. He knows that I consider it in that light, and I have refused ever to see him again

if I can possibly help it.'

'That's right, dear!' cried Lady Laura, with a pleased look. 'I knew that you would come out of this business well, in spite of everything. Of course you can care nothing for this foolish fellow; but I know Geraldine's sensitive nature so well, and that if she had an inkling of this conduct of George's, the whole thing would be off for ever—an attachment of many years' standing, think of that, Clary! Now I want you to promise me that, come what may, you will give Mr. Fairfax no encouragement. Without encouragement this foolish fancy will die out very quickly. Of course, if it were possible you could care for him, I would not come here to ask you such a thing as this. You would have a right to consider your own happiness before my sister's. But as that is out of the question, and the man is almost a stranger to you—'

'Out of the question—almost a stranger.' Clarissa remembered that night in the railway carriage, and it seemed to her as if she and George Fairfax had never been strangers.

- 'It is so easy for you to give me this promise. Tell me now, Clary dear, that you will not have anything to say to him, if he should contrive to see you again.'
 - 'I will not, Lady Laura.'
 - 'Is that a promise, now, Clarissa?'
 - 'A most sacred promise.'

Laura Armstrong kissed her young friend in ratification of the

'You are a dear generous-minded girl,' she said, 'and I feel as if I had saved my sister's happiness by this bold course. And now

tell me what you have been doing since you left us. Have you seen anything more of the Grangers?'

Questioned thus, Clarissa was fain to give her friend some slight

account of her day at Arden.

'It must have affected you very much to see the old place. Ah, Clary, it is you who ought to be mistress there, instead of Miss Granger!'

Clarissa blushed, remembering that awkward avowal of Daniel

Granger's.

'I am not fit to be mistress of such a place,' she said. 'I could

never manage things as Miss Granger does.'

'Not in that petty way, perhaps. I should not care to see you keeping accounts and prying into grocery-lists as she does. You would govern your house on a grander scale. I should like to see you the owner of a great house.'

'That is a thing you are never likely to see, Lady Laura.'

'I am not so sure of that. I have an idea that there is a great fortune lying at your feet, if you would only stoop to pick it up. But girls are so foolish; they never know what is really for their happiness; and if by any chance there should happen to be some passing folly, some fancy of the moment, to come between them and good fortune, everything is lost.'

She looked at Clarissa closely as she said this. The girl's face had been changing from red to pale throughout the interview. She was very pale now, but quite self-possessed, and had left off blushing. Had she not given her promise—pledged away her freedom of action with regard to George Fairfax—and thus made an end of everything between them? She felt very calm, but she felt as if she had made a sacrifice. As for Daniel Granger, any reference to him and his admiration for her touched upon the regions of the absurd. Nothing—no friendly manœuvring of Lady Laura's, no selfish desires of her father's—could ever induce her to listen for a moment to any proposition from that quarter.

She asked her visitor to go into the house presently, in order to put an end to the conversation; and Lady Laura went in to say a few words to Mr. Lovel. They were very melancholy words—all about the dead and his innumerable virtues—which seemed really at this stage of his history to have been alloyed by no human frailty or shortcoming. Mr. Lovel was sympathetic to the last degree—sighed in unison with his visitor, and brushed some stray drops of moisture from his own eyelids when Lady Laura wept. And then he went out to the carriage with my lady, and saw her drive away, with the blinds discreetly lowered as before.

'What did she come about, Clarissa?' he asked his daughter, while they were going back to the house.

'Only to see me, papa.'

'Only to see you! She must have had something very important to say to you, I should think, or she would scarcely have come at such a time.'

He glanced at his daughter sharply as he said this, but did not question her farther, though he would have liked to do so. He had a shrewd suspicion that this visit of Lady Laura's bore some reference to George Fairfax. Had there been a row at the Castle, he wondered? and had my lady come to bully her protégée?

'I don't suppose they would show her much mercy if she stood in the way of their schemes,' he said to himself. 'His brother's death makes this young Fairfax a very decent match. The property must be worth five or six thousand a year—five or six thousand. I wonder what Daniel Granger's income is? Nearer fifty thousand than five, if I may believe what I have been told.'

Mr. Granger and his daughter called at Mill Cottage next day; the fair Sophia with a somewhat unwilling aspect, though she was decently civil to Mr. and Miss Lovel. Her father had brought her to look at some of Clarissa's sketches, he told his friends.

'I want her to take more interest in landscape art, Mr. Lovel,' he said, 'and I think your daughter's example may inspire her. Miss Lovel seems to me to have a real genius for landscape. I saw some studies of ferns and underwood that she had done at Hale—full of freedom and of feeling. Sophia doesn't draw badly, but she wants feeling.'

The young lady thus coldly commended gave her head rather a supercilious toss as she replied.

- 'You must remember that I have higher duties than sketching, pape,' she said; 'I cannot devote all my existence to ferns and blackberry-bushes.'
- 'O, yes, of course; you've your schools, and that kind of thing; but you might give more time to art than you do, especially if you left the management of the house more to Mrs. Plumtree. I think you waste time and energy upon details.'
- 'I hope I know my duty as mistress of a large establishment, pepa, and that I shall never feel the responsibility of administering a large income any less than I do at present. It would be a bad thing for you if I became careless of your interests in order to roam about sketching toadstools and blackberry-bushes.'

Mr. Granger looked as if he were rather doubtful upon this point, but it was evidently wisest not to push the discussion too far.

- 'Will you be so kind as to show us your portfolio, Miss Lovel?' he asked.'
- 'Of course she will,' answered her father promptly; 'she will only be too happy to exhibit her humble performances to Miss Granger. Bring your drawing-book, Clary.'

Clarissa would have given the world to refuse. A drawing-book is in some measure a silent confidante. She did not know how far her random sketches—some of them mere vagabondage of the pencil, jotted down half unconsciously—might betray the secrets of her inner life to the cold eyes of Miss Granger.

'I'd better bring down my finished drawings, papa; those that

were mounted for you at Belfôret,' she said.

'Nonsense, child; Mr. Granger wants to see your rough sketches, not those stiff schoolgirl things, which I suppose were finished by your drawing-master. Bring that book you are always scribbling in. The girl has a kind of passion for art,' said Mr. Lovel, rather fretfully; 'she is seldom without a pencil in her hand. What are you looking for, Clarissa, in that owlish way? There's your book on that table.'

He pointed to the volume—Clarissa's other self and perpetual companion—the very book she had been sketching in when George Fairfax surprised her by the churchyard wall. There was no help for it, no disobeying that imperious finger of her father's; so she brought the book and laid it meekly open before Sophia Granger.

The father and daughter turned over the leaves together. It was a book of 'bits:' masses of foliage, bramble, and bird's-nest; here the head of an animal, there the profile of a friend; anon a bit of still life; a vase of flowers, with the arabesqued drapery of a curtain for a background; everywhere the evidence of artistic feeling and a practised hand, everywhere a something much above a school-girl's art.

Miss Granger looked through the leaves with an icy air. She was obliged to say 'Very pretty,' or 'Very clever,' once in a way; but this cold praise evidently cost her a severe effort. Not so her father. He was interested in every page, and criticised everything with a real knowledge of what he was talking about, which made Clarissa feel that he was at least no pretender as to the love of art; that he was not a man who bought pictures merely because he was rich and it was the right thing to do.

They came presently to the pages Clarissa had covered at Hale Castle—bits of familiar landscape, glimpses of still-life in the Castle rooms, and lightly-touched portraits of the Castle guests. There was one head that appeared very much oftener than others, and Clarissa felt herself blushing a deeper red every time Mr. Granger paused to contemplate this particular likeness.

He lingered longer over each of these sketches, with rather a puzzled air, and though the execution of these heads was very spirited, he forbore to praise.

'There is one face here that I see a good deal of, Miss Lovel,' he said at last. 'I think it is Mr. Fairfax, is it not?'

Clarissa looked at a profile of George Fairfax dubiously.

'Yes, I believe I meant that for Mr. Fairfax; his is a very easy face to draw, much easier than Lady Geraldine's, though her features are so regular. All my portraits of her are failures.'

'I have only seen one attempt at Lady Geraldine's portrait in this book, Miss Lovel,' said Sophia.

'I have some more on loose sheets of paper, somewhere; and then I generally destroy my failures, if they are quite hopeless.'

'Mr. Fairfax would be quite flattered if he could see how often you have sketched him,' Sophia continued blandly.

Clarissa thought of the leaf George Fairfax had cut out of her drawing-book; a recollection which did not serve to diminish her embarrassment.

'I daresay Mr. Fairfax is quite vain enough without any flattery of that kind,' said Mr. Lovel. 'And now that you have exhibited your rough sketches, you can bring those mounted drawings, if you like, Clarissa.'

This was a signal for the closing of the book, which Clarissa felt was intended for her relief. She put the volume back upon the little side-table from which she had taken it, and ran upstairs to fetch her landscapes. These Miss Granger surveyed in the same cold tolerant manner with which she had surveyed the sketch-book—the manner of a person who could have done much better in that line herself, if she had cared to do anything so frivolous.

After this Mr. Lovel and his daughter called at the Court; and the acquaintance between the two families being thus formally inaugurated by a dinner and a couple of morning calls, Mr. Granger came very often to the Cottage, unaccompanied by the inflexible Sophia, who began to feel that her father's infatuation was not to be lessened by any influence of hers, and that she might just as well let him take his own way. It was an odious unexpected turn which events had taken; but there was no help for it. Her confidential maid, Hannah Warman, reminded her of that solemn truth whenever she ventured to touch upon this critical subject.

'If your pa was a young man, miss, or a man that had admired a great many ladies in his time, it would be quite different,' said the astute Warman; 'but never having took notice of any one before, and taking such particular notice of this young lady, makes it clear to any one that's got eyes. Depend upon it, miss, it won't be long before he'll make her an offer; and it isn't likely she'll refuse him—not with a ruined pa to urge her on!'

'I suppose not,' said Sophia disconsolately.

'And after all, miss, he might have made a worse choice. If he were to marry one of those manœuvring middle-aged widows we've met so often out visiting, you'd have had a regular stepmother, that would have taken every bit of power out of your hands, and treated you like a child. But Miss Lovel seems a very nice young lady, and being so near your own age will be quite a companion for you.'

'I don't want such a companion. There is no sympathy between Miss Lovel and me; you ought to know that, Warman. Her tastes are the very reverse of mine, in every way. It's not possible we can ever get on well together; and if papa marries her, I shall feel that he is quite lost to me. Besides, how could I ever have any feeling but contempt for a girl who would marry for money? and of course Miss Lovel could only marry papa for the sake of his money.'

'It's done so often nowadays. And sometimes those matches turn out very well—better than some of the love-matches, I've heard say.'

'It's no use discussing this hateful business, Warman,' Miss Granger answered haughtily. 'Nothing could change my opinion.'

And in this inflexible manner did Daniel Granger's daughter set her face against the woman he had chosen from among all other women for his wife. He felt that it was so, and that there would be a hard battle for him to fight in the future between these two influences; but no silent opposition of his daughter's could weaken his determination to win Clarissa Lovel, if she was to be won by him.

SHOT AND SHELL

An ancient Welsh bard—Ap— something or other, I forget what—sings somewhere, that 'if the sons of a country only possess courage, that country will be ever preëminent among the nations of the earth.' A charming sentiment in the days when it was made use of, doubtless; and one can imagine the thrill of excitement with which the fiery Celts gripped their swords, as they heard it poured out among a flood of consonants, after some rude banquet. But, lamentable as the confession is, in this nineteenth century of ours, nous avons changé tout cela; and courage—in the fighting sense of the word—is now no use whatever.

Without going into a dissertation upon destructive missiles in general, which would last as long as a Lapland winter, and be twice as dry, we can all recognise the steady march of improvement that has taken place in such articles, and feel that, had as much ingenuity and labour been devoted to the improvement of the human race as there has to perfect the engines for its destruction, we should be very near the millennium indeed. In the old days missiles were much less thought of than men; and listening to stern old Picton's advice to his stormers, 'Cold iron, men! trust to your cold iron!' we can picture the bloody hand-to-hand fights, and exhibition of that bull-dog ferocity which made Napoleon I. declare that 'he'd beaten the English half a dozen times, but they wouldn't know it.' Now, as has been said before, all this is changed; and the fact of batteries being badly served in action, or the ammunition not coming up in time, may shake the mightiest throne in Christendom till it totters to the ground.

In the great European war ended but yesterday we heard little of the men in comparison with the guns. One day an account was given of the awful execution done by the mitrailleuse; another, a telegram tells of the splendid working of the Prussian batteries, or of the shortcomings of the French ammunition-train. Amid these events, where both success and failure carry their own lessons to powers neutral now, but who may be whelmed in war to-morrow, some account of our own military establishments and means of providing destructive missiles may not prove uninteresting. We have four great depôts for the storage of munitions of war, viz. Woolwich, Chatham, Devenport, and Portsmouth; the last three, however, are subordinate to the former, inasmuch as they are only issuing stations, whereas Woolwich is a manufacturing one.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich being the nucleus of all our war-

like stores, the whole success of any war in which England might be engaged would mainly depend upon it; and it has therefore been made as complete as possible, and is so arranged as to admit of every ordnance store which could possibly be required by an army in the field being made within its walls. England, unlike many foreign military nations, never goes to the trade for her missiles of destruction, or, in other words, all shot, shell, small-arm ammunition, and even powder, are made by government artisans, working in government establishments, and supervised by government officials; and there is little fear of our ever finding in a time of emergency our shells and cartridges filled with sand, which no doubt happened the other day to our neighbours across the Channel.

The arsenal is divided into four great departments: the Royal Gun Factory, the Royal Carriage Department, the Laboratory, and the Control. In the gun factories our heavy ordnance and field-guns are forged, and shot and shell cast; in the carriage department all gun-carriages, general-service wagons, store-carts, and ambulances are made from the raw material, and delivered over to the Control department, for issue to the various stations at which they may be required. In the Laboratory, all shell and fuses are filled and examined, and all experiments connected with explosive material carried out.

The Control is the presiding department of the arsenal. Under the orders of the War-office the controller and his staff arrange for the due examination of demands for warlike material from all parts of the United Kingdom. It is the controller's duty to ascertain, from returns and other documents, that proper reserves are maintained everywhere, and should any deficiency arise, to replace it at once from the stores at his command within the arsenal; or should those fail him, to make arrangements for procuring the articles by contract.

When the stores are ready for issue, it is still the duty of the Control department to see that they are at once sent off to their various destinations either by land or sea; and considering the number of regiments and garrisons that there are at home, who are always wanting something, it may well be imagined that this branch of the establishment alone is one of no inconsiderable magnitude.

Entering the arsenal by the main gate, the visitor is at first struck by the utterly deserted look of the place: the huge chimneys, it is true, are pouring out smoke, and in the air around the peculiar rumble and rattle of distant machinery is discernible; but all the great departments work with closed doors; and it is not until entering the first great door on the right—the Royal Carriage Department—that, standing amid a bewildering haze of whirling lathebands, with the crash of machinery and the din of hammers ringing on every side of him, that a chance visitor can appreciate the fever

of industry—to coin an expression—into which he has entered. Talk of being bound to the wheel! Every man here seems a perfect Ixion, engaged in perfecting his own instrument of torture; for big wheels of sling carts, medium wheels of gun-carriages, little wheels for traversing guns, may each and all be seen here, from the rough wood or brass to the almost perfected article. Here are two great sideboards of iron, apparently faced by another of the same material. Watch the machinery in this three-sided box, as it looks; it is the great Moncrieff gun-carriage in embryo. The room on the other side is full of these gigantic coffers in every stage of advancement, all being finished as fast as skilled labour, steam, and money can finish them. If you are a Britisher and a tax-payer, you leave this part of the establishment with a satisfied grunt. 'Come, there's something being done here, at any rate.'

What are all these boys doing in this building to the left, in the To the uninitiated eve countless little urchins seem to be sitting before constantly-working pumps, into which they are putting little bits of metal; but in reality, hundreds of thousands of the metal portions of the Snider small-arm cartridge are turned out here every day, each boy having marked before him on a card the number that have passed through his hands during the current and previous week; and in another portion of the building the paper portion of the same cartridge is being turned out as rapidly by young women and girls. As fast as these cartridges are finished, they are passed on to be filled, and are issued for the service for which they have been made as soon as possible, as it is a rule never to retain more filled cartridges than are absolutely required in the arsenal. ing round to the right, an immense row of guns attracts the attention. These are all obsolete patterns—serviceable still, but not of the present approved pattern of issue; and, like thousands and thousands of their brethren, they are resting in peaceful quiet till some emergency may call the smoke and flame from their throats.

Behind three or four immense heaps of Palliser shot and shell is the shell foundry, the interior of which at once brings to the mind of the visitor a subterranean scene in a pantomime before the transformation. Amid the roaring crackling furnaces, which, when open, seem almost to shrivel up the eyes of those unaccustomed to look upon them, dusky figures flit to and fro, stoking, hammering, or wheeling masses of dull blue-looking metal, which seems cool enough, but throws out, as it passes, a fierce heat, which makes one involuntarily shrink and draw back.

Towards the centre of the circle a row of men stand, each stirring up a mould of white-hot metal, which throws a weird lurid light upon the workers' face and hands, making the whole place look as if some great incantation scene was going on within it. This is the liquid metal now being worked free from air-bubbles, and which, poured

into a mould, will half an hour hence form the rough conical shot and shell so rapidly being wheeled away on all sides of us to cool in the open air.

When cool, the shells are taken to the finishing-room, to have their studs fixed, and have all the final touches put to them before they are wheeled out to the gigantic piles already standing in the centre of the arsenal, waiting till they are sent away to be filled at the Laboratory, and shipped off either for home or foreign service.

Farther down is the gun-foundry, where, from the rolling of the long rail-like bars of iron forming the first coil, to the perfected weapon, rifled, polished, and fitted with sights, every description of gun-making may be seen.

The rapidity with which a gun is made here is perfectly astonishing. One day one sees a gigantic strip of white-hot metal (perhaps 180 feet long) dazzling the eyes as it is rolled into a coil, like some huge snake throwing its heated breath around. A little while after, before one would think it had hardly had time to cool, we see it turning slowly round, gradually growing into shape beneath the sharp cutting instruments applied to its sides. Before long it has advanced a stage farther, and is being stained and fitted with sights, and very soon after it is proved, and run on the tramway, which goes through all the manufacturing departments and store-houses, to be shipped, in one of the War-Department vessels nearly always lying at the arsenal pier, to the station at which it may be required.

We hear so much nowadays of the utter incapacity of the government, of our meagre provision of offensive weapons as compared with other nations, that it is rather a relief to find that we have the means at any rate of turning out certainly the most effective guns and projectiles in the world.

Standing close to the gun-foundry is a battery of guns, probably waiting for issue to the Royal Horse Artillery. Few uninitiated people could imagine the deadly mischief that lurks in these small polished weapons, every atom of brass or steel about them shining to that extent that they look more like ornaments than anything else.

The very missiles too with which the limber boxes are armed are so prettily got up that they look more like toys than anything else. Who could imagine, for instance, that those brightly-polished little tin cases (case-shot), that one might almost imagine came out of a Christmas-box of sweets, would deal death to a dozen men at a distance of a mile and a quarter? Of what use before these would be the courage of our forefathers, the heroes of Crecy and Poictiers—courage which only rose to fever-heat as they gripped the foe? Of what use would it be nowadays, when its possessor might be done to death without ever being within a mile of the enemy, or knowing whence the blow came that struck him down? Behind those piles and piles of elongated shot and shell, all of the latest and most

approved patterns, and enough, one would imagine, to see England through months and months of warfare, stands probably the largest mortar in the world, projecting a 36-inch shell. The mortar, it appears, is generally known in gunnery circles by the name of 'Palmerston's Folly,' in consequence of its having been ordered to be made by that distinguished statesman, and not turning out the success it was anticipated. Some idea may be formed of the element it would have been in a siege-train, had it answered, from the following particulars. The mortar weighs fifty-two tons (without its carriage); the weight of the shell which it projects is, when empty, 2548 pounds, with its bursting charge 3028 pounds. When it was first tried at Woolwich in 1857, the shell was projected a distance of 2644 yards, penetrating into the ground where it struck upwards of thirty feet, and making a chasm when it burst upwards of forty feet across. Imagine such a missile used in the siege of a great city like Paris! Each shell would devastate a street; but fortunately for the human race, the mortar cracked after a very short trial, and now stands in the arsenal a monument of fallen greatness, while the shells, which cost 30l. each for casting only, form corner-posts, like huge pills, all over Woolwich Common. The Prussians, some short time since, talked of bringing their famous Krupp gun (a 1000-pounder) to aid in the siege of Paris; but the enormous difficulties attending its transport, and the uncertainty of being able to provide proper ammunition, caused the idea to be relinquished; and the Krupp gun, like our 52-ton mortar, is probably reposing in gigantic idleness within the walls of an arsenal. The battle is not always to the strong; and one of the deft little 9-pounder field-pieces would, from its superior quickness of manipulation, probably do more mischief at two thousand yards than even the Titanic missiles above described.

The evening bell rings now; and as the working parties march past, and the hurrying jostling crowd of grimy workmen swarm out, we satisfy our minds, hitherto disquieted by rumours of our defence-less state as a nation, with the conviction that if we are not so numerically great in a military point of view as other nations, our mechanical superiority will always insure us better weapons, and that while our national courage is as preëminent as it has ever been, we can also depend upon, what is now of more consequence, our 'shot and shell.'

G. FORBES CRAWFORD.

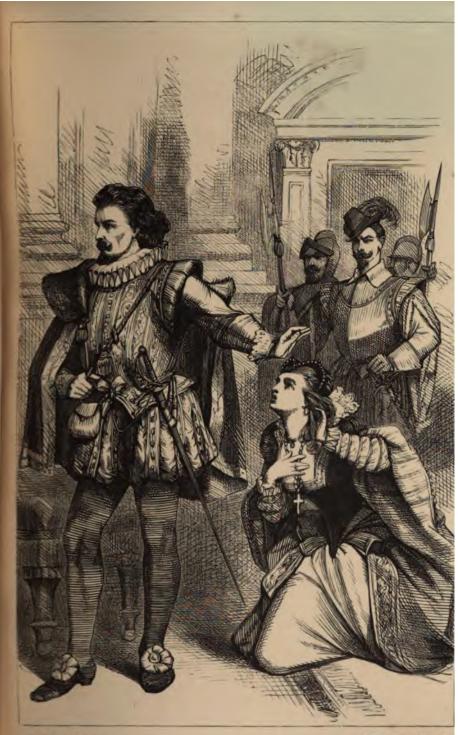
FERENDA

Well named Ferenda—it skills but little where She lived, or when—a maid, yet loving gold; Cruel, yet fresh of face and wondrous fair, With soft sweet voice, which yet knew well to scold; With sweet soft voice, which whisper'd like faint air Whispers through balmy limes when twilight wanes, Which Fulbert's heart to hear by day and night Thirsted, as gaping fields athirst for rains, And drank, not as he would, but as he might, Since chance first bound him in Love's golden chains; For he had never known fell Love before. Had never tasted honey mix'd with gall; Had never learnt, by service long and sore, What thing it was to be a woman's thrall; While she of all his weeping reck'd no more Than a sea rock of salt tears of wild waves. So, when he wist all wailing words were vain, He dress'd himself as one of those stray knaves Who stroll about the streets in sun and rain, Selling their gewgaws, ribbons, washes, staves Of songs,—and so as pedlar to her came. And she, as women will, for half a day Chose and refused; but lastly bade him name His price for some tried trinket, who said, 'Nay, Take it, fair maid, for naught!' Then sudden shame On her soft face its vermeil flushes spread, Like opening rosebuds in a morn of June, And ere she raised for answer her bent head, Her small unwilling ear heard love's sweet tune, To her so sour; but when what words he said With hot wet eyes were bootless all—'Ay, me!' He mourn'd; 'since I may see thee never more, Grant my great love, which was, is, and must be Always, one little kiss, of all the store I dream'd might once be mine.' A short space she Stood musing, then said, 'Yea, if thou wilt swear To work the thing I wish.' And when he swore,

Bound fetters of her warm hands white and bare

Her mouth away, saying, 'On thine oath, beware

About his neck, and kiss'd his mouth, then tore



John Proctor, del.

J. R. Dattershell, sc.



To speak to any in this world again

For three whole years.' He thought his kiss hard bought,
But bow'd his head, nor ventured to complain

At all, but left her silently, and sought

Another land and life across the main.

Time pass'd, and he who in those days gone by Received but sad repulse and drank despair, Who in some corner sat unseen to sigh, Low sunk beneath the constant weight of care, Was now by acts of prowess lifted high, And praise was his, when the sun rose in the east, And when the light of day began to fade; And many a maid's sweet smile and many a feast His silent tongue to blab had near bewray'd; But still he held his promise. Not the least The monarch of his new land mourn'd him dumb, And offer'd for reward ten thousand crowns To any leech whose art could overcome His silence. So from many distant towns Came many, greedy of the golden sum, But nothing wrought, and only vex'd the king, Who added this sharp clause to his decree: That if said leech's arts no cure should bring, Said leech should lose his life, if not that he Were able and willing—mark how hard a thing-Himself to pay ten thousand crowns. In time This fame Ferenda found, who thought: 'He keeps Not for his word's sake silence, but for mine, For whom as erst he watches still and weeps. Now will I go, and say: See, I am thine! And cure him certainly.' And so she went Thither, where leeches lately were but few, To Fulbert, whose long love was fully shent. Too well her advent in sad sooth he knew Had root in the ruddy gold; and while she leant Upon him, and her warm breath flush'd his cheek, Crying, 'My darling, am I, then, unknown?' He only touch'd his lips, and would not speak. 'I come to absolve thee from thine oath, mine own!' She tried all ways for a whole week; In vain. She kiss'd him with all kisses women know; All honey'd words which women use she used: But never could rekindle that first glow, For Fulbert ever still to speak refused. Now was it hers to wring her hands with woe,

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And sigh and pray, as he had pray'd and sigh'd. Her little fortune could not save her life;

Death's fear can conquer even a woman's pride, And make her almost fit to be a wife.

Only when in dark shadows of death she cried, 'Ah, speak!' he spoke. 'Lady, how long, how long

I strove against thy scorn's cold stream in vain!

For thy fair cruel face, so tender and strong,

How oft I call'd on Death, the fine of pain, Shears which divide the web of woe and wrong!

Nay, go. Thou canst not now—too late—atone For those long days I lived without all ease,

These speechless latter days for ever flown.

Go! but remember, if thy beauty please

Some other, men are made of flesh, not stone.'

L'Envoi.

Meet thou that maid, my little virelay,
Whose robe is lustrous as the sun's red beam,
And face more fair than summer's morn, and say,
'I prithee, him my mournful master, deem
Worthy love's meed, nor longer murmur Nay.'

JAMES MEW.

A PILGRIMAGE IN QUEST OF POCAHONTAS

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

Or all unsatisfactory books—and very few with which I, in my limited experience, am acquainted will give the student a sufficing pabulum -are there any so thoroughly disappointing as biographical dictionaries? Those big and barren compilations seldom err on the side of They never tell you too much. My complaint against them is, that they tell you either too little or just nothing at all about the thing you are most desirous to know. I can conscientiously ever that I never yet turned up a biographical dictionary, and came away from its perusal with a full and entire persuasion that I had gained the amount of knowledge I was ambitious to acquire. With this, natural stupidity, carelessness, or an inability to master the mysteries of cross-references and trying back, may have had something to do. The Catalogue of the Library of the British Museum is, in this respect, and in all conscience, puzzling enough. You want Molière, and the catalogue sends you to the letter P, to find out Jean Baptiste Pocquelin. You have occasion to look at a copy of the inimitable Enfants Terribles, and naturally turn to the letter G, hoping there to discover Monsieur Gavarni. Alas! you are informed that such a person as Gavarni never existed, and that the author of the Enfants Terribles is one Paul Chevalier. And then you remember that the admirable artist in question borrowed his pseudonym from a castle situated in one of the gorges of the Pyrenees. you want Salmasius's book against Milton, you must apply to one Monsieur de Saumaise, a Low-Dutch pedant; and all messages and percels for Mr. Barry Cornwall must be left with Mr. Bryan William Again, if you are anxious to hunt up Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, or George Savage Fitzboodle, or Jeames de la Pluche, or Lancelot Wagetaff, or the 'Fat Contributor,' the individual who will answer to all these aliases is named William Makepeace Thackeray.

There is a reason, we are told—although I could never discover it prior to the introduction of Mr. Cantelo's Incubator and Mr. Carlo Misrari's 'Artificial Mother'—in roasting eggs. There is a more palpable reason for the seemingly perversely-wearisome cross-references in the Museum Catalogue. It is not that the compilers of that rast mound of bibliography are desirous of making game of the literary student, or of driving him to madness, to the refreshment-room, or to sleep; the aim of the profound scholars and accomplished linguists who devote the vast energies of their minds to very ill-paid

labours in Great Russell-street Bloomsbury, is simply to set up in their catalogue a faultless and unvarying standard of truth. are determined to catalogue a man's brain-work, not under his assumed, but his real name. Gavarni they dismiss as a figment: Titmarsh they scout as a myth. They give you instead the genuine Chevalier and Thackeray. Their plan is, after all, the best one; and although it frequently induces confusion and despair in the minds of the lazy and the obtuse, I do not see that, in the long run, any well-grounded complaint can be sustained against it; only, it may be admitted that the ways of truth are hard, and thorny, and devious. Let it be assumed, for example, that the gentleman who was once Mr. Bug were to write a book, say, on the 'Eccentricities of Entomology;' should we expect to find such an entry as the following in the British Museum catalogue, 'Bug, Joshua; see Norfolk Howard'? and when we turned up 'Howard, Norfolk,' might not we look for an explanatory note, setting forth how the name of the now patrician entomologist had been once really Bug, how he had chosen to make a law for himself and change it, the whole being rendered additionally lucid by a cross-reference to Sir Benjamin Hall, Lord Llanover, and the great Welsh case of nomenclature?

But let the Catalogue of the Museum Library pass. It is a great work, with all its abstruse crabbednesses. Any indictment I could bring against it would not be half so severe as that which I adduce against those plaguey biographical dictionaries. At least, in the Museum, after long searching, you find the book, or the author's name, of which you are in quest; in nine cases out of ten the biographers provide you with a Barmecide feast, not to be followed, as in the Arabian case, with a real repast of compensating information.

Take a case, as Mr. Knox says: just consider the dire straits in which your obliged servant the constant writer is reduced, owing to the remissness of the biographers. I live within a stone's throw of the Museum; but the day is a pouring wet one, I have a bad leg, and I dare not stir out of doors. Thus, chained like a convict to the oar, or to the mahogany of my desk, bent upon writing, I thirst for biographical information respecting one particular personage. I thirst in vain. It is my lot to-day—excuse the confusion of metaphors—to have to make a whole kiln-full of bricks without so much as a single wisp of straw.

I desire, for a certain reason afterwards to be explained to you, to read up something definite and accurate concerning Pocahontas. 'Why, bless the man,' I hear half a dozen critics exclaim, 'who does not know all about Pocahontas? There is a monument erected to her memory, through the pious zeal of some American sojourners in England, in Deptford Church. "Pocahontas, Princess of Virginia," thus runs the simple epitaph.' Ay, there it is; but I want the chapter and verse. I have a dim and hazy impression in my

mind of the beautiful story of the Virginian sachem's daughter: of the manner in which she saved Captain John Smith from cruel torture and death: of her tender and sweet devotion, through good and evil report, afterwards to the man she loved; of her coming to England, and being lionised by the fashionable world, and falling sick and dying, just as she was embarking to return to her own savage and much-loved land. She was not the first beautiful savage who has pined away in the midst of the most splendid civilisation. was it at Gravesend or at Deptford that Pocahontas died? locality of the monument would seem to point to the last-named place as that of her decease; yet I have an uneasy kind of half remembrance of having read in some old news-letter—much older than Nash or Howell—that it was at Gravesend. Was it at the end of the reign of James I., or at the beginning of that of Charles I., that she died? That she was a Christian—yes, and a long time before she was converted from Paganism—I am satisfied; for I have seen huge bad picture of the Baptism of Pocahontas under the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. But was she ever lawfully married to Captain John Smith? Those were free-and-easy days, you know. The ship-captain had often, like Jack the foremast-man, a wife in every port. Hernan Cortès was as devotedly attached to the beauteous Aztec Marina as Smith to Pocahontas; she was the guiding star of his life, and bore him children, whose descendants were grandees of Spain; but he did not marry her. The more's the pity.

You see, after all, that a man can't carry an encyclopedia in his head. I have read a passable number of books, and have a pretty good memory of my own; but I can't fix on the exact dates and places and circumstances connected with the tale of Pocahontas; the tale which reads so much like an Eastern fairy romance told by Tom Moore, and yet is as true as gospel. I want my authorities, my chapter and verse, my text and margent. I must refer.

With books of reference, ancient and modern, my shelves are tolerably lined. There are four walls to the room in which I work. The servants call it the 'study;' I call it the chamber of torture, and the abode of agony. Never mind names. One of the walls is all window; and the other three, allowing for a small door and a smaller freplace, are all books. They come down from the ceiling to the mantel, and then pour down again to the floor, and hem in the fender. Some of these days, perhaps, the chimney will catch fire, and I and my books be burnt together.

I have no need for a catalogue; I can carry the names and places of my small batch well enough in my head, and have often found out a particular shelf and a particular volume in the dark. Up there, for instance, the fourth series to the left on shelf six from the ground, is my copy of the *English Cyclopedia*, a New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge, conducted by Charles Knight. Come down,

Charles Knight, in the section of biography, volume the fourth, and let me see what you can tell me about Pocahontas. Upon my word, it is too bad! Charles Knight cannot tell me anything about her. He does not even condescend to mention her name. Here are Pliny the younger, and old Dr. Plot of Staffordshire-all the county historians and archeologists speak of him as 'old Dr. Plot;' was he ever young Dr. Plot, I wonder?—here are Plutarch, and Pocock the eminent Orientalist: and here is Edgar Allan Poe, poet, mystic, and 'cuss.' New, between Plutarch and Pocock should come-or I am no hand at index-making-Pocahontas. But there is never a mention of the sweet Indian lass; nor in the few pages of supplementary names appended to the biographical section is anything said concerning her. We will try again. Captain John Smith may be a personage sufficiently important to have attracted the notice of the cavalierian biography. I take up volume the sixth, and turn up the tribe of all the Smiths. Here are John Pye Smith, LL.D., and John Raphael Smith the landscape-painter, commonly called Smith of Derby; here too are John Stafford Smith the Catch-Club composer, and John Thomas Smith the celebrated engraver, best known to us as 'Nollekens' Smith, the author of a delightful biography of that eccentric and miserly sculptor, whom he tried so hard, but unsuccessfully, to toady out of a legacy. But the next Smith is Joseph, irreverently termed 'Joe Smith,' the Mormon prophet; and my John Smith, master mariner, is nowhere.

I shut up Charles Knight in sorrow, not unmixed with anger; but on the whole the sorrow predominates. After all, the default in re Smith may not be the personal and literary fault of C. K. Your modern encyclopedists and 'dictionary-makers,' classical, biographical, biblical, and otherwise, devise, arrange, and superintend; but they of necessity confide the execution of their details to subordinate writers. These subs are, not to use too harsh a term, hacks. They are in a hurry to get through their drudgery, and to earn their poor stipends. They have recourse to the biographers who have gone before them; and the result is, that the majority of our portly, glossy, splendidly-bound modern encyclopedias are, in a hundred instances, merely perpetuations of the blunders and omissions of the encyclopedias which have preceded them.

But the man who wrote the encyclopedia out of his own head! The mention of the name of the grand old seventeenth-century scholar suggests to me the hope, that in his tremendous tomes I might find something germane to my topic. Where are you, old Pierre Bayle, in all the ponderosity of your learning, and the enormity of your black periwig? Mr. T. Carlyle has used you but scurvily, my Peter, and in his Life of Frederick implied with a sneer that you were but one of those whom savage Cobbett used to call 'the old Shufflebreeches of the Quarterly Review;' but you knew an im-

mensity in almost every department of human learning, for all that. I have the Critical Dictionary down there by the side of John Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, and Jeremy Taylor's Rule of Conscience, and Minsheu and Cotgrave, and the Illustrated London News for I know not how many years; down over against the old oak chest, un coffre et rien dedans—

Eh! gai c'est la richesse Du gros Roger Bontemps;

for it holds but my will and my confessions, and the stump of my first cheque-book, and a lock of yellow hair of the girl that is gone. Come out, Peter Bayle, and let us see if I can extract aught from that prodigious black periwig of yours.

Nothing but disappointment for me this wet morning; that is certain. Bayle, so delightfully copious on most subjects, even to the minutest, is on my desiderated topic mum. He passes coolly, in S, from Smiglecius—bother Smiglecius!—to Socin; and, under Poinet, to Diane de Poictiers. Avaunt, old Peter with the wig! I begin to think that Mr. T. Carlyle was not so unjust after all, in speaking despitefully of you. What is your huge exploit of booklearning, in fine, but one elaborate monument of human spite? You wrote it, you know you did, mainly in the hope of confuting and bringing to naught the Sieur Moreri, who had written another Critical Dictionary as wordy as yours, and whom you consequently hated. Two lives of David, Peter Bayle, and not one of Pocahontas!

I am about, like Orfeo, to cry Son disperato, when I remember that high up ceilingwards there lurks a fat little volume in French, the Biographie Universelle of Lalaune, Renier, Bernard, Laumier, Choler, Mongin, Janin, Deloge, and Fuisse. This pot-bellied little tome contains no less than nineteen hundred and sixty-three pages in double columns. Think of that, Master Brooke; ay, and Master Bayle too. I mark, opening the volume haphazard, that the Biographie Universelle has deigned to bestow a notice on Count Beniowski, the Polish dwarf. Surely my Pocahontas, a maiden of sufficient inches, may find half a column or so among the all but four thousand which make up this book. Vain hope. Poccetti the painter, pupil of Ghirlandajo; Pocoche, célèbre voyageur; but not a glimpse of Pocahontas. I am well-nigh too sick at heart after this to turn to the Smiths; but when I do, it is as I thought. here is at least a gleam, a scintillation of the long-sought one:

SMITH, J.: navigateur Anglais, one of the founders of the Anglo-American colonies, 1579-1631. He made three voyages to Virginia, from 1606 to 1614, and presided at the foundation of James-town. See the 'Description of New England,' in 8vo, 1616.

Now it is a wager of Lombard-street to a China orange that this Smith, navigateur Anglais, is my master mariner. But how does

the discovery—grateful as I am for it—help me towards reading up the story of Pocahontas? The Biographie Universelle says nothing about her. There is the Description of New England, 8vo, 1616, to which I am bidden to refer. Now I will likewise wager that my friend Samuel L. M. Barlow, who possesses the largest and rarest collection of works relating to early American history to be found in the known world, has the Description in question; but the Bibliotheca Barloviana is in Madison-square, New York; and here am I in Bloomsbury, on a wet day, and with a bad leg.

I have tried my hardest, I am sure; but what else can I do? The contents of my shelves are limited. I don't own the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I haven't got Rees or Chalmers. My Grainger, with Mark Noble's continuation, is at the binder's. I am destitute even of a Maunder's *Treasury*.

When the heir of Lynn was about to hang himself, and was fixing for that purpose a staple to a beam, the rotten woodwork, if I remember the legend aright, gave way, and a great bag of broad pieces, mingled with dust and cobwebs, tumbled out of the hole and hit the happy heir of Lynn on the nose. A chance almost as fortunate was mine, just as I had abandoned all hope with regard to Standing on tiptoe on a flight of steps, and sulkily Pocahontas. replacing the Biographie Universelle, I managed to displace two pretty octavos bound in blue, their backs beautifully emblazoned with spread eagles and stars-and-stripes in gold. I declare they are good Mrs. Mary Howitt's Popular History of the United States. Now Mrs. Howitt must, I argue, have something to say about the early settlers in Virginia, and consequently about Pocahontas and Captain John Smith. With trembling hands I turn to the table of Yes, here is my margent: 'Chapter IV. Extraordinary adventures of Smith—his life saved by the Indian girl Pocahontas.' Now for my text.

Captain John Smith, Mrs. Howitt sets forth, as brave and true a man as ever lived, was, with his two Indian guides, and after a desperate fight, taken prisoner by the savage Indians of Virginia in an expedition he had undertaken up the Chickahominy. He was an object both of interest and of terror to the natives, and they exulted much in his capture. Captain John was therefore conveyed, securely bound, from the Indian settlements on the Chickahominy to those on the Rappahannoch and the Potomac, and so on to the residence of Opechancanough at the Pamunky. Here, for a space of three days, the Indian medicine-men practised their direst incantations, to ascertain from their Great Spirit what was the right thing to do with Captain John; whether they should torment him to death after their savage fashion, or fall down and worship him. Captain Smith remained perfectly calm, as though indifferent to his fate, or assured of his safety; at which these wild creatures were much

amazed, thenceforth inclining rather to the falling down and wor-

shipping notion.

The decision of his fate was referred to a chief named Powhattan, then residing at some little distance; and to his wigwam he The grim warrior, attended by all the braves of his tribe, received him in solemn council, and began to deliberate whether he should be barbecued or deified. The vote was given in favour of his being barbecued. The commencement of the torture was, however, delayed—probably the fagots, resin, &c. had to be got ready; and meanwhile this philosophic John Smith employed himself in making hatchets and in stringing beads, which he gave—most artful mariner—to Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhattan; a girl of ten years of age, who, for beauty of countenance, and spirit combined with gentleness, so far surpassed all the maidens of her people that she was called the 'nonpareil of the country.' I should very much like the historians to tell me what is the Indian for 'nonpareil'— 'Opechancanough' perhaps. At length the great day of barbecuing He knelt on the place of execution, when pretty little Pocahontas, obeying an impulse of mercy, sprang to his side, threw her arms round his neck, and, laying her head upon his shoulder, interposed between him and death. An impulse of mercy indeed. I dare be sworn that the copper-coloured darling had been plotting Captain John's delivery ever since the verdict of the braves had gone against him; nor is it improbable that the whole thing was arranged between her and some good-natured medicine-man, who hinted to her, 'You plead for him, my dear, and Powhattan your papa will never have the heart to refuse you.' Mercy in most women is not an impulse but an intuition, and only needs proper direction to succour the whole world. For one Herodias—the hussy!—with her jigs and pirouettes, who asks for John the Baptist's head in a charger, there are ten thousand Pocahontases ready to interpose their silky heads between the doomed captive and the uplifted tomahawk, and so plead with irresistible piteousness for his life.

Well, they didn't barbecue Captain John Smith. The devotion and entreaties of Pocahontas saved his life. The Indians offered him every inducement which lay in their power to join their nation, and have rule over them. They be sought him to join them in attacking the feeble colony of white men settled at James-town. This, of course, Captain John Smith stoutly refused to do. He, the true and leal Englishman, who had not flinched at the imminent prospect of the most horrid tortures, was in no mood now to turn traitor. His firm denial rather prepossessed the Indians in his favour than otherwise. They detained him for some considerable period among them, but treated him more as an honoured hostage than as a prisoner hostile to them. His captivity, indeed, was of some advantage to his countrymen settled at James-town; for he

became a proficient in the language of the Indians, studied their country and their characteristics, and was the means of bringing about something like a friendly intercourse between the English colonists and the tribes governed by the fierce Powhattan. He was allowed to return at last, to find the settlement reduced to forty-two disheartened, disunited, and miserable souls. Once more did true-hearted little Pocahontas come to his assistance; for when Captain John and his companions were on the very verge of starvation, the daughter of Powhattan came twice a week with a troop of Indian girls bringing baskets of grain and fruit for the destitute pale-faces.

Now it is as plain, I think, as the nose on the face of the bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington over Mr. Decimus Burton's arch, that pretty Pocahontas had been all along over head and ears in love with Captain John Smith. Why didn't Captain John marry her? why, indeed? Because it wasn't to be; because I, the constant writer, have been, for I know not how many paragraphs, making an egregious idiot of myself-or at least should have done so, had I written concerning Pocahontas without book, and not turned up in the nick of time Mrs. Howitt's history. A beautiful blunder I should have committed through the default of the encyclopedists. Leaving love out of the question, there never was any question of matrimony between the Indian maiden and Captain Smith. was destined to be baptised, and to become the bride of an Englishman, of a good and gallant Briton too; but his name wasn't Smith It was John Rolfe.

A chance reference in Mrs. Howitt's agreeable work sends me to Bancroft's flourishing—somewhat too flourishing—History of the United States. At once I remember that I possess Bancroft unabridged, in thirteen volumes octavo, lying at this moment, not on my shelves, but all in a heap, and with never a cover on one of the thirteen volumes, in the recesses of a dark cupboard. I took Bancroft in extenso with me to the States a few years ago, thinking to read up something about American history on the passage out. His history passed the custom-house at Boston in safety; but very soon after I reached New York I became acquainted with the Honourable George Bancroft, some time Minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of St. James's, in propria persona. It may be that the advantage of enjoying the living conversation of the illustrious historian rendered me indolent in perusing his history. As a rule, we do not often read the works of the people we know. Crammington, who wrote Babylon in a Bandbox, and Nineveh in a Nutshell, used to complain that so little was the wife of his bosom acquainted with the inside of that vast performance, that, until in a moment of indignant vanity he disclosed the fact. Mrs. C. was quite unaware of his having dedicated his magnum opus to her. Perchance

it may have been, that through the generosity of friends in the strange hospitable country beyond the Atlantic, I began, ere I had been a week in the States, to accumulate stores of well-bound literature on almost every American topic, and found the thirteenfold Bancroft rather de trop in my portmanteau. Be it as it may, I determined, after three months looking at him without reading him. to send him back to Europe. A trusted friend took charge of the thirteen. They were securely packed up, with other mementoes which I was sending to friends in Europe: notably with an icepitcher from Tiffany's—as big and as bright as the Goodwood Cup, but not quite so valuable—a lot of moccasins and deerskin pouches and wampum belts from Niagara, and a proof line engraving of the late President Lincoln. All came to dreadful grief before the friend and the Asia, which bore them, reached Liverpool—all save the icepitcher; and even that arrived with a big dent in it, as though it had been the morion of some stout Cavalier hewn down by a broadsword at Marston Moor. Poor Abraham Lincoln's portrait was reduced to a dab of briny pulp; the moccasins and pouches were weltering in a miniature tan-pit at the bottom of the box; and Bancroft's thirteen volumes—but I shudder to describe their deplorable condition. You see, there had been a storm in mid Atlantic, and the Asia had caught it badly. The sea came rushing one night into my friend's state-room, and it was as much as he could do to escape through a skylight, half dressed, half drowned, and with the muscles of his right forearm slashed all to ribbons by fragments of broken My poor box was a mass of sodden boards, containing only so much son. How on earth they managed at home to restore Bancroft to something like valid thirteenedness I never could rightly But they do such wonderful things, with all manner of articles, at home. I believe they carefully separated Bancroft's letter-press from his soaked covers—an operation which must have rivalled in difficulty that of restoring a papyrus manuscript or unrolling a mummy—and laid him out to dry, leaf by leaf, before the kitchen fire; and there he is now in the cupboard, a baker's dozen strong, safe and sound, though with never a coat to his back, waiting for the binder, but smelling very strongly of the salt of the sea.

I have no difficulty, thanks to the preserving process which the thirteen have undergone, in picking out the particular volume of Bancroft of which I am in search, and splicing the severed length of my Pocahontas yarn to the shore-end of the cable. I learn, then, that after Captain John Smith had returned—unmarried, and, it would seem, unbetrothed even, to his preserver—Pocahontas continued to grow in cantleness and beauty, but fell, poor child, on what menaced evil days for her. Anomaly and annears on the scene, hight Argall—a bad-sounding name, you will allow—and by all events a swaggering and unscrupulous adventurer. He came

to Virginia in a trading-ship, and being on one occasion sent up the Potomac to barter European 'notions' for corn, fell in with Pocahontas, who at that time had not appeared in James-town for two whole years. What call had she to go thither when John Smith was away—never perhaps to return? Argall had heard of Pocahontas, and of her well-deserved influence among her own people; and like a brutal scheming ruffian as he was, thought he might do a good stroke of business by kidnapping the pretty little chieftain's daughter. Aided by a rascally Indian, whom he bribed with the prodigious donation of a brass kettle, this scoundrel Argall enticed Pocahontas on board his ship—perhaps he told her that he had news of John Smith for her-and carried her off to James-town. Powhattan, bursting with grief and rage, demanded the restoration of his daughter. This, of course, scoundrel Argall refused Guerra! guerra!—in the Opechancanough under a heavy ransom. language—was then, of course, the cry of the bereaved father and his tribe. The war-hatchet was disinterred, the war-paint daubed on, the war-dance performed, and every preparation made for an attack, with an ultimate view to barbecuing, on the James-town colonists. But in this embarrassing conjuncture a deliverer suddenly appeared for Pocahontas. This was John Rolfe, an amiable young enthusiast, who had emigrated to the forests of Virginia, where he wandered about, like St. Jerome in the desert, and saw visions, and, 'with the solicitude of a troubled soul, reflected on the true end of his being.' There were many such amiable young enthusiasts in England—many such solicitous and troubled souls just then. They were, in fact, the sucking Puritans: their children were to be the stern and not amiable enthusiasts, who signed the Solemn League and Covenant, and poured out their blood like water in contest with the men of Belial who wore lovelocks, and believed in stained windows and stone altars. They were the grim Roundheads, who tried the man Charles Stuart, and cut off his head in the open street before Whitehall. John Rolfe, wandering, yet unleagued and uncovenanted, in the Virginian wilds, fancied daily that he heard a voice crying in his ears, and telling him that the true end of his being was to make Pocahontas a Christian. This voice, Bancroft tells us, was that of the Spirit. But John Rolfe heard also, and, it would seem. simultaneously, another voice, which, I surmise, was rather of a lower calibre, and more resembled that of the flesh than of the spirit. counselling him not only to labour for the conversion of the vet anregenerated maiden, but to ask her of her papa in marriage. Now an offer of marriage, it is well known, has through countless ages been the means of terminating 'difficulties' much more serious than this between Powhattan and James-town settlers. According to wicked Mrs. Peachum, 'marriage makes the blemish;' but if we read life by the twilight of experience, we shall find there is hardly so ugly

a flaw but a question well popped will mend it. Pocahontas was very soon instructed in the dogmas of Christianity. As I have said, there is no doubt that the good little creature was born a Christian, although she and her pagan papa and mamma were unconscious of She was baptised in the little church at James-town; and her reception into the Church of England was very speedily followed by her nuptials with John Rolfe. In April 1613, to the joy of Sir Thomas Dale the governor, and with the approbation of her father and friends, Opachisco her uncle gave the bride away; and she stammered over the altar her marriage vows, according to the Anglican rites. Three years afterwards, having been fully instructed in the English language, and bearing the English name of Rebeccanot half so pretty a one, to my thinking, as Pocahontas—she sailed with her husband and Sir Thomas Dale to England. There she was, as I have said, lionised and caressed. As a wife, and afterwards as a mother, her conduct was irreproachable; but as she was preparing to return to Virginia, at the age of twenty-two, Mistress Rebecca Rolfe, née Princess Pocahontas, died. The Bollands and the Randolphs, two of the most distinguished families of Virginia, and of the last named of which the illustrious American orator and statesman John Randolph was a scion, are proud to trace their descent from the union of the 'amiable enthusiast' and the merciful Indian maiden.

I forgot to say, that during her sojourn in England Pocahontas met with her old friend John Smith, and that by him she was recommended to the notice of the Queen, Anne of Denmark. This circumstance reads very decorously in the historian's grave page; but I am certain that all young ladies, ay and all middle-aged and all elderly ladies to boot, who have been so good as to follow me through this pilgrimage in quest of Pocahontas will agree with me that John Rolfe, with all his amiable enthusiasm and intercourse with spirit-voices, was not at all the kind of young man for Pocahontas. Her acquaintance with Captain John Smith was evidently of the nature of what boarding-school girls call a 'case;' and Captain John Smith she ought to have married, or nobody at all.*

X'Enboi.

I have heard of a portrait of Pocahontas, which is said to be preserved among her descendants in Virginia, and which represents her in the costume worn by English ladies of rank in the Elizabethan, or rather Jacobian, era; but the rigid Indian-looking plaits of hair hanging down betray her descent.

• When Smith went to visit her in London, after saluting him she turned away her face and hid it in her hands, and remained in this position for two or three hours.' American Cyclopedia.

RESTLESSNESS

The travelling season sets in, year by year, with a fast-increasing animation. The migration of the swallows is not more certain or more regular than is the rush of tourists, 'trippers,' and excursionists of every degree, along the iron roads and across the narrow seas. Railways and steamboats have their accommodating powers tested to an extent that suggests some mysterious elasticity of the cabins and carriages, if not of the mass of living humanity with which ships and trains are freighted. Yearly too do the number of the holiday-makers augment, as the impulse of locomotion penetrates into social strata where it was lately unfelt, until, by a slight misquotation of a familiar couplet, we might make the poet declare that

'Those travel now that never ranged before, And those that always travell'd roam the more.'

But all this is not restlessness.

The spirit that sends forth paterfamilias, Murray in hand, to squabble over alien inn-bills, and to storm foreign picture-galleries at the head of a forlorn hope of marriageable daughters, is not one that deserves to be called restless. Jones, the Oxford tutor, as he drives the spike of his alpenstock into the doubtful ice of a glacier; or as he crawls and scrambles, one of a party of five roped together, up the slippery arête of the dangerous Donnerundblitzenhorn, is perhaps foolbardy, but not restless. Nor is it restlessness which has filled yonder huge train, that two panting engines can hardly propel, with all that motley throng of hot excursionists returning Londonwards after their cheap six hours at the seaside. In an age of hard brain and muscle work like ours, there is a natural demand for relaxation of a kind undreamed of by our slower-thinking ancestors. And to most of us relaxation means change, new scenes, new occupations, fresh objects of interest, something to see and to do which shall be as far as is possible dissimilar to what we usually do and A holiday, to be perfect of its kind, should surely afford the strongest practicable contrast to the routine of our working life.

Really restless people are not to be confounded with the swarm of summer tourists whom the wish to breathe a purer air, to be gladdened by unaccustomed sights, or to seek health and pleasure according to the bent of their minds and the compass of their purse, tempts to an annual Hegira. Theirs is but a temporary abandonment of the household gods, after all. November will come, with its fogs and its call to dutics; and the barrister will return to his briefs and

the merchant to his counting-house, and even the Pall-mall idler, the fruges consumere natus of the clubs, will wing his way back to the familiar bay-window and to the greasy pavement of London. The genuinely restless are of another genus, and their wanderings are of a different character. It is not so much that they leave home as that they are constantly exchanging one home for another.

'Home' in the days of our fathers was a word the sound of which was solemn as well as sweet. The very name had a music of its own, a poetry and a pathos that clung to it, as ivy nestles to the walls of some old house in which kindred generations have lived and To bid a stranger be at home was the heartiest dictum of hospitality. And what home was to the indwellers of the gabled hall, the snug parsonage, or the 'great house' of some small sleepy town or straggling village, can scarcely be known save to those who have diligently studied the memoirs and letters of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries. Our predecessors, both men and women, had a catlike attachment to their dwellings, a strong local patriotism strange to us, whom advertisements of superior stone-fronted mansions and eligible villas constantly beguile to take up our abode in this or that eminently-improving neighbourhood. Home, too, was thought to be a phrase peculiarly English, and was all the better loved on that account. Benighted foreigners, who could not mention the domestic hearth without resorting to the ridiculous periphrasis of a 'chez soi,' could not be expected to understand the love which true Britons felt for the red bricks mellowed by age, for the deep windows coped with white stone, for the weatherbeaten porch, and for the fragrant garden full of quaint old flowers and luscious wall-fruit; but to those who had been born within the four seas home was as an Eden. To feel at home was ease and comfort; while the dreary expression 'all abroad' is eloquent in its illustration of a wretched, dazed, unsettled, and woolgathering condition of the mind.

It may be that in their adoration of home, as of some other national boasts, our ancestors rode their hobby rather too hard. The typical home, surrounded by none but peaceful pleasant sights and sounds, might at certain seasons have been excessively damp, and for a considerable part of the year inordinately dull. A residence that seemed delightful so long as the shade of the great green rustling boughs fell upon the paths that wound among flower-beds resenant with the drowsy hum of bees, might present another aspect when the last brown leaf had dropped to add its tribute to the rottenness of the decaying vegetation, and when the heavy rain beat day after day on the lead-framed panes of the Elizabethan windows. But still the hereditary dwelling was beloved and believed in. Whatever its defects, it was always the dear old place, the paragon and cynosure of all possible homes, in the eyes of those to whom every jutting beam and blackening wainscot was as the face of a dumb friend.

How the change began, by what process we English became weaned from our antique affections, it is puzzling to conjecture; but at any rate this much is certain, that from the most homestaying we have become the most wandering of European nations. Of course, in this respect we are very far outstripped by our cousins across the A sort of reproach attaches to a citizen of the great republic who is content to die where he was born. Such a vegetable inactivity argues, in the opinion of his acquaintance, a contemptible lack of adventurous courage; a puny soul, that shrinks from helping on the conquering march of that 'manifest destiny' which is to raise grain-crops from the prairie, and to set up monster hotels on the Rocky Mountains, while improving buffaloes, Indians, and Mormons off the face of creation. But there is this difference, that an American is tempted to move by the hope of profit; whereas an English household would often be at a loss to assign any rational motive for the frequent flittings that are a part of modern life.

The most incorrigible rovers are probably families that are wellto-do in the world, without being positively rich. They are able to plead all manner of extenuating circumstances on their own behalf, and to invest with a sort of prudential halo the resolution which in their heart of hearts they know to be the mere offspring of caprice. With them it is always a question of the growing dearness of Cheltenham, or the health-giving breezes of Brighton. Torquay is necessary for Louisa's delicate chest; or Marlborough offers such advantages for the boys; or Leamington is the very place in which to ' bring out' darling Kitty, who looks so well in her habit, and will be certain to marry a fox-hunter of fortune. Any reason carries weight with those who are predisposed to change, and when it has served its turn, can be shelved and forgotten. The very people who to-day insist on courting balmy breezes in some west-country paradise, where myrtles flourish and frosts are unknown, will to-morrow cry aloud for bracing air, and will eagerly inquire for a commodious residence in some elevated spot—say, Kemp Town or Tunbridge The family that last year vowed to stay for ever in the country, and that seemed to care for nothing but croquet, gardening, and fancy poultry, now engage a suitable stucco-fronted mansion in Bayswater, and protest that a town life is the only one endurable. These prompt converts are not in the least insincere. Their zeal is genuine; but they are sadly fickle of purpose; and house-agents, brokers, and furniture-packers reap a rich harvest from their migratory habits.

Professional ties, or local interests of a pecuniary kind, have a sobering effect upon many men who, lacking such bonds, would seldom spend more than two years, or three at most, in the same place. We may often hear the father of ten children deplore the ruinous expense of moving with so large a family. The vicar laments that

his benefice is a clog that keeps him stationary. Now this repining at the not being able to strike one's tents like a Bedouin, and be off to fresh fields and pastures new, is the product of an eminently All the wise saws and time-honoured apophthegms modern feeling. of antiquity went dead against it. Our ancestors verily believed not only that a rolling stone could gather no moss, but that the rolling stone ought to be heartily ashamed of itself when confronted by the respectable old boulders that were green and tufted with the cushioned growth of years. And accordingly law and public opinion went hand in hand in the attempt to repress what was considered as an evil practice. Strolling players were denounced as rogues and vagabonds, less because they acted than because they strolled. The hawker with his patient donkey plodding under the weight of the laden panniers, the pedlar with knapsack and ellwand, were rated far below the humblest rural trader who had, like Mr. Shandy, a local habita-The picturesque gipsies, whose camp-fires dotted tion and a name. the moor or the common, were credited with the theft of every fowl stolen from a henroost and with the light-fingered conveyance of all linen missing from the garden hedge. Even the needy knifegrinder. when tipsy and quarrelsome, might expect, like Canning's brother of the wheel, to be sentenced to the parish stocks by that stern Rhadamanthus, Justice Oldmixon, while natives of the village escaped stock, if not scot, free. It went hard in merry England with vagrants of the humbler sort, and Society set her face severely against the peripatetic philosophers who roamed about in rags, while what may be called genteel vagabondage was not as vet invented.

Perhaps, as in the instance of most epidemics, it was from abroad that the infection of restlessness, so far as it relates to frequent change of residence, spread over the land. The peace of 1814-15 was as the letting out of waters as concerned the efflux of adventurous English households upon the Continent, which was to them During the long war not only had large fortunes as a sealed book. been lightly made in commerce, but British prices had been worked up to a standard too high to be endured when once the fall of Napoleon had reopened Europe to the insular invaders. It is extraordipary, taking into account the difficulties and the slowness of travel in those steamless days, when the paved roads of France and the sandy tracks of Germany were peopled with pigtailed postillions, Jellow diligences, heavy-heeled horses in rope harness, and antediluvian chaises de poste, how quickly and how decisively the locustcloud of roving English settled down wherever the local attractions were greatest. They reformed the slovenly hotels; they improved the villanous roads; they taught their neighbours how to pave and light and drain the towns in which they condescended to take up their temporary abode; and they raised the scale of comforts and of prices from Nuremberg to Naples. They brought with them their cherished institutions—the club, the chaplain, even the national sports of horse-racing and fox-hunting. About the year 1820 there were packs of foxhounds under English management in Russia, in Hungary, in Bohemia, and in the Netherlands. France was still more in favour with the expatriated foxhunter, and there was even a hunt established at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Gradually, as the roads grew better and as geography became a science more popularly studied, the number of English residents abroad increased. The first bold explorers had often conducted their advance almost at random, and their expeditions must have had some of the racy interest which attended those of the late Captain Cook, since it is hard to do justice to the hazy conception which the average Briton of the Georgian reigns entertained of the Continent from which he had been so long excluded. The heads of English families, self-banished, discovered that a franc at any rate did duty for a shilling, and that the purchasing powers of their incomes were thus increased by a steady twenty per cent. For those who hadno uncommon combination—a lean purse and a long muster-roll of children—there were places that presented economical advantages not to be despised. Those old Flemish cities, where life goes on as equably as the sluggish flow of their dark canals, and where the largest brood of human fledglings could be fed for next to nothing, offered temptations almost irresistible. Needy paterfamilias, smarting under the infliction of London prices, listened to the recital of how fifteen peaches could be bought for sixpence, or to quotations of butcher-meat at ever so little a pound, as the Spaniards under Charles V. hearkened to the accounts of El Dorado. And then, besides these calm emporiums of material plenty, were there not French provinces where a sovereign went as far as a five-pound note within the bills of mortality?—cheap Normandy and cheaper Brittany, and Poitou with its red partridges and rough red wine; and the sandy Landes beyond, where the possessor of even a dozen olive-branches could live at a cost that to insular ears sounded absurdly low.

That those halcyon days for the truants from England have long since come to an end is certain enough. Railways are great equalisers of prices, and the shriek of the steam-whistle never fails to scare away the bashful nymph Economy. And then the natives of even sequestered places are quick to learn that their tariff is regarded by the foreign settlers as being, like the charges of 'Green-door and Brass-knocker' in a forgotten play, 'ridiculously trifling.' Rash Mrs. Rabbits, who, with her numerous young family and pension as a colonel's widow H.E.I.C.S., has come out to enjoy the frugal abundance of some out-of-the-way nook abroad, boasts of the many eggs she buys for half a franc, or draws contrasts between her Cheltenham bills and those which she pays in the pleasant town of St. Grippesou. Poor Indian lady, she will not very long have occasion

to draw the parallel! Her blue-aproned bonne, in round-eared cap and purple stockings, speaks no English, it is true, yet knows what madame means by her crowing over the cheapness of the place. The very marketwomen understand when she tries to bargain with them, that she is, as Lord Clive said of his own, astonished at their moderation. Yet a little while, and the value of all things will begin to creep upwards, and St. Grippesou will be as expensive as Scarborough, and the widows and the half-pay officers must break up their encampment and go farther afield.

There are unquestionably nooks and corners abroad where it is still possible to live on but little, on condition that the requirements should be as modest as the income that supplies them. there are English nooks and corners, Scotch, Welsh, and especially lish nooks and corners, for which as much can be said with equal toth. In every case a great many drawbacks exist, both to the pleasure and to what may be called the profit of life. Much must be given up to the exacting genius of Thrift; and it will always be a question how much of intellectual stagnation, of the loss of invigoming and beautifying influences, and possibly what of positive barbarism, should be set against the single solid merit of cheap living. All these spots are from the very nature of their being remote from the great centres of thought and action; they are sleepy pools, unstirred by the rush and roar of the river of human progress; out of with the modern world, theirs is an atmosphere redolent of slethful decay. Even in those German towns where education is to be had on low terms, as well as beef and beetroot, and where sound classical teachers are a drug in the market, and spectacled professors of mathematics earn less than a butler in Belgravia, much the same kind of moral malaria hovers over the pavement of the grass-grown Boys can be taught their lessons there, and cheaply too; but that fact represents the sum-total of the advantages of Sauertreatstein or of Bierburg. The very tutors who patiently coach Engish lads through Greek plays and Latin iambics are themselves but sort of full-grown children—deeply-read and meritoriously hardworking, no doubt, but absolute babes in worldly knowledge. Their bearing is of books, bookish; their town a Sleepy Hollow; and music, metaphysics, and maitrink are the appropriate spoon-meat which is all they have to offer to even strong men. There is a drewny drowsiness about the place that nothing but life-long custom could render endurable.

It is mainly due, no doubt, to the extension of that railway system that now, like the bars of an enormous gridiron, stretches its iron ways over every available portion of the map of Europe, that changes of abode have become so very common as they are. The English residents abroad are legion now, and no known means exist of ascertaining their numbers. Supposing a general war to

come on-no localised struggle watched by special correspondents, but a repetition of the Briarean battlings of the early years of this century-and then what a scrambling stampede of our affrighted countrymen should we witness! A rush back to Dover, under such circumstances, would afford to an artist of talent the opportunity of composing a better sketch than even the 'Returning from the Derby.' It would be a grand spectacle which Folkestone pier, for instance, would present when the over-loaded steamer, her deck black with heads, her cabins crammed till they rivalled the Black Hole of Calcutta, should come puffing into port, rolling her very paddle-boxes under water from sheer pressure of crowded human beings, and leaving all luggage to take care of itself on the stony quays of Boulogne. Imagine Mr. Bull, long resident at Pau or Nice or Naples, let us say, shivering in the English east wind, or facing the autumn fog, with crumpled Mrs. Bull on his arm, the cosmopolitan children chattering all languages as they come up the sea-washed ladder, and attended by Pauline with black eyes and lace veil, and Jean Baptiste with gold earrings and a courier's money-bag! What a caravan of grumbling pilgrims to go down to their early home at Little Pedlington or Stoke Pogis, and to learn little by little to take up English life where they left it, no one knows how long ago!

The English colonies in various parts of continental Europe are becoming every year more and more erratic in their rovings, and their example has probably done much to prompt the frequent changes of residence which form a feature in modern English life; but the natives themselves, once so stationary, now outdo even our countrymen in their restless wanderings. The most comet-like of those human meteors who dart from place to place, now encamped in Paris, now perched in Rome, now sojourning at Algiers or in Malaga, and presently scouring Switzerland, are undoubtedly the Russians and the Americans. Our Yankee cousins, coming to Europe, as they do, rather to stay out dollars than to spend a certain amount of time, and measuring their Old-World enjoyments by the waning of their bank balance, were matched by the titled subjects of the Czar. A Russian prince is a sort of Muscovite Ulysses: he is stung by some moral gad-fly, that urges him, like Io, to perpetual locomotion; and if in August you see him at Baden losing his Napoleons on the black and red, you are sure to meet him in September on the sands at Biarritz, to see him in October, in green velvet and a plumed hat, on his way to slaughter imperial pheasants at Compiègne, and in November to encounter him in scarletwonderful Nimrod indeed !-- when the Roman foxhounds meet at the tomb of Cecilia Metella.

That members of the two newest, commonwealths among the great powers of Christendom should be somewhat unsettled in their habits is perhaps natural. A Mongol city has always partaken of

the character of a camp; while the Americans would not occupy their present political rank had they been content to linger on the barren sea-coast of New England. But it is more remarkable that the modern passion for change should have infected even the French, once the most stay-at-home of European populations. still dignified old dames among the French noblesse who have never missed a New-year's day in Paris, yet who have never seen a green leaf on the sickly chestnut-trees of the Tuileries Gardens. rule of life has been as that of the Medes and Persians. months at the gloomy roomy old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; eight months in the gray château with its steep roof and belfry-tower, and the weedy moat full of huge carp slowly swimming, and the formal gardens. The same old servants-born and bred on the estate, and with a sort of hereditary interest in the family blazon, the family income, and the family alliances—went through the routine of household labour in town and country, and had a poor opinion of the frivolous Parisians. There was great thrift, keen attention to the pettiest details of housekeeping economy; a strange medley of stinginess and good-nature, of ceremony and familiarity, of austere strictness and of plain-spoken kindliness, in all the relations between man and master, between mistress and maid, When in Paris, no inin such old-world establishments as these. mate of the mansion, from baron and baronne down to the groom and the kitchen-maid, ever forgot that all the in-dwellers of the house were Poitevins or Normans or Provençals; and in the strength of their local patriotism they regarded the outer world as Gentiles to be kept at arm's length.

A few of these fossil households yet exist-strongholds of antique prejudice—where the chiefs of the family would as soon dream of discovering the sources of the Congo as of bathing at Trouville, and where a trip to Baden would be a freak beyond the wildest imaginations of the staid daughters who do their tapestry work so demurely in a corner of the oak-panelled parloir. But, as an audacious French savant observed with reference to some canon of anatomy, the majority of Gallic families in easy circumstances have 'changed all that.' and are seldom less at home than when at home. summer divided between Rhenish roulette-tables, Gascon bathingplaces, and Savoy glaciers, is followed by a round of autumn visiting at those new-fashioned châteaux where a tolerable imitation of English sport attracts the guests; and when battue-shooting and a gallop after hounds have lost their charm, are there not fresh fields and new pastures—the Mole at Algiers, the Ezbekieh of Cairo, the Bay of Naples—where to linger till the Nice races are succeeded by the pomps of Easter at Rome? And then, after a few weeks of Paris, it is time again for the kursaals and pine-woods of the German Brunnen. The feverish haste and hurry with which the modern

representatives of French fashion fly from north to south on the wings of the express-train—bright butterflies that exhibit their elaborate toilettes for but a few hours or days in the same latitude—supply an amazing contrast to the quiet, home-loving, unadventurous spirit

that once possessed their ancestors.

That there is some good effected by all this rapid and frequent change of scene is, of course, exceedingly probable. If to have seen many men and cities does not always expand the mind in a strictly intellectual sense, at any rate it widens the sympathies and rubs off the sharp angles of old prejudices. People learn that even those whom they were taught in the nursery to despise have merits after all, and that foreigners are by no means so black as they were painted. They find out that the sun shines quite as brightly beyond the limits of their own parish as within its sacred boundaries, and that the cardinal virtues are practised by other branches of the great human family than their own. Much of the hatred and contempt which embittered the bygone struggles of warring nations was due to their intense ignorance of each other's good points; and we every year find less and less of that narrowness which formed the unamiable side of that strong love of country which our predecessors cherished so warmly.

Whether travel is indeed an educational system, and whether those who are continually removing their Lares and Penates to the shelter of a new roof, are really scholars whose instruction is being carried on by successive moves, is what the most enthusiastic admirers of locomotion might hesitate to affirm. We have long, as a nation, discarded the superstition that every young man of sufficient fortune should be sent forth, as a solemn duty, to make the grand tour, and on his return should be reckoned as one who was for life a competent authority on all matters of art and taste-from the chipped nose of a Pompeian marble to the amount of garlic admissible in a ragout. It is hard to believe, when a horde of Mr. Cook's tourists pours its dusty and hungry numbers into an Italian town. that every unit in the company is intent upon acquiring statistics as well as sandwiches, and thirsts for information as well as for iced beer and the foaming wine of Asti. But something useful may be picked up, even unconsciously, in the course of even the most hurried transit through the midst of strange scenes; and for children it is probable that the process may be profitable to an extent unlikely to be attained where adults only are in question. At any rate, if not positive knowledge, still the instruments for acquiring knowledge may be gained with comparative ease; and the younger members of families who roam abroad are generally fluent in two or three Continental languages to a pitch that would have astonished the Master Tommies and Miss Janes of a past generation.

LOCHINVAR AT SALT LAKE

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, AUTHOR OF 'MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER,' ETC.

RESTING on this hill-side, look around and below, and say whether you have ever before seen a sight more beautiful. spreads a green valley, girt by a perfect cincture of mountains, as exquisite in their outlines as anything Greece itself can show, and crowned with snowy peaks which dazzle the eye as they pierce into the intensely blue heaven and flash back the brilliant sunlight. Far off on the right that sunlight glitters on the edge of a lake. In the middle of the valley is a city nestling among groves and rich in Amid and over the white walls and the prodigal luxunance of the foliage rises a huge dark-coloured oblong dome-if such a phrase be correct—a vast roof, looking like the back of some predigious turtle. One might fancy himself looking down upon some Syrian scene, as he gazes on that town with its groves, its gardens, its white walls, its flat roofs, and its one vast dome. From this enchantment-lending distance the spectator might well imagine that there, on the bosom of the loveliest valley ramparted by the most glorious mountains in the world, stands the most picturesque city reared by human hands.

It is almost a pity that the traveller should ever have to descend into the town itself; for when once he gets there, the illusion vanishes. His imagined Damascus turns into a mean and shabby little country town built upon a swamp. One long and straggling street, two or three small cross streets, and some decent suburbs, with substantial residences, make up the whole concern. In the principal thoroughfare there are perhaps half-a-dozen respectable shops; the rest are wretched shanties. One or two drapers' shops; one or two gamakers', with a huge wooden gun projecting as a sign; several tobacconists'; a couple of chemists'; these, with the post-office, the news-agents, and the hotels, make up the trade and commerce of the community. Nothing could well be more shabby, squalid, com-Yet this is a famous city, over the picturesqueness and nonplace. wchitectural splendour of which English travellers have written themselves and their readers into sensational raptures. For it is the City of the Salt Lake, the chief town of Utah, the residence and the capital of the prophet Brigham Young, whose house, surmounted by its gilded beehive, is one of the objects which attract the eye and excite the curiosity of the stranger on his first arrival.

Disappointment—and what Blanche Amory calls 'disillusion'—

fell heavily on the mind and the spirits of an English traveller, Mr. Leslie Sandon, who had lately arrived in the city. Having had his head filled with Hepworth Dixon, he was cruelly disconcerted by the utterly commonplace aspect, the dirt and dismalness of everything. It seemed a camp of the joyless. Pigs nozzled among the heaps of vegetable refuse that lay on the footpaths. There was no sewage but such as was given by runnels of water that coursed down the side of each street-rivers rather than gutters, spanned at intervals by little bridges of plank. There was no gas, and at night the town had no other light than that which blinked out of the little lamps in the wretched shops. Our traveller tried to roam the streets at night; but found that he had to creep along in the most cautious manner, and listen every now and then for the roar of the torrent, lest he should tumble into one of the dirty refuse-bearing streams. He visited the theatre—a large, dreary, dingy, comfortless barn, where the few spectators tried to see the stage by the light of a few kerosene lamps. He thought this temple of amusement rather sadder than even the outer world, and he went forth into the dismal streets again. Even in the day there are not many people about the streets; and a woman is rarely seen there. At night they are deserted. The roar of the torrents, and the wind sweeping through the wild passes of the majestic mountains, are the only sounds one hears—except, indeed, the never-ceasing wail of the crying babies.

'Am I awake - am I in my right senses?' our traveller frequently asked himself. 'Is this the picturesque, delightful city, the triumph of man's labour and genius over reluctant Nature, which I was bidden to come forth and admire? Truly the valley is delightful to look upon, and the mountains are peerless in their beauty of outline; but this metropolis of Mormonism-what a place is this! Why, this wretched vulgar little tenth-class town might just as well have been planted among the Essex marshes for anything that is picturesque or even remarkable about it!' Our Englishman had arrived in the evening by the jolting old stage-coach which rumbled last year across the mountains from the Pacific Railway-station; and his first impression, as he got into the seedy rickety little country town, was, that he must have gone astray somehow, and that this could not be Salt Lake City at all. Even the two or three groups of Indians straggling about here and there did not lend an artistic effect to the scene; for they were only filthy beggars wrappe in old sacks. You might have seen more picturesque beggary in Whitechapel or in Dublin.

Mr. Sandon was especially disappointed, for he had travelled to Salt Lake City in search of a new sensation. He was thirty-five years old, had some property and much culture; had sat in parliament as an independent member, had spoken there with considerable success, and had been defeated at the general election. He

was still young enough to arraign the decrees of Providence, and to think the whole scheme of the world was warped, and Destiny grievously to blame because things had gone wrong with him. So he became misanthropic; the sourness of the grapes he could not reach set his teeth on edge; he felt disposed to profess a Carlylean contempt for constitutional government and parliamentary institutions; he was weary of London, the Reform Club, the Opera, the Star and Garter Richmond, and the Ship Greenwich. The New World promised new sensations, and he went there: saw New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago; and when the Pacific Railway was opened started for San Francisco, diverging to Salt Lake City on his way. Here, then, he is, an intelligent, honourable, manly Englishman, weary for a fresh sensation, and much disappointed because here he fails as yet to find one.

He presents no letters of introduction, and, in American phrase, merely 'lounges round.' He begins to be a little interested, and to feel that, after all, he is not in Essex when the Sunday comes; and he goes to hear the service and sermon in the vast Tabernacle, where eight thousand men, women, and babies are gathered under one roof, and the divine necessity and sanctity of polygamy is preached as a Christian doctrine. But he soon forgot Mormonism, Brigham Young, and every such subject, in the delight of listening to a voice that thrilled his ears and seemed to pierce his heart.

The Tabernacle boasted of a choir; and hymns were sung. The aces of the singers were not visible to our hero where he sat; but the principal voice, that of a woman, was so pure, fresh, and exquisite, that new pulses of pleasure seemed to waken in the organisation of our weary London opera-goer. Sweet, sad, plaintive, passionate, that voice seemed, as though if possible to soar to the very beaven and cleave it with prayer. The sorrow of a Saint Cecilia might thus have poured forth its glorious agony. For to Leslie Sendon it seemed that the voice expressed not rapture of worship, but utter anguish of remonstrance; the wild appeal of a grief which would presently change into despair. Perhaps our Londoner was in a fanciful mood; but he could not help, while he listened, imagining that he heard some captive, given over by man to the power of her enemies, raising her last pathetic impassioned appeal to heaven. A Christian martyr might have sung in that strain, he thought, while the chains were on her wrists, and the fire was being made ready for her body.

As if to lend a positive justice to his fanciful imagining, the voice of the singer suddenly faltered and trembled, then gave a wild cry, then stopped; and there was a little commotion and stir among the choir; and Mr. Sandon presently learned that one of the singers had fainted. He could not learn who she was—people did not seem to know, or would not tell him. The Mormon men are very free

generally in volunteering information to strangers, but slow in answering questions.

Sandon walked thoughtfully homeward. This little incident made somehow a deep impression on him.

This is his second day in Salt Lake City. He begins to think that perhaps, after all his disappointment, the town is not wholly commonplace, more especially when he learns that the proprietor of the hotel where he is staying—and where he pays five dollars a day!—has four wives; and that two or three of these habitually wait upon the guests, and are not too proud to hand the plates, and fan away the swarming flies which ever interpose in Salt Lake City between the cup and the lip of the traveller.

The attendants in the hotel are all women, and Mr. Sandon is especially attracted by the quiet grace and beauty of one tall, fair-haired, slender girl, whose countenance expresses intelligence and melancholy. He observes this girl closely from the first, and becomes more and more impressed by her natural grace and her sadness. As he looks up into her blue eyes he seems sometimes to see them swimming in tears. She hardly ever speaks of her own accord; but she has at last to answer a question, and then Leslie Sandon at once observes that she speaks with an English accent.

- 'You are English?' he says, looking up at her as she stands near his chair and hands him a cup of tea.
 - 'Ah, yes!' is the sad reply.
 - 'I am from England too,' said Sandon.
- 'I knew it,' the girl replied. 'I knew it when I heard you speak. I have kept near you whenever I could, because—because it was so pleasant to hear the accent.'
 - 'What part of England do you come from?'
 - 'From Barnes, in Surrey.'
- 'Why, I too am from Surrey!' exclaimed our Briton, with delicious memories of green hills, and daisied fields, and the winding silver Thames and Wimbledon plains, pouring in upon him.
- 'I thought you came from Surrey,' said the girl. 'O, what s sweet place it is! and how I love it!' Her voice trembled, and tears now visibly stood in her eyes.
 - 'Have you been long here?' asked Sandon.
- 'Only three months—and I wish I were in my grave! O hush, please; don't say any more.'

One of the wives approached, and the English damsel disappeared. Our hero was deeply interested and touched. This pretty graceful English girl, so young and sad. How had she come here? Who would not pity her?

That first conversation took place one morning at breakfast. He saw her again that day at dinner and at tea, and each time he contrived to have a few words of conversation with her. He lingered

day after day at the hotel, growing more and more deeply interested in this girl, and he came gradually to know her whole story. father and mother had been well-to-do in farming, and she had received a good education; both parents died, and left her to the care of her brother, who converted what property there was into money and emigrated to the United States; while she, Esther Lyne, was sent to make a living as assistant in a London shop. Lately her brother sent her money, and peremptorily ordered her to accompany some friends who were coming out to America to settle, as he had done, in Utah. Esther was delighted to come; a lonely life of monotonous work in London was growing almost unbearable; and although she knew her brother had settled in Utah, she had no idea whatever of his having become a Mormon. So she travelled out across the Atlantic and across the plains; and she found her brother the proprietor of the hotel in which she was acting as an attendant, and the husband of four wives. She found, too, that of all the fanatical Mormons in the town he was the most fanatical and ruthless, and that he had already made arrangements for her marriage with one of the influential elders of Salt Lake City, who desired to increase his consideration with his people by taking a seventh wife. but was anxious to please himself by choosing one who should be Joung and pretty. In vain the poor girl pleaded, begged, and wept; her brother knew no pity, and man's guardianship over woman is absolute in Utah. To be a slave and live with the barbarous, Turk, is to be more free than to be a woman in a Mormon household. There was added to the common slavery of womanhood there this hitter special agony in Esther's case—that the girl detested the whole system in its doctrines as well as in its practices, and would have welcomed death rather than accept either. So all the power of argument, persuasion, harshness, menace—the menace even of vague and nameless dangers and punishments—was brought constantly to bear on the poor young woman, in order to force her into Mormonism. She was there alone, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of her birth. Locked in by that awful cincture of mountain peaks, beyond which lay the desert-prisoned amid a community which spares no man or woman, but is zealous even to slaying-with those who ought to have been her protectors most rigidly set against her—is it any wonder that fate seemed inexorable to her, that she sometimes gazed despairingly into the pure azure of the glorious sky, and thought that Providence no longer looked downward on the earth? Every strong pressure of threat and suasion, every petty paltry weapon of meanness and fanatical malignity, were all employed at once to conquer the sad steady heart of that one poor child. What wonder that the kindly expressions and the genial sympathies of the English traveller touched her very soul; that she watched and waited and prayed for the chance of a word from him;

that she looked to his departure as to the closing of the heaven against her? The very day of his arrival she had made up he mind to kill herself. She had said to her own soul that man coul not help her, that Heaven would not, and that she had a right t end the agony of the present, and escape the shame of the future by a suicide's death.

Does this seem an exaggerated picture? It is true to the lift of certain sufferers in Salt Lake City. No one who knows anything of that place, and is prepared to speak the truth, will venture t deny it. There are women there who pray for death, who have a little hope or chance of an escape into freedom as a prisoner in th heart of Siberia. At least this was so before the railway crossed th plains; let us hope that at the sound of the steam-engine's shril trumpet the walls of that detested Jericho are destined to fall.

'If no promise comes from Heaven this day,' said poor Esthe to herself on the morning of Sandon's arrival, 'I will kill mysel to-night!'

That day came Mr. Sandon, and he spoke his kindly words, and the fountains of her heart were unsealed. That night she knell beside her bed and fervently thanked Heaven for having sent her promise, and prayed to be pardoned for her evil resolve, and to be endowed with strength, hope, and courage.

There were a good many persons staying in the hotel, but the only assembled at meal-times in the regular American fashion, an during the intervals the place was usually empty of all but the pro prietor, his wives, and his attendants. One day our Englishma remained in his room to write some letters, and was congratulatin himself on the quiet of the house, when, from a room below, he hear a sound which, if it disturbed, likewise delighted him. It was th voice of a woman singing, and the first note made him spring from his chair.

'I should know that voice among ten thousand,' he said; 'i is the voice I heard in the Tabernacle on Sunday! Come whs will, I will find out who the singer is! Pray Heaven she be not fa and ugly, or one of mine host's wives!'

He followed the voice downstairs, and it led him to the 'ladies parlour.' He stood on the threshold a moment and listened in de light. Then he opened the door softly and looked in. There we only one person in the room—a girl, who sat at the piano. At the sound of the opening door she turned round, and Mr. Sandon sat that it was Esther Lyne.

Surprise, a little alarm, and something like gladness lighted u the girl's eyes and steeped her cheeks in crimson. Leslie Sando went boldly into the room and stood beside her.

'I thought everybody was out,' she murmured. 'I sing some times—to please myself—when the house is free.'

'Then it was you who sang in the Tabernacle on Sunday?'

'O yes! And I am so much ashamed—I could not help breaking down. I always sang in our little church at home; and my brother insisted that I must take part in the choir here. I never did until last Sunday, and then I tried my best to please him; but as I sang, I thought of our old dear home, where I was so happy, and which I shall never, never see any more; and I broke down. And O, I am so wretched!'

Esther lost all control over herself, and covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

What could Sandon do? How could he avoid taking one of her hands gently in his, and trying to cheer and console her? Only his sincere respect for her womanhood, her situation, her beauty, and her sorrow, kept him from putting his arm round her waist, and drawing her to him, and kissing her.

'Can nothing be done to save you—to take you from this place?' he asked.

She shook her head sadly.

'Nothing can be done. No one—I mean no woman—situated as I am, can escape. If I could escape, I have no place to go to. I have no longer any home. I think I could even bring myself to endure this life, and remain here and work for my brother and his—his family' (she could not induce herself to say 'his wives'), 'if only they would leave me to my misery, and would not force me—'

She stopped; but Sandon knew how to finish the sentence.
'You shall not be forced to marry that scoundrel!' exclaimed our impetuous Englishman. 'I will go myself to the Federal camp—I will claim the protection of the United States officials for you.

Esther's cheek glowed once more; but she drooped again, and

You shall leave this detestable place to-morrow, if you choose!'

said very quietly,

'They will not interfere; they could not. Their position here is very difficult and dangerous, and they could do nothing for me. My brother will tell them that he is my natural guardian; that I was left in his care by my father; that I am under age. All that is true; but O, if my poor father could only have known to what guardianship, to what a fate he was leaving me! But the Federal officers here can do nothing. There is only one way by which I can save myself from this marriage; and if all else fails—if they will force me to it—I will try that!'

She rose from her seat and stood erect, with a wild light glittering in her eyes, and the attitude of one who finds courage and confidence in very despair.

Leslie Sandon was perplexed in the extreme. The girl was so beautiful, so sweet, her fate was so cruel, her grief was evidently so genuine, that the heart of the Englishman was torn with com-

passion for her. Let us do him the justice to say, that he would have striven earnestly to save her had she been plain, awkward, and ignorant. But he should have been much more or much less than man had not her grace and her beauty given him a new impulse to aid her. She was a lover of music; and her voice, when she sang, was music itself. Added to all this, there was something romantic, and even mysterious, about the circumstances which had brought them together; the influence wrought on him by her voice in the Tabernacle; the impression produced upon her by the first accents of his English tongue.

The wearied Londoner had found a new sensation. at once to the office of the judge appointed over that region by the United-States Government. As he went along, he observed with a new and sharpened interest the aspects of the houses and the people. He had to go a little way out of the town to reach the residence of the official; and he noted that in many, many instances the houses of Mormons well-to-do in the world had grown up by successive additions and agglomerations, the owner now adding a wing on this side, and then a wing on that, and then building a sort of succursale at the rear, and clapping on a kind of shed somewhere else, until the whole establishment became an ungainly cluster of incongruous buildings. Sandon knew now what that meant. Each addition to the house meant another wife-a new cage for each new Rather perhaps, in most cases, the original and best cage was for the newest bird; dispossessed and half-discarded favourites were relegated to the newer and ruder nests. As he passed along, too, our Briton saw many haggard, weary, slatternly women, with lack-lustre eyes and wan shapeless faces, hanging listlessly over their gates, or sitting idly in the sunlight, perhaps nursing their velling babies - all such women looking alike depressed, degraded, miserable, hopeless, soulless. He had been in the cretin villages of Switzerland; and on the whole he thought the aspect of womanhood there, as, goitrons and ghastly, it gibbered and made mouths at the air and the clouds, was rather less disheartening and debased than that of womanhood in Salt Lake City. The glory of the sunset, the beauty of the mountains, the lustrous purity of the blue heavens were lost on him, appealed to his saddened eyes in vain. He saw nothing before him, around him, but human wretchedness and debasement.

'That sweet girl,' he vowed to himself, 'shall never suffer such a fate—never live a life of such accursed slavery—never!'

The Federal judge heard the impassioned appeal and the energetic statement of our Englishman; but he could do nothing. On Sandon's own showing, the girl was under the legitimate guardianship of her brother. No States official could interfere; and it would be a mere waste of time to apply to the Federal officer in com-

mand of the little force at Camp Douglas. There was nothing to be done. Esther's story was the story of many other girls: such things happened in Salt Lake City every day.

'Will these scoundrels be allowed with impunity actually to

force this girl into marriage?' asked Sandon.

'They will not probably chain her or scourge her,' said the judge; 'but she is virtually a prisoner, and they will break down her spirit by a mental and moral torture which she cannot long resist. These people, sir, are pitiless, because they are fanatics, and they think they are doing right.'

'Can she not escape?'

'I see no possible chance or hope. She will be constantly watched.'

'But she is sometimes allowed to go out?'

'Yes, because they are satisfied that she cannot get away. That ampart of mountains, sir, has not many outlets; and Utah is a large territory. No; for a girl like her, under a guardianship apparently legitimate, there is practically no escape.'

Sandon went away in grief and rage. But he soon contrived to have several stolen interviews with Esther. Lest her health should break down, her brother sometimes allowed her to go out, and our hero managed to meet her, and broached to her many futile plans for her escape. He thus lingered days and weeks in Salt Lake City, which had now become to him the most interesting place in all the world. For his new sensation had become something very unexpected indeed, and the fashionable Londoner had actually fallen in love with the poor girl from Surrey. Despite her poverty, her humble position; despite all the natural prejudices of caste and rank and habit, so dear to even the most independent Briton,—the beauty, the grace, the intelligence, the goodness of this girl had unwittingly conquered him; and Esther Lyne, who hardly dared to acknowledge to her own secret heart that she loved him passionately, was one day startled, bewildered, to hear from his own lips the declaration that he passionately loved her.

Then there were some quiet confidential conferences with the Federal judge and his wife, and with one or two other 'Gentiles' of the place; and Esther was so long a time absent one day when her brother permitted her to go out, that she received a stern rebuke on her return, and was told that she must not leave the house alone any more.

Mr. Sandon could not remain all his life in Salt Lake City. Already the watchful and jealous rulers of the place were wondering at his stay, and looking askant at him as he lounged through the streets. He announced one day that he was resolved to resume his westward journey next morning. He had hired a private carriage to convey him over the thirty miles or so of frightful mountain-road that divide, or did then divide, the City of the Saints from the

nearest station of the Union Pacific Railway. The carriage was to leave at a very early hour in the morning.

The hour came; the carriage was at the door. It was hardly dawn; the town was silent and dark. Except in the hotel, not even the blink of a kerosene lamp was anywhere visible. There were no loungers at the door; but early as it was, the United-States judge, and two or three of the officers from the camp, had kindly come to take leave of the English traveller.

The traveller paid his bills, said farewell to his friends and to the sullen landlord. Suddenly there came downstairs, and appeared upon the scene, Esther herself, looking very flushed and handsome, wearing her hat and shawl, and quite prepared for travelling.

'Now, Esther, it is time to go,' said Mr. Sandon, taking her hand. 'Say farewell to your brother, and let me lead you to the carriage!'

'What the angels' (let us say) 'is the meaning of this?' shouted the brother, utterly bewildered, and yet noting, in all his amazement and anger, a smile on the faces of the judge and the officers.

'It only means,' replied Sandon calmly, 'that Esther is my wife; that she was married to me in all due form yesterday; that I am taking her away from your tyranny and from the old brute you proposed to force upon her as a husband; and that any one who dares to interpose or tries to prevent me from taking my wife out of this place is pretty sure to receive a bullet from this revolver.'

'Don't let us talk about revolvers,' said the judge pleasantly; 'there is no need of anything of the kind. It's all right enough, Mr. Lyne; your sister is properly married to this gentleman: I am a witness to that. You can't do anything in the matter now; even if you should feel inclined to try any appeal to the courts, that would not warrant you in attempting to detain her. Dry up; it's no use making any noise. If there is any resistance, I shall be compelled to call for the interference of these gentlemen here, the officers from the camp.—Good-bye, Mr. Sandon; good-bye, Esther—and God bless you both!'

So Esther bade farewell, not without emotion, to her selfish and sullen brother, who was still too much amazed to know quite clearly what he was doing or saying. And her husband put her into the carriage, and took his place beside her; and the Federal officers mounted their horses and gave them safe escort for many miles; and the newly-married pair caught the train at the nearest station, and journeyed safely westward to San Francisco and the Golden Gate.

Thus did this modern Lochinvar carry off his bride; and the marriage, though made in haste, will not be repented at leisure or otherwise. In Salt Lake City, Leslie Sandon found a new sensation, saved a pure and noble life from wreck, and rewarded himself with a beautiful and loving wife.





A VALLEY MEMORY

Waking I dream, and dreaming see
A valley in the sunset glow,
With ranging Alps that through the haze
Thrust peaks of snow.

A blinding glare is in my eyes; Yet, far below, I see again, Where, golden under burning skies, Outsweeps the plain.

The bleating and the tinkling bells
Show where, about the water's brink,
The peasant women watch the sheep
That wade and drink.

All freshly fair and bright the scene;
But looming vast before me still
The Alps gigantic grow, and all
The picture fill.

Their spell once more is on my heart,
Their grandeurs satisfy the soul;
Naught else in life or space has part—
They make the whole.

They wrap the heavens round their forms,
Arrest the clouds upon their march,
And into gleaming ruins break
The rainbow's arch.

From the deep valley's purpling gloom
Ever their summits rise sublime,
Bright with the sunsets of the world
Since Time was Time.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

HOBBLEDEHOYS

'Hit him hard; he's got no friends,' is a maxim of continually practical application to the hobbledehoy. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in one of her letters, denounces him as 'the worst company in the world.' Even gentle Elia is intolerant of 'things between boy and manhood—too ripe for play, too raw for conversation—that come in, impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance; and will neither aid, nor let alone, the conference.' Odious, exclaims De Quincey, is the hobbledehoy to the mature young man. And Rousseau safely enough asserts, that nobody regards boyhood with such supreme contempt as those who have just emerged from it; just as there are no countries in which class distinctions are so jealously observed as those in which the inequalities of station are inconsiderable, and where everybody is constantly afraid of being confounded with his inferior.

The heroine in the clever story of *The Initials* frankly owns to a very young man that she has had, all her life, a particular antipathy to very young men: 'it is quite impossible to talk to them without making remarks which they consider derogatory to their dignity.' Of such a one Clara exclaims, in *Philip van Artevelde*,

'All hail to him! he is my daily sport.

Of all things under heaven that make me merry,
It makes me merriest to see a boy
That wants to be a man.'

Such as Horace Sleaford, for instance, in a popular story; 'effectively' a boy just arrived at that period of life when boys are most obnoxious; no longer a genuine boy pur et simple, but scarcely yet presuming to assert himself a young man. We see him rejected on one side by his juniors, who find him arrogant and despotic, mooting strange and heterodox theories with regard to marbles, and evincing the sublime of disdain for boys who are not familiar with the latest vaticinations of the sporting prophets; and scouted on the other hand by his seniors, who offer him halfpence for the purchase of hardbake, and taunt him with base insinuations when he is seized with a sudden fancy for going to look at the weather in the middle of a strong cheroot. This particular 'hobbledehoy sought vainly for a standing-place upon the social scale, and finding none, became a misanthrope, and wrapped himself in scorn as a mantle.' the James Crawley of Vanity Fair, we first see a gawky lad at that uncomfortable age when the voice varies between an unearthly treble

and a preternatural bass; when the face not uncommonly blooms out with appearances for which Rowland's Kalydor is said to act as a cure: when boys are detected shaving furtively with their sisters' scissors, and the sight of other young women produces intolerable sensations of terror in them: when the great hands and ankles protrude a long way from garments which they have outgrown; when their presence after dinner is said to be 'frightful to the ladies who are whispering in the twilight in the drawing-room, and inexpressibly odious to the gentlemen over the mahogany, who are restrained from freedom of intercourse and delightful interchange of wit by the presence of that gawky innocence; when, at the conclusion of the second glass, papes say, "Jack, my boy, go out and see if the evening holds up," and the youth, willing to be free, yet hurt at not being yet a man, quits the incomplete banquet.' Again, in the Fitz-Boodle Confessions, our author says, they may talk of youth as the season of romance, but to him it had always appeared that there are no beings in the world so entirely unromantic and selfish as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. declares the oldest Lovelace about town to be scarcely more hardhearted and scornful than they. His most unheroic hero of the Fatal Boots, describing his manner of life from fourteen to seventeen—that is from boyhood to, as he spells it, hobbadyhoyhood defines in a parenthesis the chronology of the latter period of existence, 'which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April when spring begins to bloom.' The suggestive title of the chapter here cited is 'April-Fooling.' Mr. Barham, in one of the Ingoldsby Legends, ssigns the same date:

> 'At the epoch I speak about I was between A man and a boy, A hobble-de-hoy, A fat little punchy concern of sixteen.'

But by Balzac's reckoning, even 'à vingt-deux ans les jeunes gens sont encore voisins de l'enfance pour se laisser aller à des enfantilleges.' Herr Teufelsdröckh is free to repeat the observation of 'not uphilanthropic persons,' that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, the great Clothes-Philosopher 'need scarcely say' that he nowise coincides. 'Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies (Müdchen) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years; so young gentlemen (Bübchen) do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks (Gecken) are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with

such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; in all senses, so froward and so forward.' chubby child in good health is always pleasing, says Professor Blackie, and so is an unaffected hilarious boy, a harmoniously compacted manhood, a ripe mellow old age; 'but that transition stage of human life, when the eager youth appears with his foot entangled in the meshes of puerility,'-brave words, my young masters !-- 'and his hand stretching hastily forward to the listed field of manhood, is never beautiful, always ludicrous; the incongruity between the grandeur of what the creature would be, and the littleness of what he must be, is too glaring.' Malvolio noway belies his name when he describes the Duke's envoy as 'not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a pease-cod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple.' The noway malevolent Portia has her jest at the species when she promises, as Bellario, to 'speak, between the change of man and boy, with a reed voice,' and tell quaint lies, like a fine bragging youth.

'And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.'

To give one other Shakespeare reference. The utinam of the ok Shepherd in the Winter's Tale recalls that already cited from Sar tor Resartus, when he exclaims, 'I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest.'

By Lord Lytton's verdict, there is nearly always something o Nature's own gentility in very young women (except, indeed, where they get together and fall a-giggling); 'it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than ou rough masculine angles.' A vulgar boy, he asserts, requires 'Heaver knows what assiduity to move three steps-I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; whereas, given the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant-girl, 'she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table.' In another of his books, a favourite hero is presented to us just at that age when one with strong features and robust frame is at the worst in point of appearance—the sinewy proportions not yet sufficiently fleshed, and seeming inharmonious and undeveloped; the contour of the face sharpened from the roundness of boy hood, and losing its bloom without yet acquiring that relief and shadon which make the expression and dignity of the masculine countenance 'Thus gaunt and uncouth stood Morton.' And in many cases the mental state of this intermediate stage is nearly enough characterised in what Keats affirms in the preface to Endymion—that while the imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of s

man is healthy, there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted. Scott has a kindly couplet in *Marmion* for those who are

'Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, When thought is speech, and speech is truth.'

A senior stage and more pronounced type has found an advocate in a later penman of prestige. John Eames is Mr. Trollope's pronounced and own particular type of young men awkward, ungainly, and not yet formed in their gait; who struggle with their limbs and are shy; to whom words do not come with ease, when words are required, among any but their accustomed associates; to whom social meetings are periods of penance, and whom any appearance in public will unnerve. 'They go much about alone, and blush when women speak to them. In truth, they are not as yet men, whatever the number may be of their years; and, as they are no longer boys, the world has found for them the ungraceful name of hobbledehoy.' But the observations of the author of Phineas Finn lead him to believe that the hobbledehov is by no means the least valuable species of the human race. Comparing him at one or two and twenty with some finished Apollo of the same age, Mr. Trollope regards the former as unripe fruit, and the latter as fruit. that is ripe; and to his thinking, the fullest flavour of the sun is given to the slower growth—the natural growth, given in the sun's. own good time, unless some ungenial shade has interposed itself. He avows a preference for the smack of the natural growth, unfavoured by forcing apparatus, nor even backed by the warmth of a southern wall.

NICIAS FOXCAR.

COWES AND THE AMATEUR FLEET

It is cheery and pleasant, on a fine breezy morning in summer, to steam away from the place which M. Victor Hugo tells us is called 'Stmptn,' towards that island of tranquil delights which the narrow stream of the Solent cuts off from the anxiety of the ceaseless struggle for life that goes on 'in England.' The tide is high, and the blue water bears you joyfully along past innumerable country houses shrouded amongst trees and grassy slopes shining in the sun. Many gay vessels, with spreading white sails, pass by like fleecy clouds, and for a second throw a shadow on your deck; but they are gone in an instant, and others appear on all sides, and fly past you like shooting-stars in September.

After an hour's glide down the river, the long red front of Netley Hospital, half church half barrack, attracts your attention on the left; and as you muse sadly upon the half mile of pale suffering lying behind that florid façade, which reminds you of the gay uniform of the soldier drawn over his wasted limbs and his deathwounds, your view is suddenly obscured by the dead-wall of an enormous floating structure. You think the Grosvenor Hotel has come out for an airing; but the three stripes of North Germany floating over the stern reveal that it is the great mail-boat from America. As she drops her anchor, the steam roars out of her huge pipes, and eager eyes peer out of the cabin-windows and through the netting of the bulwarks to get a look at Old England for the first time. A little steamer comes puffing out from Cowes or Southampton, fastens on to her side like a horse-fly, and having sucked her blood in letters, passengers, and specie, steams up the water, and leaves the monster to go on to Bremen.

Presently a gentle rocking, just sufficient to make the smiles vanish from some fair faces, tells you that you are crossing the little strip of sea that gives the Wight the name, though not much of the loneliness, of an island. You give one look at the towering masts of the men-of-war at Spithead in the distance, and then 'Easy,' 'Stop her,' 'Back turn,' sounds in your ears; while a gangway on wheels is pushed so suddenly and vigorously towards your toes, that all the corns, remains of gout, and other tendernesses of which you may be the proprietor, 'shoot' with alarm as you land on the pontoon.

Luggage-porters, passengers, sailors, soldiers, newspaper-boys, and touts, bustle about for a minute or two in confusion, while you

stand looking for the friend who was to meet you on arrival. He is there, sure enough, but how changed! You left him a few days ago with a frock-coat, a tall hat, and an umbrella no thicker than a ramrod. Now he is got up in the inevitable insular blue and sailor's broadbrim, grinning, hitching up his trousers, and apparently ready to dance a hornpipe.

Loiterers, loungers, and loafers in every costume, smoking short pipes and long cigars, stand watching the boat's arrival and waiting for news; for she brings the London papers and the mail. Some wear the Scotch bonnet and turkey's feather; some the knicker-bocker and Tyrolese cone; while others, who have had relations in India, make a 'puggree' out of their sisters' pinafores, though the weather is quite cool, in the hope, seldom realised, of being taken for tiger-hunters or pig-stickers. Old Colonel Chutney, of the Poonah Grenadiers, who is on board, is overheard to say that they look more like the hunted and the stuck.

Yachtsmen in blue jerseys, with scarlet letters on their breasts, announce the presence at Cowes of many well-known vessels. These dandy-looking sailors have in general a subdued air of respectability, which distinguishes them from the groggy tobacco-chewing members of the real profession. Many of them wear red nightcaps, and when standing still might be mistaken for bottles sealed with red wax; and some few, alas, appear to have enacted the part of a bottle in their 'innards,' as well as in outward appearance.

The scene, both ashore and afloat, is gay and exhilarating. The second tide, peculiar to this coast, is flowing, and the clear water is studded with smart ships of every size and shape, while the land is peopled with bright faces and figures, all seeking pleasure and enjoyment. White teeth and rosy cheeks—gifts of nature or works of at—flit about incessantly. Little feet patter restlessly to and fro, and in their rapid movements display red stockings, taper waists, brilliant ribbons, gossamer veils encircling the neck—so suggestive of a fond embrace—impossible hats with plumes unknown to ornithology, and improbable coils of brass wire that glance and flash in the sun. This ceaseless shifting of colours affects the eye like the changes of the chameleon-top or the kaleidoscope of our schooldays.

But what are these dark-looking figures, in the midst of the smart jackets and yellow chignons? Who are these men in gray, who come up sullenly from the fore-hatchway of the steamer? Good heavens! they are chained together; and as they cross the pontoon, the dark line of their scowling faces undulates amidst the gay crowd like a serpent or a foul drain running through a flower-garden. They are convicts for Parkhurst. Three or four warders, armed to the teeth, with broad shoulders and determined air, shout 'Forward!' A few of the younger prisoners cast longing looks around them; all

are packed into two or three omnibuses; and these loads of human misery are rolled on towards the prison-buildings—the only plague-

spot in this cheerful little isle.

Pushing your way through the piebald crowd, you emerge from under an archway into the middle of the principal street. It is dirty, and in many parts so narrow, that when two carriages meet, the wheels come on to the pavement, and the foot-passengers enter the shops for safety; which perhaps may be beneficial to the commerce that is carried on on either side in small publics, sweet-shops, tiny emporiums of halfpenny literature, and ship-chandling establishments without number. There appears to be a general fusion of trades, as in some of the suburbs of London. Chemists sell cigars; fruiterers vend poultry; general dealers adorn their shop-fronts with rows of pigs' heads with bleeding noses, ready for salting; barrels of bloaters stand at many doors; while grocers fearlessly announce that, in addition to the 'good useful Congou' and 'fine syruppy Moning' of domestic life, they supply champagne at 2s. 6d. a bottle, which, 'though a new, is a thoroughly sound wine, with considerable body.'

An intelligent inhabitant, who is flattening his nose against the windows of a hair-dresser's shop, and endeavouring to extract a little amusement from the chignons and grease-pots exhibited there, points proudly to the establishment as a novelty, and states that only a few months back the cheerful chirp of the coiffeur's scissors was rarely heard in the town. Until then, a diocesan hair-cutter from the insular capital held a periodical visitation at Cowes, and devoted a day to trimming and anointing the heads, or confirming the baldness, of candidates, as well as taking orders for anything that might be required, from a fine-tooth comb to a mowing-machine. After these general reapings, the number of shorn lambs and shaved poodles

to be met with in the streets is said to have been startling.

Imagine all the dandyism of Belgravia, in its most attractive attire, overflowing into this Ratcliffe-highway. In the midst of the nautical crudities that abound may be seen the cream of both sexes, in the most elaborate costumes. Faces and figures of infinite grace and beauty are jostled by many a drunken sailor. It is strange to see the blue belles and blush-roses blooming amongst the dock-leaves and mangel-wurzel of common life—the golden chignon and the Grecian bend mingled with the stock-fish and tar-pots of the seafaring world:

A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot, A garden tempting with forbidden fruit.

This paradise of amateur sailors is very different from other abodes of British marine bliss; and this difference is its particular charm. 'The parade' is an institution unknown here; and there is, consequently, none of that eternal streaming up and down which

is so wearisome in other places. There is no bathing to speak of. Corpulent majors do not float about the shore like jelly-fish, and plunge promiscuously with fat female forms. Nor do the lean figures of retired Indians and emaciated spinsters frighten the fish from the There is no public band, and you do not see the solo player fixing one eye on his music-paper and with the other looking through the twistings of his cornopean at the undulating outlines and dripping tresses of the mermaids. Nigger minstrels are seldom heard imploring you to 'act on the square,' or persuading you to 'skedaddle down the line.' These watering-place joys are not to be found at Cowes; but there is yachting in every variety for six days in the week; and you soon become aware, from the nautical dresses that strike the eye, and the sea phrases that fall incessantly on the ar, that the interests of the yachts and their owners occupy the minds and bodies of both sexes.

On Sundays there is a lull. The sailing clothes are replaced by the latest London fashions, and the simple country folk come in from long distances to gaze in wonder at them 'rummy ladies a-going to church all dressed so grand.'

At the end of the street, in a place which might be called Sinai, from the fact that it gives laws to a little world, and lies half-way between Medina and Egypt—(a Medina without a prophet, and an Egypt without mummies)—stands one of Henry VIII.'s castles, built by that much-injured monarch with the proceeds of the church Altered, repaired, and renovated, it has been converted to the happier uses of peace. It is now the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and, without any pretension to the splendours of Pall Mall, is a most comfortable refuge for the pleasure-beaten amateur sailor. A full-length portrait of the ex-Emperor of the French, who is a member, and presented it to the club, reaches from the floor to the ceiling of a library well stocked with easy books, which pour oil and poppies upon the troubled mind, and very easy chairs which take all strain off the weary body. A large glass verandah covers what was once the battery, but which is now heavily armed with telescopes, barometers, thermometers, and other metres with which to take the length of the human foot and the diameter of the human ankle or calf, according as the state of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind may favour such investigations.

Admission to the happy amphibious brotherhood within these walls is no easy matter. You must not only be the owner of a yacht of a certain tonnage, but you must be yourself of the right build—neither too sharp nor too bluff, and good at going free. You may own the fastest and finest vessel afloat, but it won't float you into 'the Squadron;' and you may in addition be crowned with the highest honours of the peerage, but you will be left out in the cold unless you can bring stronger recommendations; for the ships that

carry the white ensign, or burgee, are to the yachting world what the Guards are to the Line. The Squadron is the Jockey Club of the sea—the Almack's of the ocean; and acts accordingly. This exclusiveness may be unpleasant to outsiders; but it makes the club a very sociable fraternity within, and, as usual, creates amongst the excluded a feverish desire for a share of the delights which are so jealously guarded.

Ladies are not admitted to membership; but they have certain rights within the outer railing, and, when the ancient and juvenile mariners have extracted what amusement they can from the sea, and come rolling into the club garden in the style of the late lamented T. P. Cooke, they are greeted by pretty faces and graceful figures, in Morgan's choicest costumes, sitting or lounging about this little Eden in peace-destroying attitudes. At these times there is a great deal of agreeable intercourse between the sexes, and much of that easy chaff which is only possible in intimate society, where the same interests and pleasures occupy everybody. If the conversation is not profound, it is cheerful and stimulating, and passes lightly over the surface of things. Fastidious people might call it watery; others would reply, that the water is sometimes rather salt. At any rate, it is not stagnant, which is a great merit. the performances of yachts are discussed, and at others the performances of people. A little scandal may now and then find its way on the tapis; but can any carpet, from the velvet pile of Belgravia to the sand of the suburban alehouse, be said to exclude it completely? The ladies sometimes talk 'rose-water metaphysics,' and men pass for philosophers by weighing airy nothings in gossamer scales. But, upon the whole, it leaves a pleasant impression, makes one forget the plagues of life, and is a great relief to the casual visitor, who has been oppressed across the water with sense and sermons and bothers and business.

An alarming rumour has reached us, that there is to be a change in the programme, and that the fair tempters are to be driven from the garden; but, as no details are given, we cannot answer for the truth of the report.

Outside the charmed circle of the club, and amongst the other strata of yachting life which crop up in every port and creek of the island, the eye detects a fact connected with the ladies' hats which is sadly subversive of the old rules of gallantry and politeness. One would suppose that a yacht would be respectfully and lovingly named after the adored one, and that, considering the fleeting nature of the affections, a paint-pot and artist, amongst other luxuries, would be kept on board to alter the name to that of the beauty in favour. Not a bit of it. By some custom, or legal fiction too complicated to be here explained, the name of the vessel is indelible; but the inscriptions on the hats of the ladies vary according to the laws of

natural selection; and the shops keep a stock of ribbons inscribed 'Flirt,' 'Butterfly,' 'Cupid,' or 'Adonis,' to meet each case as it arises. A foreign gentleman observing upon this phenomenon of English life, stated that it would be difficult to follow the pulsations of his heart, as he generally changed the object of his affections as often as he did his shirt—' every eight days, one.' To which remark a little friend, even more inconstant to his loves and his linen, added, 'I tvice in de veek.'

Anchored or moored in Cowes Roads may be seen thirty or forty vessels, with sharp bows and lofty tapering masts—ships of all sizes, from large steamers to little toy schooners; and even that strange vehicle of discomfort and danger, the canoe, may be seen waddling along, propelled by the paddle of a believer in its superior merits. They belong to every club in the kingdom, and foreign flags are now not uncommon; for, though it was once said that an Englishman's taste for the sea arose from the dulness and monotony which surround him at home, foreigners are beginning to go affoat themselves, and appear off Cowes in sailing ships and steamers that make a good figure by the side of our own, while the tasteful toilettes of their ladies on shore run our fair ones very hard in the race for admiration.

The white sails of the cutters, yawls, and schooners shine in the sun like the graceful leaves of the lily; and the steam launches flit about, humming as they go, and settle on them like so many bees. In the middle of all stands the giant form of H.M. ship Hector. Her square taut rigging is a pattern to the small fry, and her bell striking the hours with unerring regularity is the church-clock of the floating village which surrounds her. This great leviathan looks like another island; and mariners 'would cast anchor in his scaly rind,' if the watchful sentry did not warn them off.

Some of the yachts are owned by real sailors, some by sick swallows flying south in winter, and many by racing men, whose only ambition is to 'beat everything out;' while others belong to mere idlers afloat, who neither affect nor wish to know anything of the sea, but who like a moving habitation. The latter have their ships highly decorated, and supplied with all earthly comforts. Dandy walets look out of the skylight windows, and French cooks thrust their white caps and black moustaches out of the fore hatchway. There is an odour of rose-water aft, and delicate meats and truffles for ard.

Lord Dundreary feels no interest whatever in the navigating part of the business, but he is as usual quite ready to take everything coolly, even when events occur which shake the nerves of rougher natures. His fine schooner last year ran upon a ridge of sharp granite off the coast of Spain, and became a total wreck. His lordship, relating the circumstance, said that he heard a disturbance in

the night, and got out of bed to see what it was. He was sure there was something 'wong,' for he found a 'wock' in the pantry, upon which he sat till the boat was ready to take him ashore.

The racing yachtsman is built upon different lines altogether. His feelings and energies are concentrated upon one idea—' speed.' The desire to be fast, and to own something that is faster than something else, swallows up all the natural cravings of his soul. acquisition of a racing yacht instantly converts him to the belief that she is the swiftest thing afloat, as well as the safest and most comfortable. All her former faults, which were so conspicuous when she belonged to Jenkins, were caused by the owner or the crew, or the trim or the luck. 'Look at that tub of Topinlift's,' says Wildbore of the Dragoons as he leans over the railing puffing a cigar the size of a small umbrella; 'he thinks no end of her. She missed stays the other day; I would not have her at a gift.' But Wildbore has bought her now, a great bargain, and he declares that she is a capital boat—very fast—and that the first time the Livonia is out he means to astonish her.

The poor land-lubber, who thinks he is going out for a quiet sail in such a ship, is prostrated by the amount of energy displayed on board. The frantic efforts to increase the pace are overwhelming, and apparently useless, for there is no race 'on.' 'Pray go a little more forward,' or 'Sit more to windward,' or 'Come aft,' to trim her. He moves reluctantly, for his stomach is already beginning to argue with the cold lamb and champagne. 'Never mind,' he is told; and perhaps if he throws even that overboard it will lighten her, and she will pass the Slippery cutter, which is but a little way ahead. fore and aft sails are 'boomed out,' the square canvas is put upon her, and the perspiring crew set the balloon jib. The owner looks anxiously up aloft, but whether to implore Heaven to criticise the rigging, or to mystify the uninitiated, does not appear. Anyhow, it is all of no use; for the Slippery, quite unconscious of all the trouble she was giving, has already anchored in the roads, her owner has gone ashore, and the smoke curling out of the shining copper chimney shows that the crew are just going to tea.

But some of the idling yachts do nothing at all. They are seldom seen to raise their anchors. There they lie, eating their figure-heads off, while the proprietors of this floating stock seek their pleasure elsewhere, or remain content with the barren satisfaction of mere possession.

The introduction of machinery appears to be effecting a great change in the yachting as well as in the rest of the world. Screw steamers and schooners, with auxiliary engines, are now gradually increasing in number; and steam launches are attached to many sailing vessels, even those of small tonnage. A steamer is so convenient. Whichever way the wind is, you are sure to be back to

dinner; and it does not matter which way the tide flows. There are no disappointments, and nothing unforeseen ever happens to trouble the smooth water of the mind. Modern comforts and luxuries can be enjoyed at ease in these locomotive boudoirs; and if ever ladies are to take seriously to the water when they have exhausted the pleasures of the land, a steamer is the craft to do it in. They are not so much in contact with the coarseness of sea life in a steamer as in a sailing vessel; and they can more easily keep up what is left of refinement and conventionality 'abaft the funnel' than where the whole deck is a school for nautical talk and sea slang, which sound so ill from the lips of a woman.

One of the finest steam yachts is the Phaeton. She is at her moorings in the roads, and may be known by her yellow funnel. Her steam is up, and her boat is at the steps. Her fair owner has just come out of her house in simple and artistic attire. There is a flutter amongst the crowd of loungers as she passes along the shore. The coxswain has made all ready in the smart gig which waits at the landing. After bowing cheerily to a few friends, she enters the boat with a small party; and taking the tiller-ropes with the unconscious ease of a practised sailor, gives the word: the oars plunge into the water, and keep faultless time to their destination. The next moment the dark figure of a lady may be seen on the bridge of the Phaeton as she steams out of the roads.

But such a decided taste for the sea is exceptional. In the present state of things there can be little doubt that most women suffer both in mind and body from yachting. The great majority are victims; and whenever all the bills are passed which are to place them at the head of affairs, and to make their husbands love, honour, and obey them, they will stipulate in the marriage ceremony, or bargain, or whatever it becomes, that they are to live on the land; for most of them undoubtedly feel what the sailor constantly expresses in the forcible language of his trade, that 'those who go to sea for pleasure may' (to use a parliamentary phrase) 'go to another place for pastime.' It is in vain they wear sailing-jackets and waterproof clothing and reefing petticoats. It is a mythological mockery to inscribe 'Venus' or 'Nymph' over the brows of a wrinkled female, or 'Flirt' upon the forehead of a globular matron who drags along a snivelling Hercules of four years old.

We pity the poor women who are thus forced out of their element; and as they walk to execution in their sailor's hats, we feel that an inverted basin on their heads would be more useful. Such a silent but pathetic appeal might soften the hearts of their lords and masters, who now act towards them after the fashion of the pressgangs of old, and, adding insult to injury, declare that their wives delight in the sea.

But, as the year grows old, the fair weather gives place to stiff

breezes, and breezes to gales; and the yachting season being over at Cowes, the rotting season begins: the smart vessels run up on to the mud in the Medina to dismantle; the houses of 'Egypt' are deserted; the neap tides set in; and Vectis at low water looks like a décolletée old woman, not near so well as in a high dress. study of such a subject from the nude is most depressing to the nervous system. When stripped of the blue water, the clay projects into the mud, the mud is prolonged into the fog, and the fog melts An east wind raises the surf and blows right upon The few showy figures that still linger on can hardly the town. walk without being thrown on their beam ends, by the wind rushing up the gullies that intersect the street. Some ladies manage cleverly by running before the storm, if there is any lane or shop to leeward; others, less used to rough weather, stand on, and there is a display of lower spars, and a distressing derangement of top hamper. There is no use in fighting against the gale if you have much canvas on.

Street sailing is not an easy art in windy weather; and to be taken aback in this manner, or to be 'pooped' while standing be-wildered at a corner, is the fate of many a frail bark in the streets of Cowes.

In spite of these warnings of winter a few yachts are still left; but they disappear one by one—some for the Mediterranean, and some for the mud; but the Lara is in the harbour, and her owner (a real sailor of Arctic renown) now and then dashes gallantly out, with a picked crew, in his open boat to offer help to a waterlogged vessel in distress in the gale. Even he is at last driven away by the dreariness of the scene; for the wind has swept the sea clean of everything except pilots and coasters, and a few ships that come for shelter from the 'sou'-wester,' and all now looks gloomy and cheerless. Groups of idle sailors stand grumbling under the archway; there is nothing moving ashore or afloat; and it would be difficult to say which looks most dreary—the sea or the land. Some of the Company's steamers still ply, and occasionally bring a few passengers, which causes a little excitement, and serves to stir the water in the harbour.

In the town there is nothing showing any life but the railway to Newport, with its one line of rails, one engine, one carriage, one porter, and one passenger. Its small station is, according to custom, lined with gaudy advertisements, and the solitary traveller has by this time probably made himself thoroughly familiar with the advantages offered by Glenfield starch, the Maravilla cocoa, and Norton's camomile pills; so that he knows how to revive the rigidity of his shirt-collars when they droop drearily in the damp, and to treat himself medically for the nervous dyspepsia which depression and solitude generally produce. There is also a refreshment-room,

and on its counter might be seen, carefully protected by glass covers, four Bath buns; but the solitary traveller ate one a few months ago, so only three remain. It is reported that he purchased a box of Norton's specific the next day.

'Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Cowes, but living Cowes no more.'

To fly from this scene of desolation, we take refuge in the little steamer Precursor, a floating pigeon-house, which makes a noise like a sewing-machine, and, committing ourselves to the care of her trusty captain, we cross the muddy mouth of the Medina to the east side. The water has been lately ruffled by one or two steamers full of gray horses and carriages, and luggage of various kinds; and now the beautiful steam yacht Alberta, with the royal standard flying, crosses the bows of the Precursor, and is brought up to the Trinity landing with silent precision. This arrival has made everything look gay and happy at East Cowes, and the change from the West is like entering a new country. There all had the depressing look of the morning after a feast, but here is the peaceful quiet and joyful serenity of rural life. The high land shelters you from the east wind, and many villas and country houses are nestled under the hill. The flag flies gaily from the tower of East Cowes Castle, announcing the presence of the hospitable châtelaine within The voice of a deep bell is borne on the breeze, and real country people, in smock-frocks and plain attire, are trooping to the village church of Whippingham, treading lightly amongst the rustic graves, with their 'uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture,' that tell the story of many an obscure but useful life. The grassy meadows bend gently down to the winding river; and the autumn leaves, trembling noiselessly to the ground, fill the mind with a happy sense of rest and peace. The great charm on this side the water is a peep at the green slopes and copses of Osborne, glowing in all the richness of colour which the falling year gives to the oaks and beeches of an English landscape.

But better than all, and more refreshing to the heart, is the sight of the benevolent lady—the ruler of a hundred kingdoms—who dwells there in the quiet simplicity of country life. She is often seen driving amongst the leafy lanes, and sometimes on foot, bringing help to the sick, and cheering them in accents of comfort and consolation. Her carriage frequently appears at the door of the aged and infirm, whose failing years she gladdens by her smile; and many a little child will carry with affectionate pride, far into the cares and the toil of after life, a grateful recollection of the gentle voice and the kind words of the gracious Lady of Osborne.

ALL ROUND ST. PAUL'S

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF 'HAUNTED LONDON,' 'OLD STORIES RETOLD,' ETC.

No. VI. Holborn (concluded).

Derivation of the word Holborn—The 'Heavy Hill'—The Beggars' Opera—'Clew Tom Clinch'—Ben Jonson, Dryden, Shirley, and Gay on Holborn—Gray's-im lane—Pym and Hampden—Tom Jones—Shirley the Dramatist—John Ogilby-Langhorne—Aubrey—Turnstile—Red-lion-square—Jonas Hanway.

For many centuries London topographers have been satisfied wit the derivation of Holborn from an eliptic amalgamation of the tw words 'Old Bourne.' But a friend of mine—that learned and acut etymologist, the Rev. Isaac Taylor-has roused us from our cor tented repose, and shown us convincingly that the introduction the 'H' is a difficulty in the way of this etymology. 'It seems says the ingenious writer in his Words and Places, 'far more i accordance with etymological laws to refer the name to the Angle Saxon hole, a hollow or ravine. The Holborn will therefore be "th burn in the hollow," like the Holbeck in Lincolnshire (and one new Leeds), and the Holbec in Normandy.' Hard as it is to 'pluc from the memory' a rooted old thought, there is no doubt that M Taylor is right, and every one else wrong. The original Bourne long since defiled into sewer, or drained to non-existence, broke ou Stow says, close by the Bars, and ran down the Hill as far as Fa ringdon-street, where a stone bridge crossed its sister stream, th equally blackened and ill-used Fleet, that hard by was reinforced b 'the river of Wells.' Stow (Elizabeth) says that the water of th old Bourne, or Hill-bourne, though before his time, stopped at th head, left the adjacent ground full of springs; 'so that water is then found at hand, and hard to be stopped in every house.'

Holborn had the disagreeable privilege for several centuries (a early as Henry IV. at least) of being the high-road from Newgat and the Tower to the gallows in Tyburn-fields. On stated days up the 'heavy hill,' as Dame Ursula, in Ben Jonson's unctuous Bast tholomew Fair, has it, came the thieves and murderers on the was to execution. At St. Sepulchre's the highwaymen used to halt for a moment to be presented, according to ancient custom, with a nose gay—the last they were ever to wear. One of the last nosegay given was presented to John Rann, alias Sixteen-string Jack, a not torious highwayman, who had been coachman to Lord Sandwich is

Bedford-row. Rann was hung in 1774 for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell, the Princess Amelia's chaplain, in Gunnersbury-lane, near Brentford. 'Rainy-day Smith' saw him riding to Tyburn, and described the scoundrel fop's pea-green coat and enormous flaunting nosegay. For many years the cart always halted at the gate of the Hospital of St. Giles, and the prisoner was offered a great bowl of ale—his last refreshment in this life. Gay, in the Beggars' Opera, makes Polly describe the last ride of gallant Captain Macheath.

'Now I'm a wretch, indeed,' says the faithful fair one. 'Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him on the tree.'

Swift, a year before, had devoted a whole ballad to the same deleful procession up Holborn. Three years before, Jack Sheppard, alim and defiant, had passed that way to Tyburn; and two years before, Jack's relentless enemy, Jonathan Wild the thief-taker. The Dean's verses (1727—the year that George I. and Stella died), which he called 'Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged,' remind us of Hogarth's picture of the Idle Apprentice at Tyburn; only they are gayer and more reckless and more heartless than the picture, which has its touches of true pathos.

In Hogarth's picture, the painter, who has taken his sketch of clever Tom Clinch in the cart, just in sight of Tyburn-tree, on which the careless hangman sprawls, enjoying his pipe till the ghastly cavalcade arrives, we see the coffin in the open cart, and by clever Tom's side, or rather Tom Idle's, Wesley or Whitefield sitting by him reading hymns, heedless of the ribald crowd, the noisy shouters of dying speeches, and the men flying pigeons to announce the unival of the cart.

What a dismal train of ghosts perhaps still nightly parade on the old path to death!—from Mrs. Turner—that Mrs. Manning of James I.'s reign, who helped the wicked Countess of Somerset to poson her husband's friend, Sir Thomas Overbury the poet, who had ventured to warn him against the dangerous woman for whom he had conceived a guilty love—to John Felton, that dark malign lieutenant who revenged the wrongs of his country on his own enemy, the proud Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Then, at the 'glorious' 'Restoration, came Hacker and Axtell, two of those stern and grim regicides who, with Okey, Barkstead, and Corbet, two years after, made five out of the fifty-nine men who signed the death-warrant of the faithless king. Later in the same miserable reign, Sir Thomas Armstrong, an old Cavalier officer, one of the desperate men engaged in some circle of the Rye House plot, passed with dignity up Holborn. November 16, 1724, Jack Sheppard delighted 20,000 of his country-

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men by his reckless jauntiness in the fatal cart; and a year later (as we have before mentioned) Jonathan Wild, his enemy, rode by, soaked with laudanum, and heedless of mud or stones. In 1760. there came that insane nobleman Lord Ferrers, who had shot his He asked for some wine-and-water on the road : but the sheriff refused him, as, owing to the 'lower species of criminals' getting drunk, the bowl at St. Giles's had been before this discontinued. In 1765 there rode up the Heavy Hill, 'game to the last,' dressed in a blue and gold frock, with a white cockade in his hat, and sucking oranges, the Earl of Harrington's porter, who had robbed his master's house. Gilly Williams was there, and wrote a humorous account of the droll affair, and his friend, that amateur of executions, George Selwyn the wit. Two years later, Mrs. Brownrigge, the withered old hypocrite who whipped her apprentice to death, passed the Holborn end of Fetter-lane, and no doubt looked wistfully down it through the slant shower of missiles and curses. In November 1774, 'Sixteen-string Jack' flaunted by Staple-inn on the same broad way to Tyburn; and in June 1777, that miserable exposed charlatan of the pulpit, Dr. Dodd, for forging a bond for 4200l. in the name of his pupil the Earl of Chesterfield. In 1779, there jumbled past the gate of Furnival's-inn that poor flighty clergyman Hackman, who shot Miss Reav the singer, the mistress of the Earl Sandwich, in the piazza of Covent-garden; and in the mourningcoach with him is that offensive gossip his friend Boswell. In 1783, unfortunate Ryland the engraver passed up Holborn for a forger on the East India Company; and on November 7 of this year, the last cart bound to Tyburn went by, as on December 9, 1783, executions began to take place in front of Newgate.

Wretches gay in the cart, defiant in the cart, dying in the cart, desperate in the cart, drunk in the cart, we have already seen. We have now to chronicle a jest made during the aforesaid doleful journey. Drummond of Hawthornden, that Scotch poet who maligned Ben Jonson, says: 'Two fellows going to Tyburn to be hanged in diverse carts, one for stealing a mounter (watch), the other for a mare, he who stole the mare asked the other (taunting), "What a clocke it was 'a his mounter;" to whom he replied: "About the houre just that yee should give watter to your mare." The chuckling at which sharp retort the Tyburn tippet a few minutes later conclusively

stopped.'

In 1614, Ben Jonson, in his delightful and humorous Bartholomew Fair, makes that Rowlandsonian woman, Dame Ursula. the seller of roast pig at the Smithfield fair, promise to amble a when the fair is over, to see Knockem the footpad, who bant by name out of a cart up the heavy hill of Holborn: 'Urs thou so?' In 1629 (Charles I.), Shirley, who lived road, makes frightened Rawbone, in the Wedding

that Gay has imitated, 'I do imagine myself apprehended already; now the constable is carrying me to Newgate. Now, now I'm at the Sessions-house, in the dock; now I'm called—" Not guilty, my lord"—the jury has found the indictment billa rera. Now, now comes my sentence. Now I'm in the cart riding up Holborn in a two-wheeled chariot, with a guard of halberdiers. "There goes a proper fellow!" says one. "Good people, pray for me!" Now I'm at the three wooden stilts [Tyburn]. Hey! now I feel my toes hang i' the cart; now 'tis drawn away; now-now-now-I'm gone!' Very good, very dramatic, Mr. Shirley; O si sic omnes, Mr. Shirley. But, alas, it is otherwise. In 1678 (Charles II.), Dryden makes a disreputable character in one of the most disgraceful of his plays my, 'I saw you follow him up the Heavy Hill to Tyburn;' and in 1695 (William and Mary), Congreve's Sir Sampson, in Love for Love, cries out, like the choleric old Sir Anthony Absolute, the petriarch of all peppery old stage fathers, 'Sirrah, you'll be hanged; I shall live to see you go up Holborn-hill.' And, apropos of this, we must not forget a favourite story of that witty boon companion, disreputable but good-natured Charles II.'s courtier: 'An old counsellor in Holborn,' he says, 'used every execution-day to turn out his clerks with this compliment, "Go, ye young rogues,—go to school and improve." And so the young land-sharks learned to grow more wary, and avoid the gallows.'

Gray's-inn-lane derives its name from Gray's-inn, as is sufficiently obvious; and Gray's-inn was so called from the Lord Grays of Wilton, to whom the windmill and gardens on its site belonged in 1505 (Henry VII.). Stow (Elizabeth) describes it as a lane 'furmished with fair buildings, many tenements on both the sides, leading to the fields towards Highgate and Hampstead.' In those troublous times, just before the Civil War broke out, when Charles was trying how many turns tighter of the rack the impatient people would bear, two great patriots lived in this northern turning out of Holborn. In 1636 Hampden and Pym held their consultations here, when the great question of Hampden's opposition to the despotic and illegal ship-money was being pleaded in the detestable Star Chamber. Pyin was a brave Somersetshire lawyer, and had been a stanch Puritan zealous opponent of James I.'s dissolute and wicked court. He was one of the five members whom the king demanded by force of • arms of the Parliament. He died at the outset of the war. Hampden was that imperturbable Buckinghamshire squire. He thought, spoke, and fought bravely against a tyrannical king, and died the we year as Pym, from the bursting of an over-loaded pistol at Chalgrove Fight. Lord Clarendon's epitaph on him is the highest of all enlogies when coming from a defeated enemy. It is stolen from Sallust's character of Cataline: 'He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.'

With Cromwell's great brain to direct them, what a prime minister would Pym have been, what a right hand Hampden! Gray's-innroad having been thus peculiarly honoured, it is specially interesting to know that when London was fortified to keep out the Cavaliers' army from Oxford, a battery was thrown up in this lane. The plans, drawn by a Captain John Eyr, of Colonel Cromwell's own regiment, are still existing. An enumeration of these defences just at this juncture, when alarmists are crying aloud everywhere that the heart and money-box of Old England are unguarded, may be interesting. Here is the list of defences, placed where it requires a powerful imagination now to picture them:

- 1. A redoubt of two flanks, near St. Giles's-pound; a small fort at east end of Tyburn-road (Oxford-street); a large fort with four half bulwarks across the Tyburn-road.
 - 2. A small bulwark at Oliver's-mount, against Tyburn-brook.
- 3. A large fort with four bulwarks on the Reading-road, beyond Tyburn-brook; a small redoubt and battery on the hill from St. James's-park.
 - 4. A court of guard in Chelsea-road.
 - 5. A battery and breastwork in Tothill-fields.
 - 6. A quadrant fort with four high breastworks at Fox-hall.
 - 7. A fort with four half bulwarks in St. George's-fields.
- 8. A large fort with four bulwarks at the end of Blackman-street (Borough).
 - 9. A redoubt with four flanks at the end of Kent-street.
 - 10. A bulwark and a half on the hill at the end of Gravel-lane.
 - 11. A hornwork near the church at Whitechapel-street.
 - 12. A redoubt with two flanks at Brick-lane.
- 13. A redoubt at the Hackney corner of Shoreditch; a redoubt at the corner of the road to Edmonton at Shoreditch.
 - 14. A battery and breastwork on the road to Islington.
 - 15. A battery and breastwork at the end of St. John-street.
 - 16. A battery at Gray's-inn-lane.
 - 17. Two batteries at Southampton-house.

In our résumé of the associations of Gray's-inn-lane, we must not forget that Fielding's Tom Jones (1750) entered London from Somersetshire by this narrow road, and put up at the Bull and Gate in Holborn. 'But Jones, as well as Partridge,' says the delightful author, 'was an entire stranger to London; and as he happened to arrive first in a quarter of the town the inhabitants of which have very little intercourse with the householders of Hanover or Grosvenorsquare (for he entered through Gray's-inn-lane), so he rambled on.'

That gossipy and unsatisfactory Wiltshire gentleman, Mr. John Aubrey, particularly mentions, and no doubt bored a good many fellow members of the Royal Society with the curious fact, that the spring after the great summer fire of 1666, all the ruins were over-

run with the small Neapolitan bank-cress, especially on the south side of St. Paul's; and yet Dr. Willis, the famous physician, and also a great pundit at the Royal Society, assured Aubrey that before this he had known only one spot about the town where this plant grew; that was at Battle-bridge, by the Pindar of Wakefield (Gray's-inn-road), and even there in no great quantity.

Gray's-inn-lane — a mere road through fields in the time of Elizabeth, with a windmill half-way up between Holborn and Battlebridge—boasts of but few legends, and only furnishes a few topographical notes of interest. One event at least dignifies it, and that is, it was the residency of that 'ultimus Romanorum,' the last of what Charles Lamb calls, with just reverence, 'the great race of Elizabethan dramatists'—James Shirley, essentially an Elizabethan; for, though he flourished in the Caroline times, he wrote a play with that fine old poet Chapman, who had been a friend of Marlow, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Daniel, and a collaborateur with Ben Jon-Shirley (born 1596, died 1666) was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, where narrow-browed Laud, then president, with his usual squeamish conscience, often used to tell him that he was 'an unfit person to take the sacred function upon him,' because he had a large mole on his left cheek. Going to Cambridge to take orders, Shirley then became a quiet poetical curate near St. Albans; but, going over to Rome, was compelled for subsistence to become master of a grammar school at St. Alban's. Weary of this, he came up at last to London, lived in Gray's-inn-lane, turned dramatic author, and in 1629 began his industrious series of thirty-nine plays, with no great result. Like Ford, who died in 1639, at first he basked in the court sunshine. Charles I., who, if he had no truthfulness, had at least a taste, smiled on him; and Queen Henrietta Maria gave this successor of Fletcher an appointment in her household. When the Civil War broke out, and the wild storm scattered minters, poets, and architects to the four winds of heaven, Shirley, snatching up his lute, followed his patron, the grave Earl of Newcastle, to the wars. After Naseby he returned to London, and, aided by his learned friend, Thomas Stanley, the author of Lives of the Philosophers, opened a school in Whitefriars. There he throve till the Restoration brought back the actors, and his plays awoke. 1666, the Great Fire burned out the poet; and, heart-broken at the bes and the general ruin and terror, he and his wife died within the space of twenty-four hours a few weeks after. Shirley's dramas are rather poems and plays; they want the force and originality of the older and less polished school. Even Massinger has more force. Ben Jonson is a Titan to him; and his rather cloying regularity and sweetness remind us of Fletcher, without that poet's chivalrous One of Shirley's finest passages is the oftendignity and spirit. quoted simile from the lover Fernando's speech in the Brothers:

'Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth; but, overweigh'd
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which by reflection of her light appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.'

Shirley's friend, brother author, neighbour, and fellow-sufficin Whitefriars, John Ogilby, who translated Homer with Shirk assistance, was the son of an impoverished Scotch gentleman, volume bound himself apprentice to Draper, a fashionable dancing-master Gray's-inn-lane. By an unlucky caper at a great masque giver the court by the Duke of Buckingham, Ogilby strained his te Achillis. He then became tutor to the Earl of Stafford, tur poet, translated Virgil, and tumbled Æsop into verse, which Shi commended. The Great Fire swept away his house in Whitefria but that calamity did not kill him as it did the softer-hearted Shir for Ogilby rallied, and went on publishing bibles and atlases by tery for ten years longer, not dying till 1676.

Langhorne, a third poet, is associated with Gray's-inn-lane, a though he is said to have died from over-fondness for the Burale at the Peacock in that legal locality, still we respect his clerical memory, from the following anecdote that links Scott Burns.

There is no anecdote of Scott's youth more interesting t that which connects him for a moment with Burns. When he a lad of fifteen, Scott saw Burns one day when he was in Edinbur at Professor Fergusson's. Dugald Stewart was present. Burns much affected at a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier ly dead in the snow. These lines were written beneath:

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain, Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain; Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew, The big drops mingling with the milk he drew, Gave the sad presage of his future years, The child of misery baptised in tears.

Burns shed tears at the print, and asked whose the lines we No one knew they were Langhorne's but the son of the Writes the Signet, young Walter Scott. Burns rewarded the clever lead with a look and a word, which in after years the great we remembered with pleasure and pride.

Langhorne, the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman, taking ord fell in love with and eventually married a young lady whom taught Italian. When curate of St. John's, Clerkenwell, he be to imitate Sterne, and was attacked by Churchill for defending Scotland from his ribaldry. He became rector of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, and there lost his wife. His best works are the translation of Plutarch, in which his brother aided him, and the Country Justice (1774-1777), the poem to which our anecdote refers. The loss of a second wife, and other more selfish disappointments, are said to have driven Langhorne (who died in early middle life) to seek a miserable solace in intemperance.

In 1673 (Charles II.), that 'maggoty-headed' gossip, the Wiltshire gentleman, John Aubrey the antiquary, was lodging in Gray's-inn. This correspondent of Anthony Wood—who, however, calls him a pretender and a shiftless roving person, sometimes little better than crazed—was a friend of Hobbes, and knew Milton; but seems to have believed in alchemy, prophetic dreams, omens, knockings, and other nonsense. He got entangled in law-suits, lost all his Wiltshire property six years after the Restoration, and, reduced to want, became a pensioner in the house of his kind friend, Lady Long of Draycot, who supported him till he died in 1700.

Turnstile does not figure very remarkably either in local legend or topographical record; still it casts a ray of interest to know that here, in his progress to Tyburn, Monday, November 16, 1724, that dever young scoundrel Jack Sheppard planned an escape. One of his and Blueskin's friends had supplied him in Newgate with a penknife. This he put open into his pocket; and his design was, to lean forward in the cart and quietly cut asunder the cord that tied his hands; then, as he passed Little Turnstile, to throw himself among the friendly crowd, and dart through the lane sure to be made for him up the narrow passage, where the officers could not follow on horseback. This hope made him say to the chaplain at starting, 'I have now as great a satisfaction at heart as if I was going to enjoy an estate of 2001. a year.' But the knife was discovered in the pressyard at Newgate, just as he was mounting the cart. He then relied on being cut down soon after hanging, and resuscitated; but this also failed. This thief was the son of a Spitalfields carpenter, and was apprenticed to a carpenter in Wych-street.

It is singular how a certain class of events seem to crystallise round certain localities. Just as Fetter-lane is redolent of murderers, and Brooke-street and Shoe-lane of ill-starred poets, so Redlion-square is hallowed by memories of two of the greatest men that appeared during the Civil Wars—Milton the brain and Cromwell the hand of the victorious Puritan party. Milton, during his dangers, his hidings, his blindness, his obscurity, and his poverty, lived in a house in Holborn that looked into Red-lion-fields, now Redlion-square. There in that dim spot—so near, though unseen to all but his dulled orbs, to the golden gates of the Paradise he had traversed—in the company of his third wife and of his two daughters,

whom he had taught to read Greek and Hebrew, and who were to him both eyes and hands—there he wrote that great poem, which begins like the peal of an organ with the sublime proem:

> 'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world and all our woe;'

and he probably sold it to that generous and enterprising bookseller, Mr. Simmons, for the princely and remunerative sum of 51., as the actual consignment, purchased for 300l., and now in the British Museum, incontrovertibly proves. Here, looking out towards Highgate at the green and fresh fields, and afterwards in Jewin-street, Aldersgate, the blind poet tarried in uncomplaining obscurity till the year of the great Plague, when he removed to pleasant Chalfont, a Buckinghamshire village. When Milton returned, he went to live in Bunhill-row, where he surrendered his pure soul to God, whom he had honoured, in 1674, fourteen years after the Restoration. 1647, four years after his marriage with Miss Powel, that flighty daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier gentleman, Milton was living in Holborn, in a house 'which opened backwards into Lincoln's-innfields;' so that Holborn seems always to have been a favourite locality of our greatest religious poet, and the whole neighbourhood is invested with fresh interest when we have ruminated over these few but fruitful facts, and these simple but indisputable dates.

The association of Cromwell's name with Red-lion-square is of legendary, but nevertheless most interesting character. for many years (anterior to 1793, the date of the first edition of Pennant's London) a deep-rooted tradition in Red-lion-square, that the body of that great genius of Puritanism militant rests in the centre of the square garden, exactly beneath the spot where in Pennant's time stood a clumsy obelisk, erected no one knew why, and with an obscure Latin inscription to no one knew whom. us give the indisputable facts first, and then the by no means despicable theory. After the joyous but most unsuccessful Restoration, the more fanatical courtiers persuaded Charles, who had by no means any extreme veneration for 'the martyr,' as he used to call him, to take a brutal revenge on dead men, by exhuming the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, throwing them out of Westminster Abbey, sending them on sledges to Tyburn, and then hanging and beheading them, burying the bodies at the foot of the accursed tree. and fixing their heads on the roof of Westminster Hall.

The Cavalier ghouls did take this unworthy revenge; and the bodies of Cromwell and his brave son-in-law Ireton were dug out of the Abbey's ponderous and marble tombs, and were brought with careless and ribald mockery, the night before their exposure on the gibbet, to the Red-lion Inn, Holborn. Taking his stand gallantly on these facts, Mr. Jesse, in the recent edition of his most pleasant

book on London, its celebrated Characters and remarkable Places, argues strenuously for the probable truth of the old tradition. this is how, in his gentlemanlike way, he argues: He says the conventional phrase Tyburn, used in the contemporaneous accounts, need by no means have necessarily meant the well-known corner of Connaught-place, at the north end of Park-lane. Sixty years before the death of Cromwell, the gallows was frequently erected in St. Giles's parish, near the Pound (the southern end of the present Tottenham - court - road); while for nearly 200 years, the Holborn end of Fetter-lane was (as we saw in our last paper) a constant place of execution. The resting the bodies all night at the Redlion Inn looks much more as if it was intended that they should be ready for the St. Giles's gibbet hard by on the morrow morning. If the Hyde-park Tyburn had been intended, the same agreeable writer argues very truly, the coffins would never have been sent to the Red-lion Inn, since the distance from the Abbey to Tyburn-lane is actually shorter than the distance from the same place to Red-lionsquare. Nor could the object of the Government have been to parade the bodies on sledges by daylight from the Red-lion Inn to Tyburn, since that mile and three-quarters was then almost entirely open country; and years and years after there was a windmill at the end of Rathbone-place. Still there is, it must be confessed, this difficulty, that the contemporaneous accounts do say Tyburn, without any qualification. But we turn the matter over to our reflective readers, by giving them the ipsissima verba of one of the rude newspapers of those days, and they must judge for themselves, and as at least the mere existence of a not irrational tradition has cast a glow of sunshine that refuses to fade upon the dingy garden, the struggling lilac-bushes, and dusty summer-house of the garden of Here is the extract: Red-lion-square.

The Mercurius Publicus (Jan. 31 to Feb. 7) says, 'Jan. 30, 1660' (we need say no more but name the day of the month) 'was doubly observed, not only by a solemn fast, sermons, and prayers at every parish church for the precious blood of our late pious sovereign King Charles I., of ever-glorious memory, but also by public dragging those odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, and John Bradshaw to Tyburn. On Monday night, Cromwell and Ireton, in two several carts, were drawn to Holborn from Westminster, where they were digged up on Saturday last, and the next morning Brad-To-day they were drawn upon sledges to Tyburn; all the way (as before from Westminster) the universal outcry and curses of the people went along with them. When these three carcasses were at Tyburn, they were pulled out of their coffins, and hanged at the several angles of that triple tree, where they hung till the sun was set; after which they were taken down, their heads cut off, and their loathsome trunks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows.

heads of these three notorious regicides are set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall by the common hangman. Bradshaw is placed in the middle (over that part where the monstrous High Court of Justice sat); Cromwell and his son-in-law Ireton on both sides of Bradshaw.'

A third good and wise man is associated with Red-lion-square. In this then rather fashionable neighbourhood resided that excellent man and untiring philanthropist, as untiring as the benevolent Howard or Miss Burdett Coutts (we must be pardoned for not yet having got accustomed to her superfluous title),-Hanway, whose rather fussy Travels from London to Portsmouth Dr. Johnson once attacked with rather boisterous ridicule, was born at Portsmouth in Bound apprentice to a Lisbon merchant, he left Portugal to join a house in St. Petersburg; and for them he travelled into the most dangerous parts of Persia, afterwards publishing his experi-Naturally sensible, frank, honest, he returned to England with an independent fortune, which his great and lavish charity, however, soon diminished; and at the petition of the principal merchants of London, the Earl of Bute appointed the worthy man a commissioner of the navy; and in that post, so often given to men of mere birth, Jonas Hanway showed the same good sense and honesty and unselfishness as he had done in nobler matters. good works were innumerable. He all but created the Magdalen, and the Marine Society; he helped on Sunday-schools with all his big heart; he did his best to protect the chimney-sweep boys from the cruelty and oppression of their masters. Even in small matters Hanway was a reformer and an opposer of abuses; and he was one of the first English gentlemen who dared laugh at the mob's laughter. and carry an umbrella in the French manner.

A MONTH ON THE PERSIAN GULF

BY VISCOUNT POLLINGTON, M.A., F.R.G.S.

It was with feelings not unakin to pleasure that, one afternoon in January 1865, we perceived the small town of Busheer rising gradually upon the horizon. We—that is to say, our companion and ourself—had travelled on horseback for fifty-four days—from the northernmost frontier of Persia on the Araxes to this place—and for thirteen out of those fifty-four days had waded through deep snow.

Now, however, Busheer was to be our last halting-place—at any rate in Persia—and thus we resolved to push on as fast as possible. But this 'pushing on' could, for two reasons, by no means exceed the gigantic pace of four miles an hour. In the first place, the horses we were riding were thin skin-and-bone animals, that could hardly muster up strength for a trot between them; and in the second place, the soil we were on was by no means conducive to speed, consisting as it did of one broad flat expanse of mud of sticky constitution, about a foot in depth, and covered occasionally, for a mile or two at a time, with a few inches of water from the neighbouring sea.

The road, although leading to the chief and, with the exception of Bunder Abbas, farther east, the only sea-place (port is not the word) in the Persian dominions (always excepting those on the Caspian), consisted solely of the old tracks of many mules, horses, and camels, and was perhaps half a mile in width. There were no landmarks on the dead flat, excepting for a time the Anglo-Indian telegraph-posts, here of iron, which skirt, indeed, almost the entire length of the road from Teheran to Busheer.

Presently we discovered the sea on our right. It here made an excursion upon the mainland, causing the road in its turn to make a detour in order to reach the neck of terra firma, which sweeps in a westerly direction towards Busheer, and eventually forms the promontory whereon that town is built.

After plodding along for some time, we reached this promontory; then past a few palm-trees, past many muleteers slowly driving along their reluctant and heavy-laden mules; and we urged our jaded cattle into a feeble and spasmodic species of trot, which trot brought us into the walls of Busheer, at about four in the afternoon.

Now when we speak of walls, the reader must not picture to himself anything like a good solid English brick wall—such as surrounds Millbank, for instance; though we hope he has not had occasion to make acquaintance with the interior of those walls, at any rate for any length of time, the sojourn therein being reported to be tedious. No; these walls were rather masses of dry mud, heaped up in the semblance of battlements, broken down at about every ten yards interval, and which any popgun would knock over at a moment's notice. We entered by the gate, which is closed at sunset, thus barring in or egress; unless, indeed, you choose to walk round by the shore, or climb over a broken portion of the walls, where you can get in or out easily enough. This gate consists, or consisted—it may have rotted away since then—of wooden beams insecurely fastened together by rusty ironwork. Here we asked the way to the Resident's house; but immediately perceiving the English flag floating proudly on the breeze a short distance ahead, we had only to take the proper turning, and were at the door. On presenting our cards to two grim-looking Sepoys who were keeping guard, attired in white, with coloured turbans on their heads, we were admitted.

We subsequently discovered that these government buildings are called 'residencies,' from the fact that the political agent who ought to reside therein seldom does so, as he is generally on leave, or travelling, or otherwise occupied. But this is by the way.

The Residency stands fronting the sea, about twenty yards from the edge of the rocks, which rise about twenty feet from the beach. It is built, as, with few exceptions, all houses are in Busheer, of unburnt mud-bricks whitewashed over, and is a very rambling construction. The court we were now in had buildings two stories high on two sides, a wall on a third, and low buildings on the fourth side.

We were ushered up a broad flight of low steps, consisting of dried mud, on the right of the entrance-door, which led up to a platform—the roof of a portion of the house; then turning to the left, we entered a small room dignified by the name of 'the office.' Here the U.C.S.S., otherwise 'Uncovenanted Civil Service Servant,' the vice-resident, received us, and expressed his regret that the Resident was not here to do so himself. However, he informed us that we could have rooms, subject to the return of the Resident, who was just then cruising about in the private steamer a munificent government (not the present!) put at his disposal. Descending again, we passed under an archway into a second and larger court, surrounded by offices of every description, including the stables, and much in need of repairs; then up another broad flight of steps, we entered three rooms above the archway we had just come These were the rooms allotted to us, and, indeed, called the 'strangers' rooms.' The Resident is, we believe, granted an allowance for 'entertaining-money;' but he considers that entertainment, like charity, should begin at home. The furniture in these apartments was not calculated on any very luxurious scale, consisting as it did of one large table, four chairs, one small looking-glass on a diminutive table, and two hard divans. However, we proceeded to install ourselves and make ourselves as comfortable as circum-

stances would permit. We had two Persian servants with us-a Awa Baba talked about thirty words of English, father and son. and we were entirely guiltless of Persian, so that occasionally our conversation used to come to a standstill. His most favourite expression was 'down below,' used equally in the singular or plural, and in the most impartial manner. With him it signified either 'downstairs,' or what domestic servants will call the 'insides' of any animal; and then it turned to 'down belows' under Awa's manipulation, or, indeed, any word for which he was at a loss to find an adequate expression. He was honest beyond the generality of Persians, and an excellent travelling-servant, together with his son Jaffer. With their assistance, we converted the largest room This was some twenty feet high, of our three into a sitting-room. with a ceiling of stretched canvas. It had five doors opening on to a verandah, half panels, half glass, letting in much air, which, although no doubt very desirable in summer, was extremely disagreeable in January. The outer and partition walls were five feet thick, with recesses some two feet deep let into the outer walls all round the room, excepting at the partitions, which were pierced through at these recesses, probably to enable a person sitting in one room to overhear the conversation carried on in the next. Two doors opened out of this room, and led down two steps to the two smaller ones, where we erected our travelling-beds. As we found, soon after our arrival, that the dining accommodation of the Residency consisted literally of three plates, two glasses, and one salt-cellar (full), we sent Awa on a foraging expedition, which turned out pretty successful, and at any rate furnished forth our repast.

It was tolerably fine on the day of our arrival, but rather windy, much to our discomfort, as we had some faint thoughts of going on to India in the mail-steamer—a seven-days passage—should the weather be perfectly calm. On the next, rain came down in torrents, and, we regret to say, dripped plentifully into the rooms of her Britannic Majesty's Resident at Busheer—at any rate, into those we occupied. As getting wet out of doors was perhaps preferable to undergoing the same process within, we determined upon exploring the bazaars. Our road took us through several lanes, consisting of three yards' width of mud in a liquid state, enclosed by walls of the same material in a dry form. The dwelling-houses, as in other Persian towns, generally stood some distance back, behind a garden court.

The appearance of the bazaars was squalid in the extreme. The vaulted portions consisted here and there of mud-bricks, with openings at the top to let in light—and rain; but most of the arches were composed of rotten palm-branches, with a canvas covering. The ordinary little open shops lined either side, and their masters at cross-legged on a sort of splash-board in front, patiently awaiting the decree of Providence in the shape of a customer. We have

found occasionally that they preferred to say, 'That is not for sale,' to getting up and handing the given object to us. The shops dealing in cotton-goods are generally the best arranged. Quantities of wooden matches, purporting to come from Vienna, are sold all over the East. The tradesmen here never asked less than four times the sum they meant eventually to accept for anything.

Some Jews had established commercial relations with Busheer, and one of them, Nazim by name, had a shop outside the bazaar, much frequented by the unfortunate European exiles in the place. After the manner of Jews in other parts of the world, he had a collection of the most miscellaneous objects littered about the one room that constituted his shop. Shirts, pocket-books, preserved soups, Cavendish tobacco, cloth, clay-pipes, potted meats, and old coins, were only some amongst the many different articles he dealt in. In fact, anything that could be bought or sold Nazim sold or bought. He also boasted of a private shop in his own dwelling-house, whither a resident took us one day. We discovered this to be a tumbledown old house, entered by a narrow door, in front of which a bit of mud wall screened the court; for his harem was on one side, and indeed we caught sight of a dirty petticoat as the wearer made her escape. Here we sat down in an upper chamber, and by way of commencing business, our host forced us to imbibe some 'ginger-wine.' this, when he considered we had arrived at the right pitch of joviality, he produced his stock of old coins, of which we bought a few; although in Persia this is a dangerous venture, unless the purchaser understand the science of numismatics thoroughly. Vast numbers of coins are continually offered for sale to the traveller in Persia, and some fifty per cent of them are excellently well-executed counterfeits. However, curious coins vet unknown in Europe are occasionally picked up by the learned in such matters. Amongst his other stock-in-trade, Nazim dealt in carpets, of which we bought In Persia those with hardly any 'pile,' and of the closest texture, are the most sought after and command the highest prices. These come from Kerman, to the east of Shiraz.

On the seventh day after our arrival, our companion embarked for Bombay, and we were left to our own devices. The town of Busheer being, perhaps, one mile in circumference, did not afford us much amusement, and the attractions of the bazaar were always exhausted in a quarter of an hour, even including the time spent upon bargaining. However, there was generally a fight in progress therein. The system of contest here was entirely contrary to the rules of the P.R., and consisted principally in one of the antagonists seizing the other by the waist, and pushing him vigorously into a shop-front or the gutter, at the same time butting with his head. Hitting-out was not their strong point, but we must allow them whatever credit may attach to the use of unlimited bad language. As we frequently

found to our cost during our travels, the noise occasioned by a squabble is desfening; and we were frequently kept awake by the muleteers cursing at each other all night.

We were now reduced to inventing expedients for improving the mind until the arrival of the next mail-steamer, about a month. Reading, of course, claimed the first place. There were only two periodicals taken-in in Busheer, and these were all more than a year old. However, one civilised being had got a copy of Les Misérables, which sufficed for a limited space of time. Then Lane's Arabian Nights proved a great resource, more especially as we were about visiting Bagdad. We also bethought us of taking lessons in Persian, which would be useful, as we were about leaving Persia. Thereupon an old gentleman, a former 'moonshee' or interpreter to the Residency, made his appearance. He was in receipt of a small pension from the Indian government, and talked English at the rate of about a word a minute. In the (very) elementary work from which we endeavoured to extract a scant knowledge of 'Farsee,' there were several very quaint stories. The following will serve as a specimen: 'A father and his son were taking a walk together, when the younger suddenly disappeared down a steep well, into which he had tumbled unawares. The distracted parent rushed up to its mouth, and then, perceiving that his son was not quite dead, he shouted down to him, "Dear boy, mind you do not run away, as I am going to fetch a rope for you to get out by!"' Malcolm (we think) mentions another of the stories contained in It related to Hafiz of Shiraz, the celebrated poet, who is said to have been very bald. Well, he was in the baths at Tabreez, and a rude person there began to 'chaff' him, holding up one of the round hollow bowls of polished tin used for shaving pur-He said, 'How is it,' pointing to the convex surface of the bowl, 'that all you Shirazees have your heads like that?' Hafiz, not the least put out, just turned the bowl the other way, and replied by another question, 'And how is it, then, that all you Tabreezees have your heads like this?

Persians in general do not carry watches, and thus the hour of tuition varied daily, as my old man used to come at any time between ten and twelve in the forenoon. Occasionally we used to ramble upon the beach—a shell-less one; but the dead level of the country up to the mountains presented, of course, no objects of interest or grand natural features. We tried to purchase a long-haired cat; but only one, and that one a bad specimen, could be found in the town. With the exception of one we saw at Ispehaun, this was the only bushy-tailed cat we saw during our travels in Persia. Nothing whatever is manufactured at Busheer. Everything, including water, which is brackish when drawn from the few wells in the town, is brought from a distance. True, we had a Persian gun

made for us in the bazaar; but as its component parts consisted in those of an old Tower-marked 'Brown Bess' transmogrified, we can hardly call that a manufacture. However, the cotton trade of Persia with Kurrachee and Bombay passes through the town, and carpets are very freely exported. The anchorage is extremely bad, and causes ships of any tonnage to remain at least at five-miles distance out in the gulf. So shallow is that distance, that we grounded twice on our way to the steamer in which we eventually started, although the small boat we were in only drew about ten inches of water.

The routine of our days was now something very much as follows: Dressing, say half an hour, not much toilet being required here; Kaleoun-smoking, half an hour; meals, one hour; Persian moonshee, two hours; one writing, two walking, and nine reading. The relative times occupied in walking and reading of course fluctuated according to circumstances. Smoking the Kaleoun above mentioned necessitated a total cessation from all other labour, and occupied our attention for the time being. The process, which we have described aliunde,* is very agreeable, and the Persian tobacco entirely lacks the pungency of the American plant. Persian ladies smoke it. Indeed, we have heard it whispered in scandal-loving circles, that it used to be the fashion for ladies to smoke the hookah—a similar institution—in India.

One fine day the English residents at Busheer and ourselves had an exciting contest in pistol-shooting on the beach. We erected a black bottle as a mark at twenty-five paces, and christened the event Colt v. Deane and Adams; but we ought to state, that out of some twenty shots apiece all were misses, and thus the vexed merits of our weapons were not put to any very decisive test. the close we gathered round the bottle en masse, and demolished the rascally thing by throwing stones at it from about two-yards distance. About half the population of Busheer gathered around us to watch the fun. It is a peculiarity of Eastern towns, that anything which goes on at one end is known all over the town in about ten minutes. In any large bazaar the stranger seems to be surrounded by a sort of human telegraph. We often asked the price of something at one end of a great bazaar, and on getting to the farther end have had the same sort of article offered to us at a slightly-reduced price. At Busheer we played our first game of quoits; and the hour for our departure by the mail-steamer Euphrates for Bassorah found us playing at them in the back court of the Resi-These amusements, in combination with a few not very eventful rides out upon the plain near, which we have formerly described, filled up the measure of the time—a month—we spent on the Persian gulf.

^{*} In Half-round the Old World.

CHARLIE NORMAN

BY EDMUND COURTENAY

IN Two PARTS: - PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

'So runs the round of life from hour to hour.' Tennyson.

THE party had been successful, the weather had been fine. Wake-feld's side had won the cricket match; rowing expeditions had been made on the mere, picnic expeditions to the ruins, riding expeditions in the park. The novel charms of croquet had attracted many devotees; and in the evening, music, billiards, whist, and dancing increased the speed of the already swiftly flying hours.

One night, the warmest of a month warmer than August usually is, a clear moonlight night, a row on the lake was proposed, as it was said that the view of the house from the water at night was not to be missed. Anxious chaperones with difficulty were induced to consent, extra wraps were donned, and several of the younger members of the party sallied forth.

Evelyn, who went upstairs to get a cloak, was a little later than the others; and Norman, who had not intented to go, offered to walk with her down to the boats. Latterly she had been much in the society of Lord Clare, and Charlie had avoided rather than sought her, piqued perhaps and jealous, but at the same time not intruding his jealousy on her, and gnashing his teeth only when alone. It was therefore not with the best grace that he started with her from the house, following two figures who were just in front of them.

A little way before they reached the boat-house it was necessary to pass through an arboretum, the winding paths of which were somewhat confusing, and Evelyn and Norman, taking a wrong turn, retraced their steps, only in time to find that both boats had started without them.

'What shall we do?' said Evelyn. 'O, Mr. Norman, do let us go back quickly.'

He was annoyed, the fool, not seeing that her very timidity betayed her feelings; and they turned towards the house. Just then the moon came out from behind a cloud and shone full on the building before them, lighting up with its clear white light the picturesque gables and varied buttresses of the house, and burnishing the high round dome in the middle of the block. Behind them the lake stretched in one hage sheet of silver, and in the still distance the old ruin ap-

peared half in light and half in the shadow of neighbouring trees. It was a pretty scene, and Evelyn could not help stopping to admire it.

'How lovely!' she said. 'Does not beautiful scenery and beautiful architecture produce a quieting and elevating effect on you? I always feel more contented, more peaceful, better, in fact, after having admired something really beautiful.'

'So do I,' he said, as he looked at her.

Her face was so lit up with pleasure at the exquisite loveliness of the scene, her eyes glowed so radiantly, and such an expression of depth and intensity came over her features, that all Norman's scruples, all his doubts, all his pride, vanished at once. He felt nothing except the overwhelming power of his love, feared nothing except the loss of an opportunity of declaring it.

'Evelyn,' he said in a low earnest voice; and as the tell-tale blood flooded up into her cheek, he poured forth the whole torrent of his love. He told her how he had tried to resist it in vain; how it had grown stronger day by day, hour by hour. He said Heaven knows what. Were it repeated here, it would sound weak indeed;

but then, and to her, it had a force which none can tell.

'If you can love me,' he said finally, 'there is nothing I will not do to win you; if you cannot, forgive my foolish presumption, and let me go and bear my grief alone.'

She was silent, but her hand still stayed in his.

' Have you no answer?' he pleaded.

But her head was averted, and she said nothing. He dropped her hand with a sigh, and was turning away, when he heard the low tones of the dear voice call him back, and tell him that his love was returned a hundredfold.

Who can tell how long they remained in the glorious moon-light, mad with the delirium of newly-declared love, where even the extraordinary beauty of the outer world could add little to the pleasure of their own emotions. Time and place were for them annihilated, and the murmured words and broken sentences would have continued perhaps for hours, had not the sound of voices warned them of the return of the boating-parties, and given them an opportunity, by making a detour, of mingling with the rowers unobserved, owing to the fact that each party thought they had belonged to the other.

That night Charlie slept but little. He kept waking periodically with the thrill which is always felt when the flood of happy memory, rushing along every fibre of the system, fills it with an almost unbearable pleasure. Before going to bed, Evelyn did two things—told Mrs. Everslie what had happened, and wrote a long letter to her friend.

'My darling Florence,' she said, 'he has spoken, and I am so happy. I don't know why or how, but as we walked to the water-

side to-night, I felt it was going to be, and tried to prevent it. I could not, however; and he told me, holding me with his dear hand—I think I feel the pressure of his fingers now—and speaking all his thoughts in such a pleading tone, that I knew not what to say; and I nearly let him go before I could muster courage or find words to tell him how his love was far less strong than mine. And now, Florence, I care for nothing. Whatever happens, I am proud of him and confide in him, and we two can face the world. Mamma did not like it when I told her; but I have made her promise to be kind to him, and not to bias papa. She wanted me to marry Lord Clare. I quite like Lord Clare now, though I did so hate him before.'

Next morning Charlie received a little note from Mrs. Everslie, whing him to speak with her, and would he walk in the avenue at deven o'clock?

As they paced up and down between the stately trees, she told him that she did not know what Mr. Everslie would say; that she would write to him, and ask him to see Mr. Norman, but that she had no idea what line he would take; that both Evelyn and he were young—too young, she added, to know their own minds; and that, though Mr. Everslie was rich, she did not know what he would think about Evelyn's marrying a man who, if she understood Mr. Norman right, could do little in the way of supporting her. Finally, she asked him to say nothing on the subject, and not to give people an opportunity of talking about her daughter till he had seen Mr. Everslie; a course which, if Mr. Norman followed her advice, he would adopt as shortly as possible.

Poor Charlie listened to all this with a lump in his throat, wondering where in the mother was the warmth and gentleness and the affection which was to be found so strongly in the daughter, and Jet not blaming the former for taking a worldly view of Evelyn's ppiness. He said he would follow Mrs. Everslie's advice, and trasted himself entirely in her hands; that, if she would believe him, the notion that Miss Everslie was rich had repelled rather than attracted him; and that he had intended to leave Wakefield without saying a word on the subject, had not his affection entirely overcome him last night, and given him the joy of hearing that Evelyn cared for him. As far as regarded himself, he admitted, with regret, that he was not in a position to maintain a wife, but urged that he was not without ambition and powers of getting on; in conchain, that if Mrs. Everslie approved, he would go to town tomorrow, and call on Mr. Everslie the day after.

Then they went back to the house, and Charlie was in paradise for a few hours in the society of his love, saying by stolen looks all those expressive words which the presence of other guests did not allow him to say with his lips. They had to be content with this,

for Mrs. Everslie took care that they should not be alone that day; and the whispered 'Good-night, dear,' as Norman gave Evelyn her candle after dinner, were the only loving words with which she had

an opportunity of making him happy.

In the morning Norman had to submit to a great deal of Wakefield's wrath for leaving him on the 1st, and preferring the smoke of London to the charms of the stubbles; but as he had perhaps some suspicions of the cause, the latter did not put so many objections in the way of his departure as he would otherwise have done. Before he went, Charlie had a few words with Evelyn.

'You have made me so happy,' she said; 'and I shall think of you joyously in your absence. If all goes well, you will come back soon, won't you? But recollect that, if all does not go well, and I may not marry you, I will never marry any one else; I cannot love any one but you, dear, and I do believe you will be true to me.'

'My darling, my own, indeed I will!'

But the fly was at the door, and he must drive away; seeing, as he left the hall, the dear face he loved watching him, and as it were giving a good omen to his journey.

Only a face at the window,
Only a face—nothing more;
Yet the look in the eyes as they met mine
Still comes to me o'er and o'er.
Only a smile of greeting,
Only a smile as I pass'd;
Yet that look shall be never forgotten
As long as my life shall last.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam Majorumque fames.' Horace.

NORMAN'S journey to town was not an enviable one; and the more he thought of his coming interview with Mr. Everslie, the less he liked it. It was not a pleasant position for a man of independent ideas, and a considerable amount of pride, to have to go to another and tell him he had asked his daughter to be his wife without having the power to support her, being therefore under the obligation of asking him to do so; but then, on the other hand, he thought: 'People often do such things; why should my motives be taken in a worse light than those of the many men who have married girls richer than themselves? Marriage is not a bargain in which one side gets the better of the other, or tries to do so. If love exists. what does it matter, as aunt Em says, which has the necessary I would willingly have given all I had; why should I expect a refusal from her father to act with some liberality?' back again he went to the old train of thought. He had to ask; he was a beggar; he had to use the most detestable of all arguments,

'Pity me;' he had to put himself in the position of pleading to a man of whom he knew little, and to ask him for that which, if he is a man of sentiment, he will value most—his daughter; if he is a man of selfishness, that which he loves most—his money. So he alternated between hopes and fears, now taking the gloomy side of the picture, and now consoling himself with the passionate thought of Evelyn's love, till his fellow travellers wondered who was the handsome young man with the anxious face, whose restlessness would not let him stay still for a moment. When he got to town, the same disquiet continued. His club had no attractions, and the lonely room which he took at a hotel gave him the blue devils. He went to the play; but his thoughts roamed from the heroine on the tage to the heroine of his own story; and the contrast between perention and recollection was not in favour of the unfortunate actress. He went back to his club, and tried to enjoy a cigar; but it seemed to choke him; and he finally retired to a sleepless bed, where he tossed and turned in the fever of anticipation.

Next morning he was punctual to his appointment with Mr. Everslie, and waited for that gentleman with feelings not unlike those of a patient visiting his surgeon for a painful operation.

Mr. Everslie received him very civilly; but from the first moment of his entering the room, Charlie foresaw the result of the Mr. Everslie thanked him for his courtesy in coming to see him so soon, and for the openness and straightforwardness of his conduct; and felt proud at the honour which had been done him and his daughter by Mr. Norman. At the same time he had other views for his child; and though he had no possible objection to Mr. Norman personally, he did not think he should be justified in accepting as son-in-law a man who could do so little towards maintaining a wife in the comfort and luxury to which Miss Everslie had been accustomed. He was grateful to Mr. Norman for this farther evidence of his interest in his daughter, and was at a loss to express his sense of the obligation under which he found himself; but still he did not think that - having regard to Mr. Norman's position, age, and income — he should be held to be wrong if he refused to consent to an engagement which must be so uncertain

Then Charlie brought his poor little artillery to bear on the enemy's forts; mentioned the depth of his affection, pleaded that he knew his inability to do anything for his wife, but suggested that he was not, nor as far as he knew was Miss Everslie, of extravagant tastes; and that he hoped, by application and zeal, at some time to achieve a position which would allow her to feel that she had not married a man unworthy of her preference; he inferred that if Mr. Everslie could maintain his daughter in married life, it was questionable whether her affection should not be allowed free

scope; and he hinted that it would be no kindness to oppose a course for which he believed she wished most strongly.

Poor fellow! his guns were soon silenced.

Mr. Everslie admitted the excellent disposition of Mr. Norman. of which indeed there could be no doubt, and felt sure that in years to come he would be in a position to make happy the woman whom he honoured with his love; but in the mean time he refused to recognise as a lasting feeling (here Charlie winced) that which might only be a passing fancy on her part; and he considered that he was right in not countenancing a proceeding which-however great the temporary pleasure which it gave his daughterwould not, he felt sure, be eventually for her welfare. Should in future days Mr. Norman be in a different position, he would be happy to listen to what he had to say, but for the present he must be excused if he considered the interview at an end. In these days it was not necessary with a man of Mr. Norman's honour to forbid his meeting Miss Everslie, but he thought it necessary to point out the undesirability of any correspondence taking place between them. London was dreary at that time of the year, and he thought he should follow Mrs. Everslie's example, and get a little country air.

As Charlie went back to his lonely lunch at his hotel, how blank the world seemed! What mattered it that it was a bright September day, that the sky was clear, the sun shining? What distraction had the busy crowd for him? The noisy street was silent to his ears. The hum of the outer world he could not perceive; his own thoughts covered him as with an armour-plate of forgetfulness. Look which way he would, he saw no consolation, no retirement from his mortification and grief. And it added no little to the poignancy of his pain that another would share it; nor was the fact unnoticed in his self-complaint, that the fears which he had had from the position of

Mr. Everslie had been justified by the result.

'I had to ask him for his money, and he refused me straight off. I could no more renew my request than move the world.'

Then came thoughts of his own future; what he should do. He hated the idea of partridge-shooting; and as to his books, he felt as if he could not read. If his thoughts had recurred to his love when in Wales, he knew they would do so tenfold now; and he felt nothing could interest him or give him pleasure.

Then came consolation. She was true, whatever happened; had not he heard it from her own loved lips?—she would never change.

He felt.

'Look thou but sweet, And I am proof against their enmity.'

And yet how often had girls changed! how often had vows been made only to be broken! Could he hope that she would resist the influence of her mother, the determination of her father?

she would, was it not possible that she might not be able? Then how should he see her? He could not go to Wakefield; he might not write; he had no friend in whose confidence he could trust. Aunt Em? Yes, he would go and see aunt Em.

Lady Emily Norman was at home, and received him in the dark drawing-room (her parlour), whose very sombreness seemed soothing to Charlie in his present state of mind.

'Well,' she said, 'so he has said No. What reasons did he give?'

'How can you know that?'

'Pshaw, boy! Look at yourself in the glass, and then answer my question.'

And he saw a face so haggard, so dispirited, that he felt aunt

En's guess had been an easy one.

'O,' he said, 'it was just as I thought; he scorned to give his tanghter to me because I was not his equal in one respect; and he made his refusal more stinging by his laudation of my personal qualifications. How can I blame him? He has made his own money, and will give it not even to his daughter without some return, and to see her happy he does not think an equivalent. I said I had scruples in the matter, and I was right.'

'Fudge! you don't love her half, if one rebuff can cast you down. Did you suppose she would drop into your hands like a ball at cricket? If she is not worth more than one defeat, let her go. And now, of course, your next move is to make yourself rich as quick as you can. How are you going to set about it? You must give up the bar; that is too slow; and you had better, I think, try what work in other countries will do. What do you think?'

'And leave my degree, aunt Em? Give up a large bird in the hand without seeing my way to even a small one in the bush?'

'No, I should take my degree; though precious little good that will do you; but after that, I should go to the colonies, and see whether you cannot make such a fortune as will place you above such repulses as those of to-day.'

'And lose her in the mean time?'

'Nonsense, boy! To stay here is to lose her irretrievably, to see her recede farther and farther out of your reach, and whatever be your hopes or success, to know that neither one nor the other will avail.'

'But what am I to do at the colonies, aunt Em? It is easy to say, go to the colonies, but there is no Tom Tidler's ground there on which every one may pick up unlimited gold and silver.'

'You leave that to me. I will find a plan. You go to Oxford, get your first, pack up your clothes, buy a pocket-knife, and come here; and by the time you have done that, I will have some scheme ready for starting you in a fair way. And now, never mind Mr. Everslie. Go and write her a long letter, tell her all about it, and ask her what she thinks. Go away, go!'

CHAPTER IX.

'This much at least we may presume to say, The premium can't exceed the price they pay.' Byron.

THE examinations are in full swing at Oxford, and in the drea November afternoon a stream of undergraduates and bachelors of arts in white ties and anxious looks, pass to and from the schools, whil here and there a tutor keen to know the fate of some pupil, or a examiner with a pile of formidable papers under his arm, adds to the gown-clad crowd. It is two o'clock, and the stream sets school There is the Christ-Church swell in for a pass, with camelia in his buttonhole and the newest-shaped coat under the shortest possible gown. His smartness and his swagger will pro duce little effect on his examiners, and he had better have spent th time he took in brushing his hair in a last look at that difficul passage of Livy. There is the bachelor who has already distin guished himself in one school, and is seeking farther honours it another, confident of himself, sure of his own ability, not the leas nervous, but looking upon the examination as a contest of wits i which he is certain to shine. There is the poor servitor, whose future in life depends on his present success, whose worn face an attenuated form show how deep have been his dips into the midnigh oil, and whose harassed air shows the dire importance which h attaches to the result. Macte virtute puer, and when eminent re ward at last meets your application and energy, look back on thi day with pleasant recollection. There is the idle boating man, wh is in for his last chance. If he is 'ploughed' again this time, his co. lege will have no more of him: his boat will lose his mighty stroke The examiners are anxious to let him through, and have given him easy questions in vivâ voce.

- 'How many kinds of angles are there?' was one of the question they asked him.
 - 'Three.'
 - 'Yes; what are thev?'
 - 'Right angle, acute angle, and er-er-er-quadrangle.'

Poor fellow, it is to be feared there will be no testamur for him There is Charlie Norman going in for his vivà voce.

Were you ever examined viva voce, reader? if not, we recon mend you never to be, if you can help it. It is a sort of intellecture dentistry which is far worse than the real thing; and when the toot won't come, and the operator begins to tug, you feel indeed the foll of having attempted to be wise, and appreciate the bliss of contente ignorance.

Charlie had done his paper work well: his translations were made into sound vigorous English, his discussions on doubtful pass

ages showed careful reading and much determination, and his answers in political philosophy and history evinced considerable thought; but his logic had been shaky, and he was to be thoroughly tested in this.

Picture to yourself a long room, with one portion railed off, and a green-baize table running down the middle of the other half. At this are seated four masters of arts with their red hoods, while a pile of books on the table bears no small resemblance in effect to a dentist's case of instruments.

'Mr. Norman of Christ Church' is called; and from a knot of undergraduates and strangers, who have been listening to the last man, Charlie steps forth. He looks pale and anxious, but his eye is bright and his step firm; and there are few among those of the andience who know him who do not wish well to the man who helped to win the 'Varsity match.

'Will you sit down?' And he takes a chair.

'Take the Ethics of Aristotle, please. Book vi. chap. 8. Thank you. Read it first, please.'

At that moment — as he afterwards confessed — the passage, a well-known one, seemed nothing to him but a blurred mass of unintelligible words; and that the first question, 'What does Aristotle mean by saying that demonstration ends with perception?' conveyed not the slightest meaning to him whatever. however—as is the case with actors who suffer from temporary stage fright, or singers whose nervousness wears off as the necessity for presence of mind increases—his mind recovered its steadiness, and he continued to reply to every question put, till the examination assumed rather a form of conversation and discussion than the torture which it at first threatened to be. Still it was no slight relief when the long-wished-for words, 'Thank you; you may go now,' proclaimed the end of his hard work, his weary nights and long anxious days. And as he left the schools, and another victim took his place, he felt some at least of the anxiety taken from his mind.

It so happened that he was one of the last examined in vivâ voce, and on the same evening the list was to be out. About half-past five, therefore, a throng of fidgety young men, with one or two dons, might have been seen hovering about the school quadrangles, waiting for the issuing of the list. The evening was dreary, and a sort of half frost, half fog had mudded the flags and dirted the streets of Oxford, the chill cheerless feeling of the day making those who were waiting to know their fate encourage more their fears than their hopes. As the time drew nearer when the list was expected, the crowd grew thicker round the green-baize door. There was the poor servitor, half callous now from the intensity to which his excitement had been drawn. There was the man who knew he had done badly, yet half hoped he might have exaggerated his faults. There was

the confident bachelor talking cheerily about trifles to the dons, and hiding by conversation the slight keenness which even he felt as to his fate. There too was the genius, with clothes that did not fit and were of uncouth pattern, with unkempt hair and his head all on one side, who was perfectly sure of a first; and there was Charlie, accompanied by one or two 'house' men. His air was quiet, but the tremor of his eye and the twitching of his fingers showed the interest he took in the result. And when the door opened, and an examiner appeared with a long slip of paper in his hand, his breath came in short quick gasps, though he strove desperately to conceal his emotion.

The names were divided into four classes; and Charlie, when after some struggling he got to the door where the paper was pinned, timidly looked at the third class: his name was not there. Then at the second, fearing: his name was not there. And then a tremendous thump on the back, and a 'Well done, old fellow!' told him it was of no use looking at the first class, where, between the names of the poor servitor and the clever bachelor, stood

'Norman, Carolus. Ex æde Christi.'

Who shall analyse the feelings of intense satisfaction which he experienced at that moment? He had got his first! His labour had been rewarded by success! How different his feelings from those of the man who had just missed a place in the class for which he hoped; whose long nights and weary days had been in vain; whose headaches and self-denial had but resulted in defeat; who had no chance of retrieving his lost laurels! With Charlie all was couleur de rose. His tutor's congratulations were pleasant; his friends' sympathy was pleasanter; even the dean's, 'Hur! got a first, have you? Might have got two if you had worked,' was bearable; but it is a question whether anything was so supremely delightful as the first tidings of triumph.

The months that had passed since we left him in London had been spent almost entirely in reading. He had written one long letter to Evelyn, announcing her father's decision and his own intentions, and filled with numerous protests of his own determination to win her in spite of every obstacle; but he had received no answer. He had hardly expected one; yet the hope that she would disobey her father's injunctions alternated with the knowledge that he should blame her if she did, and for a long while he received every post with a mingled feeling of expectation and fear. He had heard nothing too of sunt Em, except so much that in one letter to him she had told him that she had found a sphere for his labour and talent, and that he would have to start on the 7th of December.

As it was now the last week in November, he had a fortnight to prepare for his journey; and having paid his tradesmen, packed up

his books, met the objections of his friends, who opposed what they called his folly in leaving England, and said good-bye to the dean with an almost unalloyed satisfaction, he hurried up to town, feeling that an epoch in his life was past.

The morning after his arrival he went to see aunt Em, who told him all the details of the plan she had formed. It will suffice that you should know, reader, that a man of considerable energy and skill, who had established a cotton-farm in one of the Pacific islands, wanted a partner with 5000l. and a head on his shoulders; and Lady Emily, who had heard of this, 'never mind how, my dear,' had made inquiries of the referees which this gentleman had named, and found that a considerable profit would probably follow the introduction into the concern of new stock and increased management.

'I have therefore made arrangements by which 5000l. have been placed in the hands of this Mr. Dawson's bankers in his name and yours, and to-morrow you will have to sign a bond to me for the money—which I lend you, boy, willingly—and a deed of partnership if you approve the terms with him. You have money of your own, and I advise you to make such arrangements as will allow you to have a sum ready to invest in any scheme which may attract your notice when there.'

Very like Tom Tidler's ground, you will say, reader, and very vague; but it was not so really, though it would not do to give you the particulars, as you might be too inquisitive, and inconvenient.

So Charlie was to start in a week. Before that, he had so much to do in the way of preparation, that he hardly had time to think of the glories of his first. Of one thing he did think, and that was Evelyn. During the past term he had again heard rumours of her being much in the society of Lord Clare, and though he was not regularly jealous, he could not utterly banish certain fears which he had in regard to the effect of parental influence on Evelyn. One day, as he was crossing the Park from Grosvenor-crescent towards Wimpole-street, he overtook Mrs. Everslie and her daughter walking with a cousin, whose conversation with Mrs. Everslie gave Charlie, after a few general observations, an opportunity which he did not avoid of dropping behind with Evelyn.

'Well, dear,' she said softly, as his great eyes looked hungrily into hers, 'so you could not come back to Wakefield?'

'No,' he answered; 'and though the blow was great, I can hardly blame your father: he is fond of you, too fond to let you marry a poor unknown weakling like me; he may be right; and now all I can do is to strive to build a house into which he will let you come; and yet—how do I know that you will come when it is built?'

'Is that your idea of trust, Charlie?' she said reproachfully. 'If you doubt, what hope is there for me?'

- 'Then you do love me, Evelyn; and when I am away in the distant land, to which I sail next week—'
 - 'Next week?'
- 'Yes; did you not know I go next week? did they not tell you?'
 - 'Where to? where?' and she grew pale. 'I did not know.'
- 'To try and make a fortune for you, my darling; to look forward to the time when I have won it, and can come back and claim you as my own. While you will be the beacon which shall lead me on, the guiding star which shall shine over my night. May I think this, darling?'
- 'Charlie, don't I owe my life to you? You know I will never marry any one but you; but why must you go? cannot you stay here?'
- 'No, dear; I cannot for a long while do well enough to satisfy your father here; and though I fear the parting as much as you—'
- 'Evelyn dear, unless you walk a little faster, we shall be latefor lunch,' broke in Mrs. Everslie.

And they soon came to the house in Park-lane, towards which the Everslies were going, and Norman had to say good-bye. One pressure of the hand expressively prolonged, one look of faith and fervour from Evelyn's eyes, and Charlie was alone.

Norman was not given to scribbling verses, but under the circumstances he might be pardoned that night for finding he had arrived at the third of the seven ages of man. Anyhow, he made the following sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow:

1

Gone! though around me lingers
The gentle voice's tone;
Gone! though the fair soft fingers
Still seem to press mine own;
Gone! with a quivering eyelid
And with a trembling brow;
Gone! with a smile of sadness,
And steps that falter'd slow.

II.

Gone! and I dared to doubt thee,
And think thee false as fair:
Ah, pardon, that without thee
Life seem'd but all despair.
Well knew I that around thee
Men better far than I
Would strain the chains that bound thee,
And test thy constancy.

III.

I fear'd a mother's leading, I fear'd a father's threat, I fear'd each new love pleading The old love to forget. I, coward, fear'd to leave thee Amid the world's unrest, Too timid to believe thee Above e'en sterner test.

IV.

But now, though seas divide us,
Our hearts shall thrill one thrill,
And whatsoe'er betide us,
Our trust grow firmer still.
For who that knew thy fears, love,
When fate came 'twixt us two,
Or saw thy rising tears, love,
Could doubt that thou wert true?

Three days afterwards Charlie sailed from Southampton, and his aunt Emily and his sister Edith, a fair child of fourteen summers, watched with strained eyes the white sails of his vessel lose themselves in the distance.

CHAPTER X.

'Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.' Horace.

THE system of almost unlimited credit which obtains in the commercial world of England has the advantage of enabling a man of originality and caution to undertake operations which, were there no such credit, would be impossible, and thus opens out enterprise which would be entirely out of the question under other circum-A man can have his money tied up in one concern, and Jet, on the strength of mere possession, trade with it in another. But this only lasts as long as all goes well; and one result of it is, that periodical panics upset the most accurate and truthful calculations, and the unexpected, and under ordinary circumstances unreasonable, call for money which follows precipitates into irretrievable ruin many who have not immediate command of means sufficient to meet the temporary exigences which thus overthrow them. Panics occur at almost calculable intervals, perhaps from psychological reasons, from the reactionary timidity which in many minds may be expected to follow prolonged confidence; perhaps from economical reasons, from the general though not personal miscalculation of the laws of supply and demand; but, whatever the cause may be, the best judges of financial enterprise expect that from time to time Storms will occur which none but the safest will be able to weather.

One of these took place three years after Norman had sailed from Southampton. The operations of some unscrupulous men, followed by the failure of a large house, had created distrust; and many large establishments were severely hit, among which none suffered more than the great house of Everslie and Richmond. Mr. Everslie had been through life a careful man. He had been bold where audacity was advisable, cautious where foolhardiness was

dangerous. But he had, like many prosperous men, got a little overconfident in his prosperity, and had succumbed to the temptation to
set on foot too many undertakings at once, trusting that the strength
of his own name and the system of credit which we have noticed,
would enable him to conduct them together in safety. The panic,
therefore, which was spread by the senseless cowardice of those who
rushed from the extreme of belief to the extreme of doubt, found
him unprepared to meet the demands which were made on him;
and losses following each other in rapid succession, and necessitating in their turn farther disaster, changed success into failure,
and opulence into ruin; till one morning the commercial world were
driven into fresh terror by the announcement that Everslie and
Richmond were unable to meet their obligations.

For some time before this announcement was made, Evelyn had noticed that her father was looking more harassed and more pale than usual. His irritability was greatly increased, and at the same time he had shown signs of failing strength which filled her with the greatest uneasiness. He would often, instead of going down to the City, sit in his study for hours, apparently absorbed in thought; and when urged to rouse himself, or go out, would entreat to be left alone and not worried. Evelyn had pointed this out to her mother, who had, however, pooh-poohed the fears which her daughter felt, and attributed her husband's indisposition to temporary causes.

The years which had passed over Evelyn's head since Norman left England had not been without severe trial for her. At first the thought of Charlie's love, and the knowledge that he was labouring for her, was too strong to allow any feelings of discontent or embarrassment; but after some time came troubles, which filled her days with difficulty and distress. Lord Clare had, after hovering about her for more than one season, formally declared his affection, and asked her to marry him; and her decided refusal of his suit had brought such a storm of indignation on her head from her father, that she felt tried indeed, and her endurance put to a severe test. Then week after week she had had to resist the arguments her mother, mingled as they were with expressed scorn for Charlie's efforts and powers, and the more painful, because less gentle, remonstrances of her father. Through all, however, she remain firm.

'I cannot marry you, Lord Clare,' she had frankly confesse because my whole heart is given to another.' 'My duty has compelled me,' she said to her father, 'not to marry the man to who you object; it equally compels me to refuse one whom I can nevel love.'

Twice had Lord Clare urged her to change her decision, are each time had her answer been firmer and more cold; but when shaw her father's health apparently failing, and his peevishs

want of energy increasing, she attributed much of this to her own disobedience, and felt conscious of guilt which was not chargeable to her.

Mr. Everslie's health grew worse, and one morning he complained of feeling oppressed and giddy; he went down to the City, and came back in a state of depression and languor which filled even Mrs. Everslie with alarm, and induced her to send for the best advice. Clarke, when he came, ordered stimulants and constant watching, and desired that he should not be left alone for a single instant.

Suddenly therefore in the rich man's house, where everything that wealth could buy and taste suggest was collected to give comfort and luxury to life, all was consternation and dread. The serunts moved here and there with looks of mingled importance and far; and those most in the confidence of their employers were regarded as of more than usual authority, and consulted and questioned unceasingly; while in the sick man's room Evelyn and her mother watched through the long hours, stimulated by the painful excitement to an energy and endurance which was certainly foreign to the character of one.

For two days Mr. Everslie got no better, and yet not much worse; and on the third day a friend came to break the awful tidings of the collapse of the house, and the ruin which had befallen their fortunes, and made the terror-stricken women able to understand much in Mr. Everslie's moanings which had before been a mystery. His state was such that there was no need to inform him of the event, to which he had probably looked forward; but as the day wore on, his watchers were more and more able to realise the terrible nature of the blow which had smitten them. Still their thoughts were—what woman's are not in similar cases?—not with themselves, but with the sick man; and every movement of his disease was observed with an intensity of interest only known to those who have attended a dangerous illness.

On and on the weary day dragged its lingering length, and in the darkened room the painful breathing of the invalid was only interrupted by the soothing tones of those that nursed him. As night approached, Evelyn insisted on her mother taking a little sleep, and herself stayed awake, pondering on the present and the future. Would he die? What was death? How should she bear it if he did die? How would her mother bear it? Then came thoughts of her own disagreement with her father, and self-reproach. Then of Charlie—would he be changed if she was ruined? Would he still love her if she had to work for her living? and what would he do when he knew? And then, even then, in the intensity of her grief, in the anguish for the shock which had occurred and the terror of that which might occur, in her fatigue, her awe, the mind she could

not control would conjure up a future which was not entirely surrounded by sorrow.

Meanwhile the paid nurse snored, the lamp burned lower and lower as the heavy tones of the dressing-table clock tolled the passing hours, and in a sort of fevered half-consciousness Mr. Everslie tossed and turned till the night passed and through the curtains came the rising dawn. Then Clarke came again, and his face expressed the greatest anxiety. The patient's heart, he said, had been much strained by over-excitement or work, and the pulse was very low; a rally might occur, but he should not be doing his duty if he did not advise Miss Everslie to awake her mother without delay. So, with a broken voice, Evelyn told her what the doctor had said, and brought her to the room where

'Unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grew a glimmering square;'

and after a few brief moments, into which was crowded the anguish, the regret, the repentance of years, and in which subjects long forgotten, or considered but lightly, assumed an interest not to be exaggerated, the weakened heart ceased to beat, and a widowed mother and her child were left to face the horrors of their loss.

It is said that a man wounded severely in the heat of conflict often does not feel his wound till the battle is over, so great is the excitement which sustains him; and so it is with a mental shock—the effect is sometimes not perceived till long after the shock is given; for the necessity of action acts as a stimulus and prevents the realisation of pain. This was the case with Evelyn. She saw that her mother was completely broken down by the combined blow of her husband's death and her own ruin, and the call upon her endurance gave her an apparent callousness and a real energy which enabled her to carry out with calmness the painful duties of her situation. It was only when night came, and she was alone in her room, that the over-strained mind broke down, and an agony of hysterical terror replaced the fortitude of the day. This state lasted for some time; during the days she was cool, mistress of herself, and collected; at night-time she would throw herself on her bed in a violent fit of weeping, which would last till the intensity of her emotion brought weakness, and weakness rest. And so she passed through the terrible events which followed Mr. Everslie's death. The funeral, with all its ghastly details; the management of the affairs of the house, and the settling of such pecuniary matters as had to be attended to at once; the discussions with lawyers and men of business-in all these Evelyn was the leader, and the guide and support of her mother, who herself could do but little.

Mr. Everslie had not been a rich man when he married, and, like many men in his position, had not made any marriage settlements;

quently Mrs. Everslie found that, though the creditors of her ind's house were paid in full, there would be scarcely more y than would pay his private debts, and leave her the smallest ble income. Penury thus stared her in the face; and though ras so overcome by her shock that she could not realise this it was not long before to Evelyn's cooler mind the difficulties lay before her presented themselves in their most appalling t. For the time, she and her mother were not to be disturbed possession of their house; but she knew full well that ere long ould have to leave it, and seek temporary hospitality till somedefinite could be settled as regards the future.

hen again did Lord Clare come forward. That was not a time, ote to her, at which he would in any way have intruded himn her notice, or drawn her attention from the grief into which just be plunged, were it not that he thought his house at Roeton might be pleasanter to her mother than London, in which he hoped she would consider his establishment as her own, and ge everything for her comfort and convenience.

his was a great trial for poor Evelyn. On the one hand was aducement of her mother's comfort and seclusion, on the other tronger inducement that she had no right to accept the hospiof a man whose offered hand she had three times rejected, those love she felt she could never return. And so it was that, the time came that she had to face the world, and exchange a luxury for one of hardship, she trusted to herself, and was suslin her self-dependence by the thought and hope of Charlie's ency.

CHAPTER XI.

'Who can tell who ne'er hath wander'd
From the land which gave him birth
What they feel who dwell in exile
On some distant spot of earth?' Mrs. Norton.

on the first three years of his sojourn in the tropics, Charlie rorked hard and done fairly well. His partner, Mr. Dawson, in intelligent though somewhat over-sanguine man, whose y and pushing disposition would perhaps have been dangerous, not been associated with Charlie's steadiness and caution. was, together they prospered. Their land was well cultivated, heir produce well cared for; and each year they had added to itory which supplied cotton, rice, and sugar to a market in they could under-sell the established producers.

he consciousness of successful labour is always pleasant; but ie's life had not been altogether happy. The sudden change social intercourse with men of education and refinement to an acce whose solitude was only relieved by interviews with native DER SERIES, Vol. V. F.S. Vol. XV.

chiefs or labourers, and an occasional month spent with his friendly but somewhat rough partner, had caused considerable depression is his mind, and he would not seldom give way to despondency of the darkest degree. Still, in hours of rest, when his work for the day was over, he would often ponder on the object for which he was working, and calculate how much nearer he was getting to the desired goal; and would look forward to the time when he coul return to England free and independent of such answers as that c Mr. Everslie.

His condition was scarcely ennobling. Beyond the general good which is done by the introduction of commerce and the development of civilisation produced by trade, he was working no benefit to mankind; he was labouring solely for himself, considering solely his own interests. Yet even so he did not despair of some day in his own country being able to help in promoting the welfare of his race. Meanwhile, the one object of satisfying Mr. Everslie, and winning Evelyn, was sufficient to add zeal to his work, and make him overcome the discomforts and difficulties which surrounded him.

Such were his thoughts many a time when he sat alone in the heat of the summer season.

After he had been away from England for three years, matters began to go wrong. A season of unusually stormy weather had gona against his farming, and destroyed one of his ships; and an outbreak of civil feud among the natives had let loose the ravages of either party on his land; and for that year, instead of considerable gain, he had to submit to no little loss. Then some mining operations in Australia, in which he had invested capital, had turned out ill; and it was a question whether farther sums should be sunk in a concern which showed such little hopes of success. These misfortunes had a double effect; they acted as a stimulus to his caution and his energy, and at the same time increased the depth of the despondency into which he sometimes sank.

One day, after peace had been restored, and a fine summer had done much to counteract the disaster of the year before, an important batch of letters arrived. Following his usual habit of opening business letters first, Charlie disregarded one in the handwriting of his sister Edith, and opened those of a more formal character. In one of these he found that the mines in which he had shares had been discovered to be full of seams of the most valuable description, and that there was every chance of the shareholders realising considerable profits. Pleased with this, he read his other business correspondence, and then turned to Edith's letter.

'I am frightened,' she wrote, 'about aunt Em; she has been ill for some time, and talks much about her time being come. I endeavour to cheer her, and have insisted on her having change of air; but it has not seemed to do her good, and she grumbled all the

time, and wanted to get back home; so here we are. She tells me to write to you about something which she says may distress you much. There has been much trouble in business, and a great house in Liverpool has broken (I don't know what that means), and it is feared that Mr. Everslie will lose a great deal of money by it. They also say he is very unwell indeed, and that his people are afraid about him. I do not know if this is true; but Mr. Deeds will endeavour to find out about it before I write again.'

Charlie was much perturbed by this, and fidgeted immensely for three days; and then his restlessness took so increased a form, that he determined to take advantage of a vessel which was going to Melbourne, and make an expedition for the inspection of the leadmines in which he held shares, leaving orders that letters were not to be forwarded, as he intended to return after a stay to his own possessions.

He found, however, that more had to be done in reference to the mines than he anticipated; the yield was enormous, and his shares were already worth five times what he gave for them; so that, as he had invested 4000l., he could by selling realise 20,000l. He, however, found that there was every reason to suppose that the yield would not diminish, but that much required management as to transport and working, where his cool and cautious discernment were of much value. It thus happened that six months had elapsed before he was able to leave Melbourne and go back to Mr. Dawson.

With him he found more letters of importance. One from Lady Emily's solicitor, announcing the stoppage of Everslie and Richmond, and the death of Mr. Everslie himself; and the other from aunt Em, which added to his distress.

'I am an old woman,' she said, 'and feel that which tells me I have not much longer to live; so this may be the last letter you will get from your old aunt, and when you return, she may have passed beyond your ken, and be seen of you no more. I was long mdecided, dear, whether to let you go from England, but I thought I should live to welcome you back prosperous by your own exertions mather than through me; and now I am punished, for I shall not look at you again, and I might have saved you to me these years. For I am rich, boy; much richer than you thought, richer than even I myself knew till the other day. I have added year by year to my store, and everything that I have touched has done well; so that at my death you may do what you will. I have left all I have to you I have none so dear as you. You must take care of her, Charlie; she has been very, very good to me since you have been away. She is very beautiful and very affectionate, and you must not let her fall into the hands of some unscrupulous man who may win her heart, but cannot command her respect or yours. You must keep her from danger when I am gone. And now for yourself,

boy; you can do what you like now: choose your own wife, and almost your own career. Do not be in a hurry about either. If you still feel for Miss Everslie what you did, marry her; but O, beware of awakening, when you have tied a knot with your tongue which you cannot undo with your teeth, to the knowledge that you have made a mistake. Two more words. Do not put off till late in life the consideration of subjects which you will then seem cursed for having neglected. Religion cannot be taken up at a moment's notice. I do not want to preach, but think of these things; and in whatever career you take up, act on the principle that what is right is always in the end most popular and most approved; endeavour to look at both sides of every picture, but having chosen the better, turn the other steadily to the wall.'

More she wrote in the same strain, with such tenderness and affection that Charlie felt that, if her presentiment were to come true, he would have reached his wealth by means which he would gladly have avoided.

CHAPTER XII.

'Qui bien aime tard oublie.'

Let us pass over eighteen months, and find ourselves at Eustonsquare, on the afternoon of the 24th December, in time for the Rugby express. The general cheeriness which pervades every one during Christmas week is evident everywhere. The porters are more active than usual, and bustle about with the alacrity brought on by the combined influence of the frosty weather and the hope of a Christmas-box.

The newsboys hawk the Merry Christmas numbers, and do a thriving trade in ghost-stories and almanacs; the happy faces of schoolboys going home, and girls going to a round of parties, increase the general jollity of the scene; and the boisterous good-humour which prevails is eminently characteristic of English Christmas. Among the passengers are a man of about twenty-eight and a girl of about nineteen—the former bronzed and sunburnt, the latter fair and blooming as a pearl. They both wear mourning; and over the fine countenance of the former there often comes an anxious and harassed look, which contrasts with the radiant happiness of the latter.

They are Charlie Norman and his sister on their way to spend Christmas with some friends in Northamptonshire. Charlie had arrived in England about a year ago, too late to find aunt Em alive, but in time to tend Edith in the illness brought on by the anxiety and distress caused by her death. By her will he and his sister were put in possession of more than 100,000l. each; and the income derived from this, added to what he had realised by the sale of the

share in the cotton-farm, and the dividends arising from the shares which he still retained in the mines, made Charlie rich—far richer than he had hoped to be, and richer than many men of larger incomes, who are burdened with the calls incident to landed property and an ancestral home. He had found Edith, whom he left an undeveloped child, grown into a beautiful girl, whose charm of figure and expression when she recovered her health satisfied Charlie that poor aunt Em's letter had not exaggerated her praises. After she was convalescent, his first act had been to make inquiries about the Everslies. He discovered that Mrs. Everslie had been unable to withstand the shock of her husband's ruin and death, and had followed him to the grave; but of Evelyn he could find no traces. In vain he employed the agency of Scotland-yard and all the advertisement-offices. vain he wrote to the Wakefields and several people who had known her, and sought her high and low. He could hear nothing of her. His ill success worried him and made him anxious. Did she no longer care for him? or was it only that she doubted him? or had anything happened to her? had she gone abroad, or was she dead? As the last thought occurred again and again to him, his melancholy and vexation increased; and he groaned at the remembrance of the exile which had produced such ill success, and almost grumbled at aunt Em's decision as to his journey.

Colonel Abbot, with whom Edith and Charlie were going to stay, was a friend of their father's, but younger than he, who had married rather late in life, and was now a widower with two daughters, Katie and Vic, merry girls of the ages of ten and eight, and Edith's special favourites. He owned a fine old castle standing on one of the slopes of the valley of the Neve, and commanding a fair view of a good specimen of the dear simple English woodland scenery, which to those that love it has a charm quite as pleasant as the finer portions of more picturesque countries. Edith was glad to be going; for she was to meet a great friend and see a good deal of her two little pets, who were as devoted to her as she to them. And Charlie was pleased too; for he had been brooding in town over his loss of Evelyn, and any change, especially that to the house of a man whom he respected as much as Colonel Abbot, was agreeable.

When they arrived, Edith and her brother were made heartily welcome; and while he discussed the Tory policy with his host, she ran off to have a chat with her two children.

Children are always eager to tell those they like everything about themselves; so in about ten minutes Edith had learned nearly all that they had to tell her about what had passed since they had met. How the poodle had hurt his leg, how the parrot had bit pussy, how Katie's pony had been naughty and kicked, how the pigeons had had young ones, one of which Vic had killed (like Juliet) with too much fondling, and how they had got a new governess.

'Yes, and I love her so!' said Vic; 'more than you, Edie!'

'O, you naughty child! Where is she?'

- 'O, she has a bad headache, and is in her room, and Nancy has taken her some arrowroot. You won't see her to-night, Edie.'
- 'No, nor to-morrow, for she is going to church—O, so early!—to practise them singing.'

'Yes, and I am going to sing too,' clamoured Vic.

- 'Are you?' said Edith; 'that is all right; but mayn't I go and see the new governess?'
- 'O no; she said she wanted to be all alone. Sometimes she goes and sits and cries all by herself—at least I know she cries, because I heard her from my room, and she won't let any one come near her.'

'Ah, that's because her papa's dead, and she wears black.'

'O no, it is not. I think she cries for some one else,' said Katie, who was, like most children of her age, very observant.

'Who is that?'

- 'Ah! I must not tell.'
- 'Well, you are a naughty girl, and I don't love you a bit, so there now. And now I am going to dress.'
- 'O, mayn't I come and help you dress? You look so beautiful when you are dressed, Edie,' said Vic.

That night at dinner Edith mentioned the fondness which the children had declared for their new governess.

- 'Yes,' said Colonel Abbot, 'and she deserves it. She is a most superior woman, and I am fortunate in having secured her for my little ones. She calls herself Miss Gouran; but that is not her real name, I believe. Poor thing, hers is a sad story. She lost her father and mother not long ago, and was apparently in better circumstances. She is thoroughly ladylike and ref—Good gracious, Charlie, what is the matter?'
 - 'What's her name—her name?'
- 'Bring a napkin there. I don't know; she never would tell me; but when I have asked her if she was always Miss Gouran, she has avoided giving me a direct answer. But why my new governess should make you upset your wine in that extraordinary way, I don't know.'
 - 'Can't you tell me her name?'
 - 'No.'
 - 'Where is she now?'
- 'Well, she has had a bad headache, the children say, and has been upstairs all day.'
 - 'Did she know I—that is Edith, was coming here to-day?'
- 'What on earth are you driving at? Yes, I suppose so; in fact I believe Katie told her this morning.'
 - 'Good heavens!'

In vain Colonel Abbot asked Norman what he meant by his un-

wonted excitement, what he knew or had heard of the lady, what had caused his questions. Charlie refused to be pumped, but was hardly himself all night. He fidgeted during the whole of dinner: and when Miss Gouran did not appear in the drawing-room, and they played a rubber, Charlie trumped the king of hearts and led the ace, to his partner's intense astonishment.

That night it was long before he went to bed. He sat in his chair before the fire and thought over all that he had heard. Could it be Evelyn who was here—actually here in the house with him? Had he found her at last? The governess had lost her parents, had evidently been in better circumstances, had pleaded a headache when she heard he was coming. All these considerations pointed to identity. But then, on the other hand, how many governesses were orphans, and the headache might be real. Then again, surely she would have come to see him if it were she, and would have ans-And so he doubted and doubted, now wered his advertisements? pooh-poohing the idea that he had at last found Evelyn, and now letting Hope run riot with his reason. So he went on thinking till the fire burned low and he was driven by the cold to bed, where his dreams were feverish, and he kept waking with the thought that he had found Evelyn, and that just as he was going to clasp her in his arms, she had turned into a snowball and melted away.

As is often the case after a restless night, Norman fell into a heavy sleep towards morning; and when he awoke, the sun was shining high on a bright frosty Christmas day, making everything glitter with a radiancy that harmonised well with the happiness of the world.

'Sleeping on it' always exercises a modifying influence; and Charlie felt much less inclined to hope than he had last night that he should find Evelyn in Miss Gouran. However, he had not much time to think; for after a hasty breakfast, he started to walk to a pretty church nearly a mile off, situated at the end of a hand-some avenue just outside the park. His spirits were not high, in spite of the beauty and exhilarating effect of the weather; and he had only responded with a sigh to Colonel Abbot's good wishes of the morning.

As he took his seat in the family pew, the soft notes of the 'Benedictus' in the Requiem suited his frame of mind; and the exquisite way in which the plaintive melody was played soothed his temper, and had a quieting influence on his thoughts. As the service proceeded, the power of the organist was more and more evident; but when, after the short simple sermon was concluded, she burst into Gounod's beautiful hymn, 'Nazareth,' and the glorious music swelled through the whole edifice, and filled every heart with admiration and enthusiasm, Charlie felt determined to know at once whether the player was she whose playing had before so tended to

change the current of his life. When therefore the others left the church, he waited at the door till the congregation had gone and then, after the clergyman had gone, and the clerk, and school children in a long file had wound out of the gate, came rustling of a black-silk dress, and a quiet form endeavouring humbs to slip away unobserved; and there in the churchyard, in the bright sunny daylight and beneath the clear blue of an unclouded sky. Charlie and Evelyn stood face to face.

He raised his eyes to hers—hers where the sorrow and trouble she had borne had only served to increase the tenderness and add to the loving charm of their expression, and where the depth of true

feeling was evident as of old.

'My darling,' he said—and his voice was hoarse and husky'my own darling, have I found you at last? Why have you hidden
yourself this long time? why did you not tell me where you were?

She was trembling all over, and could scarcely murmur, 'I did

not know.'

'Did you not see my advertisements, then? did you get noted of my letters?'

'None; and I heard you had come back, and I thought perhap

you d-d-d-id not c-care for me now.'

And the joy of meeting, and knowing that her troubles, fears, and misgivings were over, was too much for her, and thoroughly broke down.

Charlie managed to comfort her after a time; and about hours afterwards, when they went into the house, it would have be

difficult to say which looked the more joyous.

'My dear Colonel,' said Charlie, 'I am sorry I upset your wallast night; but let me introduce you to the real culprit, Miss Everslie, who has promised again to be my wife; and if I did return your good wishes this morning, forgive me. I now heartily your new year will be as happy as mine promises to be.



A. Pasquier, del.

Edmund Evans, sc.



PROGRESS IN PARIS A.D. 1871

BY FELIX M. WHITEHURST

I THINK there was a general impression that society, like port-wine, improved by keeping, and that each year the civilised world became more mellow, more brilliant, more wholesome, and more fit for universal consumption. I, at least, entertained that belief; but I ind I have been cruelly deceived, and all my previous convictions shaken to their very base. I have lived-no, pardon me, totand—on towards my final resting-place through eight months of evolution, and I find that the real meaning of the verb 'revolve' is retrograde. Eight months more, and we should be savages. To be sure, we should save in clothes, but I much fear we should lose in outward pleasantness and politeness. About twenty-four months ago, I should have said that Paris was the most refined capital in Europe: now I should say it was a garden of ill-trained bears. But it is only fair not to set all the mischief to the account of the bears of Paris; the bear-leaders of Versailles should have their full share of the evil. Given an elderly man with a strict regard to his own interest, a tendency ad hoc by the Orleans line, spluttering out oaths, as false as those of the punters, that he only lives for the Republic (to prevent which he built the forts which he afterwards bombarded)—a red party which is raving mad—and the result must be chaos come again-and a good deal of it.

'At least he kept us quiet, and I made a living for eighteen years,' said a Frenchman to me five minutes ago; 'and if I have a bat left to my head, I'll throw it up when the Emperor comes back.' He was a shoemake; but I imagine he represented the opinions of the many. Trade has come to the conclusion, that if you do not sell anything, you get no money. Now trade is selfish, forgets patriotism, and retires in good order on the till. If there is nothing in the till, the most radical shopkeeper becomes as conservative as Lord George Bentinck or Goodwood House. God bless them both, their memories, their glories, and their pleasures! 'I would rather lose a monkey at Goodwood than win it anywhere else,' said poor Reck-

less of the Tenth.

As I look out of my window this fine June morning, I see a city as ruined as poor Charley Reckless—but he ruined himself. Thiers, Favre, Ducrot, Vinoy, Flourens, Assi, and the murderer Mégy have ruined Paris, if, indeed, they have not razed France from the map of Europe. Imagine a city once celebrated for vice, if you will (though it never was more vicious than London, only it was not so hypocritical,

and oftener found out); but also for refinement, for art, science, and. in an extreme degree, diplomatic ability. Who is he who has studied the daily history of Europe during the perilous period since the Italian war who can ignore the vast services of Earl Cowley and Lord Lyons? Had Baron von Goltz lived, he and one of the two Excelleneies named above would have spared Europe the spectacle of the most murderous war which has been witnessed in our generation. Imagine, I say, that city ruled over by ruffians who arrest one another every quarter of an hour, pull down monuments which are the illustrations of their country's history, and decree that the residence of an unpopular minister shall be levelled with the garden in which it stands: if it was not serious as the beginning of a terrible crisis, it would be laughable. The point of the epigram too is, that the house in the Place St. Georges does not belong to Thiers, but to his wife's unmarried sister; and as Thiers is about 105 years old and has no children, he does not dream of inheritance, which Coningsby tells us is a bad thing to do. Imagine Mr. Disraeli in office decreeing that No. 11 Carlton-house-terrace, S.W., should be pulled down because its owner had deserved ill of his country. Absurd! you say. Certainly; yet it is just what we have been doing here. I assisted at the demolition of the house of Thiers, and said, ' Let any one who is without political sin among us pull down a stone.'

Nothing, however, can be too bad for Thiers—not even the destruction of his sister's hôtel—for he has blundered and blundered, and caused a loss of life of at least (as admitted) 11,000 men, when, at the risk of twenty-five lives, he could have put down the Commune at its dawn. They say here that vanity has turned his head; but then that elderly vanity has cost some 11,000 families

their heads.

I was present too at the fall of the 'Petit Caporal' Column. I am sure that luck deserted that gaunt monument-for such, barring its historical prestige, it really was—when the little soldier in the cocked-hat was degraded to Courbevoie, to make room for the heroic statue in a dressing-gown which has just been sacrificed to license. Of all the heart-rending and disgraceful scenes I have witnessed in savage France, not one has left on my mind such a painful impression as the fall of that Column. I was standing at the door of the Ministère des Cultes in the Place when it fell, and have not felt so savagely excited for many years; yet I have been 'walking gentleman' in some strange performances at European theatricals. over which, I fear, the curtain has not vet fallen. It seemed as if the people of Paris had suddenly turned not only mad, but into wild-beasts. Tigers biting the bars of their cage are less savage and much more reasonable than were the authorities of the Commune—the elected rulers of France—the military, civil, legal, and social tyrants of the capital-on the 16th May 1871.

I don't think I shall ever forget the feeling of tension with which we watched the straining ropes; nor would I then for a hatful of assignats have repeated aloud the prayers we muttered, that the rope might break and the iconoclasm be adjourned. When the great giant shuddered, all save the ruffians of the Commune, sitting in state close to where we stood, were hushed as death. The destroyers laughed; and Rochefort, without arms and in no danger, grinned his sardonic scowl. It totters; light shines through the base; an instant of almost choking excitement, and the barbarism is complete—the huge mass wavered a second, and fell like a dead giant. Then rushed out the true Liberals of Paris, and behaved over that fallen image more savagely than any cannibals over the body of a fresh missionary. Yet liberty was, as I was informed, triumphant, and the ruffianly actors in this disgraceful orgy 'the true friends of freedom.'

But this is not all. We friends of liberty had mined every inch of ground on which the spectators stood, and it was very small odds against the shock hoisting the Commune and all the lookerson with the Commune's own petard. It would not have been sport for us, but strict justice for the late colleagues of Favre. We were only prevented by want of time blowing up the Chapelle Expiatoire, and, indeed, the rest of Paris. And this in the nineteenth century!

And now too, perhaps, it would not be out of place to ask why somebody—some man—has not put in an appearance in France.

Ever with the hour comes the man,' we are told. Does he? It seems to me that the hour came, and through deep-rooted, long-sowing treachery the hour came, and the man was betrayed—no, will not say betrayed, it is so Parisian; I will say 'thrown over.' There does not appear to be a man of genius, civil, military, or policial, in all France; and if the country ever again raises its unlucky and out of the Republican mud and the Commune gutter—for the commune is not over yet in France—it will have to wait for another seneration, or else do as the Commune did with its army of 'national' efence—call in the foreigners;—not, I should suggest, the Poles, they are but poor sticks at anything but good hard fighting: that they can do, and will do, 'for a consideration.'

Progress in Paris! It has changed front, and retreated. The Commune having done away with such small trifles as religion, charity, and good-will—having declared faith a prejudice, honesty a mistake, and virtue a delusion—having instituted burials which would barely be the proper rites for dogs, and decreed that marriage is entirely an affair sans cérémonie—then went in for the destruction of works of art and historical monuments; and with luck and about six more months of this democratic rule, I think that the few remaining people of Paris would have arrived at a pitch of savage

debasement at which a Feejee islander need not have blushed. Yet a few more days, and the scant remaining buildings, private as well as public, would have been burnt or pulled down, and we should have had an opportunity of studying, amidst the ruins of Paris, the doubtful benefits of popular rule. Uneducated people may be as virtuous as Castitas, and as worthy as mayors; but when a nation is to be ruled, give me sovereigns of strong will and ministers of cultivated intellect. The people of Paris have just cut the throat

of Liberty.

I have no doubt that the Radicals in England will assert that all the decadence of France has come from the corrupt rule of the fallen Empire. I advise them to get down their books, and study the history of France since the reign of Louis XIV. They will, I think, find a picture or series of pictures, each worse than the last. Even the citizen government of 1830 was, when not utterly colourless, stained with immorality; and, in my opinion, it was reserved for the Second Empire—not without great trouble—to rescue Paris from an abyss of vulgar crime. No one can deny that refinement increased immensely during the last ten years of imperial rule. No doubt there was plenty of vice in Paris; but then Paris was the most cultivated and refined city in the world, and vice is the natural consequence and drawback of cultivation and refinement. Savages, as a rule, are, I believe, what they call in country towns 'eminently respectable.'

If you want a specimen of that which society was under the 'citizen king,' hear what I was told only last night. When Talleyrand died-Talleyrand, whom to imitate if he cannot equal in political and social immorality is the eager hope of the roitelet of Versailles -the Legitimists said, 'Dead at last! Well, he died like a gentleman!' Madame de Beauveau was more epigrammatic, and exclaimed, 'Enfin il est mort en homme qui sait vivre!' and M. de Blancmesnil hissed out in a venomous whisper, alluding to Talleyrand's recantation—the crowning lie of his career—' Après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finir par rouer le bon Dieu.' This talk gives you at least some idea of the tone of a society which was as lax as that of the Regency, though carried on under the shelter of a much-asserted respectability and a decorous decency, which was tinsel. Yes; I consider that for at least ten years we have been as good, if not better than our neighbours; and sometimes, on looking over the London papers, I have come to the conclusion, that we English are deeply-dyed humbugs. We profess a great deal of religion, and are, in fact, as a rule, only taken that way once a week at 11 A.M., and the ladies again at 3 P.M., after lunch. We have a vast respect for the laws, and yet, from murder to insolvency, have our full share of crime and misdemeanour. For the last decade, the Newgate Calendar would beat the Official Journal.

Well, at any rate, Paris has got into a neat mess, and her children will curse the International with great justice from generation to generation; and I fully believe that 'Red' will go out of fashion, even for the 'dress of the lower orders,' for another half century. Nor is it any wonder. National ruins combined with personal insolvency are apt to make men reflect, and cause them to think that it is perhaps as dangerous to make too much haste to be free as the proverb says it is to hurry to grow rich. As the paterfamilias of Paris sits under the lather of his barber's soap, he recalls that society, high, middle-class, and low, are alike destroyed, and that they brought grist to his mill. Then he must think that no other grist comes to his mill at all. Trade, he must reflect, is dead, and commerce in exile; English gold at twenty-three francs the sovereign; the easy foreigner, who came yearly to be shorn, has offered his golden fleece to London and Vienna. He must groan over the idea that there are no theatres, and that his antagonists at dominoes are gone into exile, been shot by the Commune for being Thiersites, or by General Galiffet for being Dombrowskites.

I trust we may never know the truth of these same executions. Imagine a commanding officer walking down the column of prisoners which he was escorting, and saying, 'That's a bad face,' 'That's a ruffian,' 'There's a Belleville man,' and so on, and so on; and then calling them out of the ranks, and shooting them on the spot. Picture to yourself, if you can, a commanding officer and gentleman saying, 'All men over fifty who are tired, fall out of the ranks, for it is a long way to Versailles.' Naturally many men were taken suddenly weary, many suddenly over fifty—revolutions, we know, **Se** individuals—and the 'fallers out' were numerous. walked down the line, and said, 'All over fifty, are you? Then you must have seen three revolutions, and there can be no excuse for Fou. Shoot them all!' And they were all shot. And on the heads of Jules Favre the doctrinaire and Thiers the self- and time-server, not on that of the general, who did but his stern duty, is the blood of those 'men who should have known better,' again to quote the Officer in command.

Yet another scene, and I close my Newgate Calendar of horrors.

A man—a man, not a savage—sweeping out a gutter red with fresh blood, loquitur: 'There! down the drain go the brains of Amouroux' the was mistaken in his man). 'You have just shot a man?' was sked of an officer present. 'Yes; two—one was only wounded; but we let him suffer a little before we finished him.' These are facts—not dreams after supper at the House of Gold.

The 4th of September caused the Commune, and the degradation, moral and material, which Prussia had spared France was inflicted on France by the Commune which Jules built. Parisians are consequently become savages, and all society is lowered several

degrees. Take the Press, for instance, though it is certainly already better; but still how bad and useless it is!

I cannot refrain from sending a few lines which I had written before the imbeciles of Versailles had crushed the 'contemptible Commune' (Versailles language). Contemptible truly in all sense but one. It was strong, and, moreover, has not yet left its card o 'P.D.A.,' or taken leave of France. An official has just said t me, 'Our news from the provinces is very disheartening.' Anothe added, 'Truly, and there is no government at Versailles.' Yes, for and horrible as it was, the Commune was strong, and it took 80,000 men and eight days to put it down. But for want of ammunition and the negative aid of the Prussians, it would have taken a month But I must return to the lately existing social degradation and what I had written concerning it,—I wish it was even now untrue. In the last hours of the agony of the Commune, then, I wrote as follows:

There is a Père Duchesne, which is so blackguard that ever Holywell-street would shake its head at it. It is not satirical political, or vicious; it is simply dirty and disgusting. streets teem with caricatures so foul that they are a disgrace t civilisation, and could not cause even the next boy in the gutte Drunkenness staggers about in uniform, and often arme to grin. Small wine-shops are crowded. When 'officers an to the teeth. gentlemen' cannot pay, they take, and they usually take too much The Federal army in the city is a sorry spectacle; but I much fea that the 'finest army which' (selon Thiers) 'France ever possessed is not a bit better. Nor do I believe Thiers dare order them t take Paris—that city which the old Orleanist is not going to bom bard, though he kills a few dozen people every day to encourage th We keep blazing away, and our consumption c party of order. powder, shot, and shell will be a heavy item in the next budget o France, if the fair land is ever again solvent enough to have the account current. But are we nearer to our salvation? if it is ever to come, we must be nearer; but I fear that at presen it is rather a land of promise than even 'an inch of territory' o performance—a land bursting with bombs rather than flowing witl milk and honey. The noise of the Montmartre guns last night di indeed 'murder sleep;' and as, weak and weary, I turned on m feverish pillow, I sent the Commune to Hades, and the Thiers éta to a very warm corner indeed.

We live in a strange state. Every visitor who lounges in t smoke his cigar—and we have even yet several acquaintances—tell us that we shall 'catch it to-night,' or 'have a warm morning to morrow.' Weeping and wailing females regale us with horrors How nine children and two grandfathers have just been wounded by a shell at the Ternes; how 10,000 savage soldiers are in the Boi de Boulogne; how bread is failing, milk an impossibility, and secon

siege rations a probability. Long lines of funerals, shelled on their way to Montmartre, crawl by us, and every three minutes an ambulance carries past us its freight of dead or dying. My only relief is to watch the mounted officers. Nemesis sits in their saddles, and flays them alive. The attendant knight, mounted on a carthorse, which he vainly attempts to steer with a watering-bridle, usually jostles up against or passes the superior officer on whom he is in attendance. A picket—all the men drunk, only the officer drunker—is also a relief; and there is too a savage satisfaction in observing how unlike a woman a Commune cantinière can make An intoxicated trumpet or a drunken drum are also pretty little episodes, and prevent the suffering sieged one from entirely sinking under his weight of weariness. I cannot stand the clubs, for there are limits to human endurance; nor the theatres, for there is a degree of atmosphere beyond which respiration becomes impos-It is a bore going out, for you will not be amused, and you may be shot; it is as bad to stay at home, as you are sure to be dull, and may be shelled. It is no use sitting up, for you have nothing to do or to read; and it is absurd going to bed with the air full of projectiles. In fact, life under certain circumstances is a social error; and these our present circumstances are of them. The glimmer of life and light I think I do dimly detect in the dingy horizon. The spark of hope is vet left. I cannot help thinking that we are passing through a period of trial, that we have been for stime sentenced to trial by Radicalism, and have undergone those * ravaux forcés for months; but the penalty having been so far paid, I think that we may hope for a revision of the sentence, and so return home to a good old true-blue Toryism. It will be a curious Chapter in the history of Europe which records that Assi, Thiers, the International, Victor Hugo, Mégy, Blanqui, Favre, and Louis Blanc have done more for Toryism in six months than has been effected by the Carlton in six years, and are, in fact, the true Tories and best Conservatives of the period.

Yes, every word was true, and it is not a week since it was written; and now, Consule Thiers, it is little better. The hard fact is, that France has been ruined by Radicals, beginning with Favre and ending with Rochefort. A few curious strangers will come and stare at the ruins, a few restaurants will make money; but France, and certainly Paris, no longer exist, except as stations of the European tourists' line:—'Paris, 7.45 A.M.; twelve hours' stoppage.' And people are now finding out that Paris was an imperial creation, and must be kept up by an empire. The ministers knew it so well, that when asked why they did not have a plebiscite, they tore their hair and gasped out, 'A plebiscite! why, that is certain imperial restoration!' And this I assert to be a fact.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

. . . . 'Concurritur : horæ
Aut cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.'
Hor. Sat. lib. i.

Like dewdrops sparkling on the spray,
Like an iris o'er a fountain,
Like frost-work 'neath the sun's bright ray,
Like snow-wreaths on a mountain;
So perish all the joys we seek,
So pleasures one by one die,
So fades the rose on beauty's cheek:
'Sic transit gloria mundi!'

The victor suddenly quails, but now
In the glow of his pride and splendour;
And the wreath's still green on his haughty brow
When Death's Angel cries, 'Surrender!'
What avail'd it whether to him there came
'Aut cita mors aut victoria'
On the battle-field, since the doom's the same?
'Sic transit mundi gloria!'

Alas for the hope that with boyhood dwells!

Alas for the heart that plans it!

Like a dream which the morning light dispels,
 'Sic gloria mundi transit.'

For the end of all lovely things is quick—

By a swifter process none die—
 'Heu, gloria mundi transit sic,
 Sic transit gloria mundi!'

Like the sun that shines with undying light
On a rock no waves may shiver;
Like the stars that bejewel the brow of night,
And gleam on a ceaseless river;
So burns the flame of a heavenly hope,
And the storm of fate but fans it—
Which alone with the darkness of death may cope:
'Non cœli gloria transit!'

CHARLES J. DUNPHIE.

BELGRAVIA

August 1871

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII. 'He's SWEETEST FRIEND, OR HARDEST FOE.'

MR. GRANGER fell into the habit of strolling across his park, and dropping into the garden of Mill Cottage by that little gate across which Clarissa had so often contemplated the groves and shades of her lost home. He would drop in sometimes in the gloaming, and take a cup of tea in the bright lamplit parlour, where Mr. Lovel dawdled away life over Greek plays, Burton's Anatomy, and Sir Thomas Brown—a humble apartment, which seemed pleasanter to Mr. Granger, under the dominion of that spell which bound him just now, than the most luxurious of his mediæval chambers. Here he would talk politics with Mr. Lovel, who took a mild interest in the course of public affairs, and whose languid adherence to the Conservative party served to sustain discussion with Daniel Granger, who was a vigorous Liberal.

After tea the visitor generally asked for music; and Clarissa would Play her favourite waltzes and mazourkas, while the two gentlemen went on with their conversation. There were not many points of Sympathy between the two, perhaps. It is doubtful whether Daniel Granger had ever read a line of a Greek play since his attainment of manhood and independence, though he had been driven along the usual highway of the Classics by expensive tutors, and had a dim remembrance of early drillings in Cæsar and Virgil. Burton he had certainly never looked into, nor any of those other English classics which were the delight of Marmaduke Lovel; so the subject of books was a dead letter between them. But they found enough to talk about somehow, and really seemed to get on very tolerably together. Mr. Granger was bent upon standing well with his poor neighbour; and Mr. Lovel appeared by no means displeased by the rapid growth of this acquaintance, from which he had so obstinately recoiled in SECOND SERIES, VOL. V. F.S. VOL. XV.

the past. He took care, however, not to be demonstrative of his satisfaction, and allowed Mr. Granger to feel that at the best he was admitted to Mill Cottage on sufferance, under protest as it were, and as a concession to his own wishes. Yet Mr. Lovel meant all this time that his daughter should be mistress of Arden Court, and that his debts should be paid, and his future comfort provided for out of the ample purse of Daniel Granger.

'I shall go and live on the Continent,' he thought, 'when that is all settled. I could not exist as a hanger-on in the house that was once my own. I would find myself a pied à terre in Paris or Vienna, and finish life pleasantly enough among some of the friends I liked when I was young. Six or seven hundred a year would be

opulence for a man of my habits in a place like Paris.'

Little by little Clarissa came to accept those visits of Mr. Granger's as a common part of her daily life; but she had not the faintest notion that she was drifting into a position from which it would be difficult by and by to escape. He paid her no disagreeable attentions; he never alluded to that unfortunate declaration which she remembered with such a sense of its absurdity. It did not seem unreasonable to suppose that he came to Mill Cottage for no keener delight than a quiet chat with Mr. Lovel about the possibility of a coming war, or the chances of a change in the ministry.

Clarissa had been home from Hale nearly six weeks, and she had neither heard nor seen any more of George Fairfax. So far there had been no temptation for the violation of that sacred pledge which she had given to Lady Laura Armstrong. His persistence did not amount to much evidently; his ardour was easily checked; he had sworn that night that she should see him, should listen to him, and six weeks had gone by without his having made the faintest attempt to approach her. It was best, of course, that it should be so—an unqualified blessing for the girl whose determination to be true to herself and her duty was so deeply fixed; and yet she felt a little wounded, a little humiliated, as if she had been tricked by the common phrases of a general wooer—duped into giving something where nothing had been given to her.

'Lady Laura might well talk about his transient folly,' she said to herself. 'It has not lasted very long. She need scarcely have

taken the trouble to be uneasy about it.'

There had been one brief note for Clarissa from the mistress of Hale Castle, announcing her departure for Baden with Mr. Armstrong, who was going to shoot capercailzies in the Black Forest. Lady Geraldine, who was very much shaken by her father's death, was to go with them. There was not a word about Mr. Fairfax, and Clarissa had no idea as to his whereabouts. He had gone with the Baden party most likely, she told herself.

It was near the close of October. The days were free from rain or blusterous winds, but dull and gray. The leaves were falling silently in the woods about Arden, and the whole scene wore that aspect of subdued mournfulness which is pleasant enough to the light of heart, but very sad to those who mourn. Clarissa Lovel was not light-hearted. She had discovered of late that there was something wanting in her life. The days were longer and drearier than they used to be. Every day she awoke with a faint sense of expectation that was like an undefined hope; something would come to pass, something would happen to her before the day was done, to quicken the sluggish current of her life; and at nightfall, when the uneventful day had passed in its customary blankness, her heart would grow very heavy. Her father watched her somewhat anxiously at this crisis of her life, and was inwardly disturbed on perceiving her depression.

She went out into the garden alone one evening after dinner, as it was her wont to do almost every evening, leaving Mr. Lovel dozing luxuriously in his easy-chair by the fire—she went out alone in the chill gray dusk, and paced the familiar walks, between borders in which there were only pale autumnal flowers, chrysanthemums and china asters of faint yellow and fainter purple. Even the garden looked melancholy in this wan light, Clarissa thought. She made the circuit of the small domain, walked up and down the path by the mill-stream two or three times, and then went into the leafless orchard, where gnarled old trees cast black shadows, grim and misshapen, upon the close-cropped grass. A week-old moon had just risen, pale in the lessening twilight. The landscape had a cold shadowy beauty of its own; but to-night everything seemed wan and cheerless to Clarissa.

She was near the gate leading into Arden Park, when she heard a crackling of the dry leaves, the sound of an approaching footstep. It was Mr. Granger, of course. She gave a sigh of resignation. Another evening of the pattern which had grown so familiar to her, that it seemed almost as if Mr. Granger must have been dropping in every evening all her life. The usual talk of public matters—the leaders in that day's Times, and so on. The usual request for a little music; the usual inquiries about her recent artistic studies. It was as monotonous as the lessons she had learned at Madame Marot's seminary.

'Is my life to go on like that for ever?' she asked herself.

The step came a little nearer. Surely it was lighter and quicker than Daniel Granger's—it had a sharp military sound; it was like a step she had learned to know very well in the gardens of Hale Castle.

'He is at Baden,' she said to herself.
But the beating of her heart grew faster in spite of that tranquil-

lising assurance. She heard an unaccustomed hand trying the fastening of the gate, then a bolt withdrawn, the sharp light step upon the turf behind her, and in the next moment George Fairfax was by her side, among the weird shadows of the old orchard trees.

He tried to draw her towards him, with the air of an accepted lover.

'My darling!' he said, 'I knew I should find you here. I have a fancy that you would be here, waiting for me in the pale moon light.'

Clarissa laughed—rather an artificial little laugh—but she fe the situation could only be treated lightly; and the foolish passionate heart was beating so fast all the time, and the pale face might have told so much, if the light of the new-risen moon had not been dimental as yet.

'How long do you suppose I have been waiting at this spot for

you, Mr. Fairfax?' she asked lightly. 'For six weeks?'

'Six weeks! Yes, it is six weeks since I saw you. It might be six years, if I were to measure the time by my own impatience. I have been at Nice, Clarissa, almost ever since that night we parted.'

'At Nice! with Lady Laura and Lady Geraldine, I suppose.

thought they were going to Baden.'

'They are at Baden; but I have not been with them. I left England with my mother, who had a very bad attack of her chronic asthma earlier than usual this year, and was ordered off to the Sout I of France, where she is obliged to spend all her winters, poor soul. I went with her, and stayed till she was set up again in some measure. I was really uneasy about her; and it was a good excuse for getting away from Hale.'

Clarissa murmured some conventional expression of sympathy.

but that was all.

'My darling,' said George Fairfax, taking her cold hand in bis —she tried to withdraw it, but it was powerless in that firm grasp-'My darling, you know why I have come here; and you know now why my coming has been so long delayed. I could not write to you. The Fates are against us, Clarissa, and I do not expect much favour from your father. So I feared that a letter might do us mischief, and put off everything till I could come. I said a few words Laura Armstrong before I left the Castle—not telling her very much, but giving her a strong hint of the truth. I don't think she'll be surprised by anything I may do; and my letters to Geraldine have I know she all been written to prepare the way for our parting. will be generous; and if my position with regard to her is rather despicable one, I have done all I could to make the best of it. have not made things worse by deceit or double-dealing. have boldly asked for my freedom before this, but I hear such bad

accounts of poor Geraldine, who seems to be dreadfully grieved by her father's loss, that I have put off all idea of any direct explanation for the present. I am not the less resolved, however, Clarissa.'

Miss Lovel turned her face towards him for the first time, and looked at him with a proud steady gaze. She had given her promise, and was not afraid that anything, not even his tenderest, most passionate pleading, could ever tempt her to break it; but she knew more and more that she loved him—that it was his absence and silence which had made her life so blank, that his coming was the event she had waited and watched for day after day.

'Why should you break faith with Lady Geraldine?' she asked calmly.

'Why! Because my bondage has been hateful to me ever since I came to Hale. Because there is only one woman I will have for my wife—and her name is Clarissa Lovel!'

'You had better keep your word, Mr. Fairfax. I was quite in earnest in what I said to you six weeks ago. Nothing in the world would ever induce me to have any part in your breach of faith. Why, even if I loved you—' her voice trembled a little here, and George Fairfax repeated the words after her, 'Even if you loved me'—'I could never trust you. How could I hope that, after having been so false to her, you could be true to me?'

'I never pretended to love Geraldine Challoner as I love you; I never professed any passionate devotion. We were friends of long standing, and our marriage seemed a suitable thing; that was all. wear to you, Clarissa, I never pledged myself to more than that. And it was only when I came to know you that I found myself cap-▶ble of more than that—that I made the glad discovery I had not wasted the whole of my heart upon the follies of my youth, that I Could still love with force and fervour. It was a glad discovery, my Clarissa, for Pity's sake be reasonable, and don't let any high-flown notion of duty mislead you in this business. Come what may, I shall never marry Lady Geraldine. All possibility of that is over. Take back those words, Clary, "Even if I loved you." Tell me that you do love me—as I have hoped and dreamed—as I dared to believe sometimes at Hale, when my wedding-day was so near, that I seemed like some wretch bound to the wheel, for whom there is no possibility of escape. That is all over now, darling. To all intents and purposes I am free. Confess that you love me.' This was said half tenderly, half imperiously—with the air of a conqueror accustomed to easy triumphs, an air which this man's experience had made natural to him. 'Come, Clarissa, think how many miles I have travelled for the sake of this one stolen half hour. so inexorable.'

He looked down at her with a smile on his face, not very much

alarmed by her obduracy. It seemed to him only a new form of feminine eccentricity. Here was a woman who actually could resist him for ten minutes at a stretch—him, George Fairfax!

'I am very sorry you should have come so far. I am very sorry

you should have taken so much trouble; it is quite wasted.'

- 'Then you don't like me, Miss Lovel,' still half playfully—the thing was too impossible to be spoken of in any other tone. 'For some reason or other I am obnoxious to you. Look me full in the face, and swear that you don't care a straw for me.'
- 'I am not going to swear anything so foolish. You are no obnoxious to me. I have no wish to forfeit your friendship; but will not hear of anything more than friendship from your lips.'

'Why not?'

- 'For many reasons. In the first place, because there would be treason against Lady Geraldine in my listening to you.'
- 'Put that delusion out of your mind. There would be no tress son; all is over between Lady Geraldine and me.'

'There are other reasons, connected with papa.'

- 'O, your father is against me. Yes, that is only natural. Am more reasons, Clarissa?'
 - 'One more.'
 - 'What is that?'
 - 'I cannot tell you.'
 - "But I insist upon being told."

She tried her uttermost to avoid answering his questions; be he was persistent, and she admitted at last that she had promise not to listen to him.

- 'To whom was the promise given?'
- 'That is my secret.'
- 'To your father?'
- 'That is my secret, Mr. Fairfax. You cannot extort it from me. And now I must go back to papa, if you please, or he will be sending some one to look for me.'
- 'And I shall be discovered in Mr. Capulet's orchard. Terminutes more, Clarissa, and I vanish amidst the woods of Arden through which I came like a poacher in order to steal upon you unawares by that little gate. And now, my darling, since we have wasted almost all our time in fencing with words, let us be reason able. Promises such as you speak of are pledges given to the winds. They cannot hold an hour against true love. Listen, Clary, listen.

And then came the pleading of a man only too well accustomed to plead—a man this time very much in earnest: words that seemed to Clarissa full of a strange eloquence, tones that went to her hear of hearts. But she had given her promise, and with her that promise meant something very sacred. She was firm to the last—firm even when those thrilling tones changed from love to anger





and at last grew more and more bitter, till they were as sharp as those wordy daggers which Hamlet the Dane sent home to his

mother's guilty heart.

All that he said towards the end she scarcely knew, for there was a dizziness in her brain that confused her, and her chiefest fear was that she should drop fainting at his feet; but the last words of all struck upon her ear with a cruel distinctness, and were never forsetten.

'I am the merest fool and school-boy to take this matter so deeply to heart,' he said, with a scornful laugh, 'when the reason of my rejection is so self-evident. What I saw at Hale Castle might have taught me wisdom. Even with my improved prospects I am little better than a pauper compared to Daniel Granger. And I have heard you say that you would give all the world to win back Arden Court. I will stand aside, and make way for a wealthier uitor. Perhaps we may meet again some day, and I may not be a unfortunate as my father.'

He was gone. Clarissa stood like a statue, with her hands casped before her face. She heard the gate shut by a violent hand. He was gone in supreme anger, with scorn and insult upon his lips, believing her the basest of the base, the meanest of the mean, she told herself. The full significance of his last words she was unable to understand, but it seemed to her that they veiled a

brent.

She was going back to the house slowly, tearless, but with something like despair in her heart, when she heard the orchard gate open again. He had come back, perhaps,—returned to forgive and pity her. No, that was not his footstep; it was Mr. Granger, looking unspeakably ponderous and commonplace in the moonlight, as he came across the shadowy grass towards her.

'I thought I saw a white dress amongst the trees,' he said, holding out his hand to her for the usual greeting. 'How deadly cold your hand is, Miss Lovel! Is it quite prudent of you to be out so late on such a chilly evening, and in that thin dress? I think

I must ask your papa to lecture you.'

'Pray don't, Mr. Granger; I am not in the habit of catching cold, and I am used to being in the gardens at all times and seasons. You are late.'

'Yes; I have been at Holborough all day, and dined an hour later than usual. Your papa is quite well, I hope?'

'He is just the same as ever. He is always more or less of an

invalid, you know.'

They came in sight of the broad bay window of the parlour at this moment, and the firelight within revealed Mr. Lovel in a very comfortable aspect, fast asleep, with his pale aristocratic-looking face relieved by the crimson cushions of his capacious easy-chaix,

and the brown setter's head on his knee. There were some books on the table close to his chair, but it was evident that his studies

since dinner had not been profound.

Clarissa and her companion went in at a half-glass door that opened into a small lobby next the parlour. She knew that to open the window at such an hour in the month of October was an unpardonable crime in her father's eyes. They went into the room very softly; but Mr. Lovel, who was a light sleeper, started up at their entrance, and declared with some show of surprise that he must have been indulging in a nap.

'I was reading a German critic on the Orestea,' he said.
'Those Germans are clever, but too much given to paradoxes.
Ring the bell for tea, Clary. I didn't think we should see you tonight, Granger; you said you were going to a dinner at Sir Archer

Taverham's.'

'I was engaged to dine with Sir Archer; but I wrote him a note this morning, excusing myself upon the plea of gout. I really had

a few twinges last night, and I hate dinner-parties.'

'I am glad you have so much wisdom. I don't think any man under a Talleyrand or an Alvanley can make a masculine dinner worth going to; and as for your mixed herds of men and women, every man past thirty knows that kind of thing to be an abomination.'

The rosy-faced parlour-maid brought in the lamp and the teathings, and Clarissa sat quietly down to perform her nightly duties. She took her seat in the full light of the lamp, with no evidence of emotion on her face, and poured out the tea, and listened and replied to Mr. Granger's commonplace remarks, just the same as usual, though the sound of another voice was in her ear—the bit ter passionate sound of words that had been almost curses.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'IT MEANS ARDEN COURT.'

The time went by, and Daniel Granger pursued his wooing, he tacit undemonstrative courtship, with the quiet persistence of man who meant to win. He came to Mill Cottage almost ever evening throughout the late autumn and early winter months, an Clarissa was fain to endure his presence and to be civil to him. She had no ground for complaint, no opportunity for rebellion. His visits were not made ostensibly on her account, though friends neighbours, and servants knew very well why he came, and had settled the whole business in their gossiping little coteries. Nor did he take upon himself the airs of a lover. He was biding his time, content to rejoice in the daily presence of the woman he loved; content to wait till custom should have created a tie between them,

and till he could claim her for his wife by right of much patience and fidelity. He had an idea that no woman, pure and true as he believed this woman to be, could shut her heart against an honest man's love, if he were only patient and faithful, single-minded and unselfish in his wooing.

George Fairfax kept his word. From the hour of that bitter parting he made no sign of his existence to Clarissa Lovel. The Armstrongs were still in Germany when December came, and people who had any claim upon Lady Laura's hospitality lamented loudly that there were to be no gaieties at the Castle this year. It was the second Christmas that the family had been absent. Mr. Fairfax was with them at Baden most likely, Clarissa thought; and she tried to hope that it was so.

Christmas came, and Miss Lovel had to assist at Miss Granger's triumphs. That young lady was in full force at this time of year, dealing out blankets of the shaggiest and most uncompromising textures—such coverings as might have suited the requirements of a sturdy Highlander or a stalwart bushranger sleeping in the open air, but seemed scarcely the pleasantest gifts for poor feeble old women or asthmatic old men—and tickets representative of small donations kind, such as a quart of split-peas, or a packet of prepared groats, with here and there the relief of a couple of ounces of tea. Against Plums and currants and candied peel Miss Granger set her face, as reging on frivolity. The poor, who are always given to extrava-Sance, would be sure to buy these for themselves: witness the countain of currants embellished with little barrows of citron and Orange-peel, and the moorland of plums adorned with arabesques of amaica ginger in the little holly-hung chandler's shop at Arden. Split-peas and groats were real benefits, which would last when the indigestible delights of plum-pudding were over. Happily for the model villagers, Mr. Granger ordered a bullock and half-a-dozen ons of coals to be distributed amongst them, in a large liberal way that was peculiar to him, without consulting his daughter as to the Propriety of the proceeding. She was very busy with the beneficent work of providing her special protégées with the ugliest imaginable winter gowns and frocks. Clarissa, who was eager to contribute Something to this good work, had wounded her fingers desperately in the manufacture of these implacable fabrics, which set her teeth On edge every time she touched them. Mr. Lovel would not even allow them to be in the room where he sat.

'If you must work at those unspeakably odious garments, Clarissa,' he said, 'for pity's sake do it out of my presence. Great heavens! what cultivator of the Ugly could have invented those loathsome olive-greens, or that revolting mud-colour? evidently a study from the Thames at low water, just above Battersea-bridge. And to think that the poor—to whom nature seems to have given a copyright in warts and wens and boils—should be made still more unattractive by such clothing as that! If you are ever rich, Clarissa and take to benevolence, think of your landscape before you dress your poor. Give your old women and children scarlet cloaks are soft gray woollen petticoats, and gratify your men with an orange neckerchief now and then, to make a patch of colour against you russet winter background.'

There were dinner-parties at Arden Court that winter, to which Mr. Lovel consented to take his daughter, obnoxious as he had declared all such festivities to be to him. He went always as concession to his host's desires, and took care to let Daniel Grange know that his going was an act of self-sacrifice; but he did go, an he gave his daughter a ten-pound note, as a free-will offering, fo the purchase of a couple of new dresses.

Clarissa wondered not a little at the distinction with which he father and herself were treated by every one who met them at Mr Granger's house. She did not know that a good deal of this atten tion was given to the future mistress of Arden Court, and that, i the eyes of county people and Holborough gentry alike, she stoo in that position. She did not know that her destiny was a settle business in every one's mind except her own; that her aunt Olive and the Rector, quite as much as her father, looked upon her may riage with Daniel Granger as inevitable. Mr. Lovel had been careft not to alarm his daughter by any hint of his convictions. very well satisfied with the progress of affairs. Daniel Granger we too securely caught for there to be any room for fear of change o his part, and Daniel Granger's mode of carrying on the siege seeme to Mr. Lovel an excellent one. Whatever Clarissa's feelings migh have been in the beginning, she must needs succumb before suc admirable patience, such almost sublime devotion.

Christmas passed, and the new year and all festivities belong ing to the season, and a dreary stretch of winter remained, blea and ungenial, enlivened only by Christmas bills, the chill prelude another year of struggle. Towards the end of January, Marmaduk Lovel's health broke down all of a sudden. He was really ill, an very fretful in his illness. Those creditors of his became desperately pressing in their demands; almost every morning's post brought him a lawyer's letter; and, however prostrate he might feel he was obliged to sit up for an hour or so in the day, resting his feverish head upon his hand, while he wrote diplomatic letters for the temporary pacification of impatient attorneys.

Poor Clarissa had a hard time of it in these days. Her fathe was a difficult patient, and that ever-present terror of insolvency and all the pains and perils attendant thereupon, tormented her b day and kept her awake at night. Every ring at the cottage gat set her heart beating, and conjured up the vision of some bruts

sheriff's officer, such as she had read of in modern romance. She nursed her father with extreme tenderness. He was not confined to his room for any length of time, but was weak and ill throughout the bleak wintry months, with a racking cough and a touch of low fever, lying prostrate for the greater part of the day on a sofa by the fire, and only brightening a little in the evening when Mr. Ganger paid his accustomed visit. Clarissa tended him all through these melancholy days, when the rain beat against the windows and the dull gray sky looked as if it would never more be illuminated by a gleam of sunshine; tended him with supreme patience, and made beroic efforts to cheer and sustain his spirits, though her own heart was very heavy. And so it came to pass that, in these most trying lays, Daniel Granger repeated the avowal of his love, not urging his suit with any hazardous impatience, but offering to wait as long s Clarissa pleased for his sentence. And then, in the midst of he girl's distress at the renewal of this embarrassing declaration, her father spoke to her, and told her plainly that she was, in all become, bound to become Mr. Granger's wife. She had suffered him to devote himself to her, with a devotion rare in a man of his age and character. She had allowed the outer world to take the business for granted. It would be a cruel wrong done to this man, I she were to draw back now and leave him in the lurch.

'Draw back, papa!' she cried with unmitigated surprise and alam; 'but what have I ever done to give you or Mr. Granger, or any one else, the slightest justification for supposing I ever thought thim, except as the most commonplace acquaintance?'

'That pretence of unconsciousness is the merest affectation, Clarissa; you must have known why Mr. Granger came here.'

'I thought he came to see you, papa, just like any other ac-

'Nonsense, child; one man does not dance attendance upon mother like that—crying off from important dinner-parties in order to drink tea with his neighbour, and that kind of thing. The case has been clear enough from the beginning, and you must have known how it was—especially as Granger made some declaration to you the first time you went to the Court. He told me what he had done, in a most honourable manner. It is preposterous to pretend, after that, you could mistake his intentions. I have never worried you about the business; it seemed to me wisest and best to let matters take their natural course; and I am the last of men to play the domestic tyrant in order to force a rich husband upon my daughter; but I never for a moment doubted that you understood Mr. Granger's feelings, and were prepared to reward his Patience.

'It can never be, papa,' Clarissa said decisively; 'I would not commit such a sin as to marry a man I could not love. I am

grateful to Mr. Granger, of course, and very sorry that he should think so much more of me than I deserve, but—'

'For God's sake don't preach!' cried her father fretfully. 'You won't have him; that's enough. The only road there was to extrication from my difficulties is shut up. The sheriff's officers can come to-morrow. I'll write no more humbugging letters to those attorneys, trying to stave off the crisis. The sooner the crash comes, the better; I can drag out the rest of my existence somehow, in Bruges or Louvain. It is only a question of a year or two, I daresay.'

The dreary sigh with which Mr. Lovel concluded this speech went to Clarissa's heart. It can scarcely be said that she loved him very dearly, but she pitied him very much. To his mind, no doubt, it seemed a hard thing that she should set her face against a change of fortune that would have insured ease and comfort for his declining years. She knew him weighed down by embarrassments which were very real—which had been known to her before Daniel Granger's appearance as a wooer. There was no pretence about the ruin that menaced them; and it was not strange that her father, who had been loath to move beyond the very outskirts of his lost domain, should shrink with a shuddering dread from exile in a

dismal Belgian town.

After that one bitter speech and that one dreary sigh, Mr. Lovel made no overt attempt to influence his daughter's decision. He had a more scientific style of game to play, and he knew how to play it. Peevish remonstrances might have availed nothing; threats or angry speeches might have only provoked a spirit of defiance. Mr. Lovel neither complained nor threatened; he simply collapsed. An air of settled misery fell upon him, an utter hopelessness, that was almost resignation, took possession of him. There was an unwonted gentleness in his manner to his daughter; he endured the miseries of weakness and prostration with unaccustomed patience; meekness pervaded all his words and actions, but it was the meekness of despair. And so-and so-this was how the familiar domestic drama came to be acted once more—the old, old story to be repeated. It was Robin Gray over again. If the cow was not stolen, the sheriff's officers were at the door, and, for lack of a broken arm, Marmaduke Lovel did not want piteous silent arguments. He was weak and ill and despairing, and where threats or jesuitical pleading would have availed little, his silence did much; until at last, after several long weary weeks of indecision, during which Mr. Granger had come and gone every evening without making any allusion to his suit, there came one night when Clarissa fell on her knees by her father's sofa, and told him that she could not endure the sight of his misery any longer, and that she was wil Daniel Granger's wife. Marmaduke Lovel put his

ound his daughter's neck, and kissed her as he had never kissed her before; and then burst into tears, with his face hidden upon her shoulder.

It was time, Clarissa,' he said at last. 'I could not have the brokers out another week. Granger has been offering to lead me money ever since he began to suspect my embarrassments, but I could not put myself under an obligation to him while I was meertain of your intentions: it will be easy to accept his help now; and he has made most liberal proposals with regard to your marriage settlements. Bear witness, Clary, that I never mentioned that till now. I have urged no sordid consideration upon you to bring about this match; although, God knows, it is the thing I desire most in this world.'

'No, no, papa, I know that,' sobbed Clarissa. And then the mage of George Fairfax rose before her, and the memory of those litter words, 'It means Arden Court.'

What would he think of her when he should come to hear that she was to be Daniel Granger's wife? It would seem a full confirmation of his basest suspicions. He would never know of her mavailing struggles to escape this doom—never guess her motives for making this sacrifice. He would think of her, in all the days to come, only as a woman who sold herself for the sake of a goodly heritage.

Once having given her promise, there was no such thing as drawing back for Clarissa, even had she been so minded. Mr. Lovel told the anxious lover that his fate was favourably decided, warning him at the same time that it would be well to refrain from any hazardous haste, and to maintain as far as possible that laudable patience and reserve which had distinguished his conduct up to this point.

'Clarissa is very young,' said her father; 'and I do not pretend to tell you that she is able to reciprocate, as fully as I might wish, the ardour of your attachment. One could hardly expect that all at once.'

'No, one could hardly expect that,' Mr. Granger echoed with a

As a man of the world, you would not, I am sure, my dear Granger, overlook the fact of the very wide difference in your ages, or expect more than is reasonable. Clarissa admires and esteems you, I am sure, and is deeply grateful for a devotion of which she declares herself undeserving. She is not a vain frivolous girl, who thinks a man's best affection only a tribute due to her attractions. And there is a kind of love which grows up in a girl's heart for a sensible man who loves her, and which I believe with all my soul to be better worth having than the romantic nonsense young people take for the grand passion. I make no profession, you see, my dear

Granger, on my daughter's part; but I have no fear but that Clarisse will learn to love you, in good time, as truly as you can desire to loved.'

'Unless I thought that she had some affection for me, I wo never ask her to be my wife,' said Mr. Granger.

'Wouldn't you?' thought Mr. Lovel. 'My poor Granger, yare farther gone than you suppose!'

'You can give me your solemn assurance upon one point, Lovel?' said the master of Arden Court anxiously; 'there is no else in the case? Your daughter's heart is quite free? It is a question as to whether I can win it?'

'Her heart is entirely free, and as pure as a child's. She full of affection, poor girl, only yearning to find an outlet for i She ought to make you a good wife, Daniel Granger. There nothing against her doing so.'

'God grant she may!' replied Mr. Granger solemnly; 'Go knows how dearly I love her, and what a new thing this love is to me!'

He took heed of his future father-in-law's counsel, and said no thing more about his hopes to Clarissa just yet awhile. It was only by an undefinable change in his manner—a deeper graver tenderness in his tone—that she guessed her father must have told him her decision.

From this day forth all clouds vanished from the domestic sky at Mill Cottage. Mr. Lovel's debts were paid; no more threatening letters made his breakfast-table a terror to him; there were only agreeable-looking stamped documents in receipt of payment with little apologetic notes, and entreaties for future favours.

Mr. Granger's proposals respecting a settlement were liberal but, taking into consideration the amount of his wealth, not lavish He offered to settle a thousand a year upon his wife—five hundred for her own use as pin-money, five hundred as an annuity for he He might as easily have given her three thousand, or six thousand, and it was for no lack of generous inclination that he held his hand; but he did not want to do anything that might seen like buying his wife. Nor did Marmaduke Lovel give the faintes hint of a desire for larger concessions from his future son-in-law he conducted the business with the lofty air of a man above the consideration of figures. Five hundred a year was not much to ge from a man in Granger's position; but added to his annuity of three hundred, it would make eight—a very decent income for a man who had only himself to provide for; and then of course there would be no possibility of his ever wanting money, with such a son-in-law to fall back upon.

Mr. Granger did not lose any time in making his daughter ac quainted with the change that was about to befall her. He was

quite prepared to find her adverse to his wishes, and quite prepared to defend his choice; and yet, little subject as he was to any kind of mental weakness, he did feel rather nervous as he cleared his throat from some imaginary huskiness before addressing Miss Granger.

It was after dinner, and the father and daughter were sitting alone in the small gothic dining-room, sheltered from possible draughts by mediæval screens of stamped leather and brazen scrollwork, and in a glowing atmosphere of mingled fire and lamp light, making a pretty cabinet-picture of home life, which might have pleased a Belgian painter.

'I think, Sophia,' said Mr. Granger, after that preliminary throat-scraping,—'I think, my dear, there is no occasion for me to tell you that there is a certain friend and neighbour of yours who is something more to me than the ordinary young ladies of your acquaintance.'

Miss Granger seemed as if she were trying to swallow some hard substance—a knotty little bit of the pine-apple she had just been eating, perhaps—before she replied to this speech of her father's.

'I am sure, papa, I am quite at a loss to comprehend your meaning,' she said at last. 'I have no near neighbour whom I can call my friend, unless you mean Mrs. Patterly, the doctor's wife, who has taken such a warm interest in my clothing-club, and has such a beautiful mind altogether. But you would hardly call her a young lady.'

'Patterly's wife! no, I should think not!' exclaimed Mr. Gran-

ger impatiently; 'I was speaking of Clarissa Lovel.'

Miss Granger drew herself up suddenly, and pinched her lips together as if they were never to unclose again. She did open them nevertheless, after a pause, to say in an icy tone,

'Miss Lovel is my acquaintance, but not my friend.'

'Why should she not be your friend? She is a very charming girl.'

'O yes, I have no doubt of that, papa, from your point of view; that is to say, she is very pretty, and thinks a great deal of dress, and is quite ready to flirt with any one who likes to flirt with her—I'm sure you must have seen that at Hale Castle—and fills her scrap-book with portraits of engaged men: witness all those drawings of Mr. Fairfax. I have no doubt she is just the kind of person gentlemen call charming; but she is no friend of mine, and she never will be.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' said her father sternly; 'for she is very likely to be your stepmother.'

It was a death-blow, but one that Sophia Granger had anticipated for a long time.

'You are going to marry Miss Lovel, papa—a girl two years younger than I?'

'Yes, I am going to marry Miss Lovel, and I am very proud her youth and beauty; but I do not admit her want of more solutionarms than those, Sophia. I have watched her conduct as a daughter, and I have a most perfect faith in the goodness and purity her heart.'

O, very well, papa. Of course you know what is best for you own happiness. It is not for me to presume to offer an opinion; I trust I have too clear a sense of duty for that. And here Miss Granger gave a sigh expressive of resignation under circumstances

of profound affliction.

'I believe you have, Sophy,' answered her father kindly. 'I believe that, however unwelcome this change may be to you at first—and I suppose it is only natural that it should be unwelcome—you will reconcile your mind to it fully when you discover that it is for my happiness. I am not ashamed to confess to you that I love Clarissa very fondly, and that I look forward to a happy future when she is my wife.'

'I hope, papa, that your life has been not unhappy hithertothat I have not in any manner failed in my duties as a daughter.'

O dear, no, child; of course not. That has nothing to do with

the question.'

- Will it—the marriage—be very soon, papa?' asked Miss Granger, with another gulp, as if there were still some obstructive substance in her throat.
- 'I hope so, Sophy. There is no reason, that I can see, why it should not be very soon.'

'And will Mr. Lovel come to live with us?'

'I don't know; I have never contemplated such a possibility. I think Mr. Lovel is scarcely the kind of person who would care to live in another man's house.'

'But this has been his own house, you see, papa, and will seem to belong to him again when his daughter is the mistress of it. I daresay he will look upon us as nothing more than interlopers.'

'I don't think so, Sophia. Mr. Lovel is a gentleman, and a sensible man into the bargain. He is not likely to have any absurd

ideas of that kind.'

'I suppose he is very much pleased at having secured such a rich husband for his daughter,' Miss Granger hazarded presently,

with the air of saying something agreeable.

'Sophia!' exclaimed her father angrily, 'I must beg that the question of money may never be mooted in relation to Miss Lovel and myself, by you above all people. I daresay there may be men and women in the world malignant enough to say—mean enough to suppose—that this dear girl can only consent to marry me because I am a rich man. It is my happiness to know her to be much too noble to yield to any sordid consideration of that kind. It is my

happiness to know that her father has done nothing to urge this marriage upon her. She gives herself to me of her own free will, not hurried into a decision by any undue persuasion of mine, and under no pressure from outer circumstances.'

'I am very glad to hear it, papa. I think I should have broken my heart, if I had seen you the dupe of a mercenary woman.'

Mr. Granger got up from his seat with an impatient air, and began to pace the room. His daughter had said very little, but that little had been beyond measure irritating to him. It galled him to think that this marriage should seem to her an astonishing -perhaps even a preposterous—thing. True that the woman he was going to marry was younger, by a year or two, than his own In his own mind there was so little sense of age, that hecould scarcely understand why the union should seem discordant. He was not quite fifty, an age which he had heard men call the very Prime and meridian of life; and he felt himself younger now than he had ever been since he first assumed the cares of manhood—first grew grave with the responsibilities involved in the disposal of a great fortune. Was not this newly-born love, this sudden awakening of a heart that had slumbered so long, a renewal of youth? Granger glanced at his own reflection in a glass over a buffet, as he Paced to and fro. The figure that he saw there bore no sign of age. It was a relief to him to discover that—a thing he had never thought of till that moment.

'Why should she not love me?' he asked himself. 'Are youth and a handsome face the only high-road to a woman's heart? I can't believe it. Surely constancy and devotion must count for something. Is there another man in the world who would love her as well as I? who could say, at fifty years of age, This is my first love?'

'I am to give up the housekeeping, of course, papa, when you are married,' Miss Granger said presently, with that subdued air of resignation in which she had wrapped herself as in a garment since her father's announcement.

'Give up the housekeeping!' he echoed, a little impatiently; 'I don't see the necessity for that. Clarissa'—O, how sweet it was to him to pronounce her name, and with that delicious sense of proprietorship!—'Clarissa is too young to care much for that sort of thing—dealing out groceries, and keeping account-books, as you do. Very meritorious, I am sure, my dear, and no doubt useful. No, I don't suppose you'll be interfered with, Sophy. In all essentials you will still be mistress. If Clarissa is queen, you will be prime minister; and you know it is the minister who really pulls the strings. And I do hope that in time you two will get to love each other.'

'I shall endeavour to do my duty, papa,' Miss Granger answered primly. 'We cannot command our feelings.'

It was some feeble relief to her to learn that her grocery-books, SECOND SERIES, Vol. V. F.S. Vol. XV.

her day-books by double-entry, and all those other commercial volumes dear to her heart, were not to be taken away from hear; that she was still to retain the petty powers she had held as the scannile daughter of Daniel Granger's house and heart. But to resign lemer place at the head of her father's table, to see Clarissa courted acaressed, to find faltering allegiance perhaps even among her mo poor—all these things would be very bitter, and in her heart Sopheria Granger was angry with her father for a line of conduct which considered the last stage of folly. She loved him, after her o precise well-regulated fashion-loved him as well as a creature self-conscious could be expected to love; but she could not eass ily forgive him for an act which seemed, in some sort, a fraud up-on herself. She had been brought up to believe herself his sole heire se, to look upon his second marriage as an utter impossibility. often had she heard him ridicule the notion when it was suggested to him by some jocose acquaintance! and it did seem a very hard thing that she should be pushed all at once from this lofty staredpoint, and levelled to the very dust. There would be a new family. of course; a brood of sons and daughters to divide her heritage. Hannah Warman had suggested as much when discussing the probability of the marriage, with that friendly candour, and disposition to look at the darkest side of the picture, which are apt to distinguish confidantes of her class.

'I am sure, papa,' Miss Granger whimpered by and by, not quite able to refrain from some expression of ill-temper, 'I have scarcely had a pleasant evening since you have known the Lovels.' You are always there, and it is very dull to be alone every night.'

'It has been your own fault in some measure, Sophy. You might have had Clarissa here, if you'd chosen to cultivate her friend.

ship.'

'Our inclinations are beyond our control, papa. Nothing but your express commands, and a sense of duty, would induce me to select Miss Lovel for a companion. There is no sympathy between us.'

'Why should there not be? You cannot think her unamiable,

nor question her being highly accomplished.'

'But it is not a question of playing, or singing, or painting, or talking foreign languages, papa. One selects a friend for higher qualities than those. There is Mary Anne Patterly, for instance, who can scarcely play the bass in a set of quadrilles, but whose admirable gifts and Christian character have endeared her to me. Miss Lovel is so frivolous. See how stupid and listless she seemed that day we took her over the schools and cottages. I don't believe she was really interested in anything she saw. And, though she has been at home a year and a half, she has not once offered to take a class in either of the schools.'

'I daresay she sees the schools are well officered, my dear, and doesn't like to interfere with your functions.'

'No, papa, it is not that. She has no vocation for serious things. Her mind is essentially frivolous; you will discover that for yourself by and by. I speak in perfect candour, you know, papa. Whatever your feelings about Miss Lovel may be, I am above concealing mine. I believe I know my duty; but I cannot stoop to hypocrisy.'

'I suppose not. But I must say, you might have taken this business in a pleasanter spirit, Sophia. I shall expect, however, to see you take more pains to overcome your prejudice against the young lady I have chosen for my wife; and I shall be rather slow to believe in your affection for myself unless it shows itself in that manner.'

Miss Granger covered her face with her handkerchief, and burst into a flood of tears.

'O, papa, papa, it only needed that! To think that any one's influence can make my father doubt my affection for him, after all these years of duty and obedience!'

Mr. Granger muttered something about 'duty,' which was the very reverse of a blessing, and walked out of the room, leaving Sophia to her tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

WEDDING BELLS.

THERE was no reason why the marriage should not take place very soon. Mr. Granger said so; Mr. Lovel agreed with him, half reductantly as it were, and with the air of a man who is far from eager to precipitate events. There was no imaginable reason for delay.

Upon this point Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were as strong as Daniel Granger himself. A union in every way so propitious could not be too speedily made secure. Matthew Oliver was full of demonstrative congratulation now when he dined at Mill Cottage.

'Who would have guessed when I brought you home from the station that morning, and we drove through the park, that you were going to be mistress of it so soon, Clary?' he exclaimed triumphantly. 'Do you remember crying when you heard the place was sold? I do, poor child; I can see your piteous face at this moment. And now it is going to be yours again. Upon my word, Providence has been very good to you, Clarissa.'

Providence had been very good to her. They all told her the same story. Amongst her few friends there was not one who seemed to suspect that this marriage might be a sacrifice; that in her heart of hearts there might be some image brighter than Daniel Granger's.

She found herself staring at these congratulatory friends in blank amazement sometimes, wondering that they should all look at this engagement of hers from the same point of view, all be so very cer-

tain of her happiness.

Had she not reason to be happy, however? There had been a time when she had talked and thought of her lost home almost as Adam and Eve may have done when yet newly expelled from Paradise, with the barren world in all its strangeness before them. Was it not something to win back this beloved dwelling-place - something to secure comfort for her father's age — to secure an income which might enable her to help her brother in the days to come? Nor was the man she had promised to marry obnoxious to her. He had done much towards winning her regard in the patient progress of his wooing. She believed him to be a good and honourable man, whose affection was something that a woman might be proud of having won—a man whom it would be a bitter thing to offend. was clear-sighted enough to perceive his superiority to her father— She did feel just his utter truthfulness and openness of character. a little proud of his love. It was something to see this big strong man, vigorous in mind as in body, reduced to so complete a bondage, yet not undignified even in his slavery.

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What was it, then, which came between her and the happiness which that congratulatory chorus made so sure of? Only the image of the man she had loved—the man she had rejected for honour's sake that bleak October evening, in the chilly moonlight, and whom she had never ceased to think of since that time. She knew that Daniel Granger was, in all likelihood, a better and a nobler man than George Fairfax; but the face that had been with her in the dimly-lighted railway-carriage, the friendly voice that had cheered

her on the first night of her womanhood, were with her still.

More than once, since that wintry afternoon when Mr. Granger had claimed her as his own for the first time, taking her to his breast with a grave and solemn tenderness, and telling her that every hope and desire of his mind was centred in her, and that all his life to come would be devoted to securing her happiness—more than once since that day she had been tempted to tell her lover all the truth, and that there was a memory that came between her and her desire to give him a fitting return for his affection; but shame kept her silent. She did not know how to begin her confession. On that afternoon she had been strangely passive, like a creature stunned by some great surprise; and yet, after what she had said to her father, she had expected every day that Mr. Granger would speak.

After a good deal of discussion among third parties, and an deviatingly quiet urgency on the part of Mr. Granger himself, it was arranged that the wedding should take place at the end of May, and that Clarissa should see Switzerland in its brightest aspect. She

presence, and he had from that moment determined that Switzerland should be the scene of his honeymoon. They would go there so early as to avoid the herd of autumnal wanderers. He knew the country, and could map out the fairest roads for their travels, the pleasantest resting-places for their repose. And if Clarissa cared to explore Italy afterwards, and spend October and November in Rome, she could do so. All the world would be bright and new to him with her for his companion. He looked forward with boyish eagerness to revisiting scenes that he had fancied himself weary of until now. Yes; such a love as this was indeed a renewal of youth.

To all arrangements made on her behalf Clarissa was submissive. What could a girl, not quite twenty, urge against the will of a man like Daniel Granger, supported by such powerful allies as father, and uncle and aunt, and friends? She thanked him more warmly than usual when he proposed the Swiss tour. Yes; she had wished very much to see that country. Her brother had gone there on a walking expedition when he was little more than a boy, and had very marrowly escaped with his life from the perils of the road. She had some of his Alpine sketches, in a small portfolio of particular trea-

sures, to this day.

Mrs. Oliver revelled in the business of the trousseau. Never since the extravagant days of her early youth had she enjoyed such a feast of millinery. To an aunt the provision of a wedding outfit is peculiarly delightful. She has all the pomp and authority of a purent, without a parent's responsibility. She stands in loco parentis with regard to everything except the bill. No uneasy twinge disturbs her, as the glistening silk glides through the shopman's hands, and ebbs and flows in billows of brightness on the counter. No demon of calculation comes between her and the genius of taste, when the milliner suggests an extra flounce of Malines, or a pelerine of Honiton.

A trip to London, and a fortnight or so spent in West-end shops, would have been very agreeable to Mrs. Oliver; but on mature reflection she convinced herself that to purchase her niece's trousseau in London would be a foolish waste of power. The glory to be obtained in Wigmore or Regent-street was a small thing compared with the kudos that would arise to her from the expenditure of a round sum of money among the simple traders of Holborough. Thus it was that Clarissa's wedding finery was all ordered at Brigson and Holder's, the great linendrapers in Holborough market-place, and all made by Miss Mallow, the chief milliner and dressmaker of Holborough, who was in a flutter of excitement from the moment she received the order, and held little levees amongst her most important customers for the exhibition of Miss Lovel's silks and laces.

Towards the end of April there came a letter of congratulation from Lady Laura Armstrong, who was still in Germany; a vertical and affectionate letter, telling Clarissa how the tidings of hengagement had just reached Baden; but not telling her how the news had come, and containing not a word of allusion to Lad Geraldine or George Fairfax.

'Now that everything is so happily settled, Clary,' wrote n lady, 'without any finesse or diplomacy on my part, I don't mir telling you that I have had this idea in my head from the very fir day I saw you. I wanted you to win back Arden Court, the plan you love so dearly; and as Mr. Granger, to my mind, is a ver charming person, nothing seemed more natural than that my wish should be realised. But I really did not hope that matters wou arrange themselves so easily and so speedily. A thousand got wishes, dear, both for yourself and your papa. We hope to sper the autumn at Hale, and I suppose I shall then have the pleasu of seeing you begin your reign as mistress of Arden Court. You must give a great many parties, and make yourself popular in the neighbourhood at once. Entre nous, I think our friend Miss Grange is rather fond of power. It will be wise on your part to take you stand in the beginning of things, and then affairs are pretty sure go pleasantly. Ever your affectionate LAURA ARMSTRONG.

Not a word about George Fairfax. Clarissa wondered where was; whether he was still angry with her, or had forgotten her alt gether. The latter seemed the more likely state of affairs. See wondered about him, and then reminded herself that she had no right even to wonder now. His was an image which must be blotted of her life. She cut all those careless sketches out of her drawing book. If it had only been as easy to tear the memory of him out her mind!

The end of May came very quickly, and with it Clarissa's w ding-day. Before that day Miss Granger made a little formal dress to her future stepmother—an address worded with studia humility—promising a strict performance of duty on Miss Grange part in their new relations.

This awful promise was rather alarming to Clarissa, in whemind Sophia seemed one of those superior persons whom one bound to respect and admire, yet against whom some evil spark the old Adam in our degraded natures is ever ready to revolt.

'Pray don't talk of duty, my dear Sophia,' she answered in shy tremulous way, clinging a little closer to Mr. Granger's arm. was at Mill Cottage that this conversation took place, a few da before the wedding. 'There can scarcely be a question of duty I tween people of the same age, like you and me. But I hope shall get to love each other more and more every day.' 'Of course you will,' cried Daniel Granger heartily. 'Why should you not love each other? If your tastes don't happen to be exactly the same just now, habitual intercourse will smooth down all that, and you'll find all manner of things in which you can sympathise. I've told Sophy that I don't suppose you'll interfere much with her housekeeping, Clarissa. That's rather a strong point with her, and I don't think it's much in your line.'

Miss Granger tightened her thin lips with a little convulsive movement. This speech seemed to imply that Miss Lovel's was a

loftier line than hers.

Clarissa remembered Lady Laura's warning, and felt that she might be doing wrong in surrendering the housekeeping. But then, on the other hand, she felt herself quite unable to cope with Miss Granger's account-books.

'I have never kept a large house,' she said. 'I should be very

sorry to interfere.'

'I was sure of it,' exclaimed Mr. Granger; 'and you will have more time to be my companion, Clarissa, if your brain is not muddled with groceries and butcher's-meat. You see, Sophia has such a peculiarly business-like mind.'

'However humble my gifts may be, I have always endeavoured to employ them for your benefit, papa,' Miss Granger replied with a

frosty air.

She had come to dine at Mill Cottage for the first time since she had known of her father's engagement. She had come in deference to her father's express desire, and it was a hard thing for her to offer even this small tribute to Clarissa. It was a little family dinner—the Olivers, Mr. Padget, the rector of Arden, who was to assist cheery Matthew Oliver in tying the fatal knot, and Mr. and Miss Granger—a pleasant little party of seven, for whom Mr. Lovel's cook had prepared quite a model dinner. She had acquired a speciality for about half-a-dozen dishes which her master affected, and in the preparation of these could take her stand against the pampered matron who ruled Mr. Granger's kitchen at a stipend of seventy pounds a year, and whose subordinate and assistant had serious thoughts of launching herself upon the world as a professed cook, by advertisement in the Times—'clear soups, entrees, ices, &c.'

The wedding was to be a very quiet one. Mr. Lovel had expressed a strong desire that it should be so; and Mr. Granger's

wishes in no way clashed with those of his father-in-law.

'I am a man of fallen fortunes,' said Mr. Lovel, 'and all Yorkshire knows my history. Anything like pemp or publicity would be
out of place in the marriage of my daughter. When she is your wife
it will be different. Her position will be a very fine one; for she
will have some of the oldest blood in the county, supported by
abundance of money. The Lycians used to take their names from

their mothers. I think, if you have a son, Granger, you ought to call him Lovel.'

'I shall be proud to do so,' answered Mr. Granger. 'I am

likely to forget that my wife is my superior in social rank.'

'A superiority that counts for very little when unsustained by hard cash, my dear Granger,' returned Marmaduke Lovel lightly. He was supremely content with the state of affairs, and had no wish to humiliate his son-in-law.

So the wedding was performed as simply as if Miss Lovel had been uniting her fortunes with those of some fledgling of the curate There were only two bridesmaids—Miss Granger, who performed the office with an unwilling heart; and Miss Pontifex, flaxen-haired young lady of high family and no particular means, provided for the occasion by Mrs. Oliver, at whose house she Clarissa had become acquainted. There was a breakfast, elegant enough in its way—for the Holborough confectioner had been put upon his mettle by Mrs. Oliver—served prettily in the cottage par-The sun shone brightly upon Mr. Granger's espousals. village children lined the churchyard walk, and strewed spring flow upon the path of bride and bridegroom—tender vernal blossoms which scarcely harmonised with Daniel Granger's stalwart presence Clarissa, very pale and still, with a strange fixed look on her face, came out of the little church upon her husband's arm; and it seemed to her in that hour as if all the life before her was Like an unknown country, hidden by dense mists and fogs—she had thought of it so little. This day, which was to make so great change in her destiny, had come upon her almost unawares.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMING HOME.

The leaves were yellowing in the park and woods round Arden Court, and the long avenue began to wear a somewhat dreary look, before Mr. Granger brought his young wife home. It was October again, and the weather bleaker and colder than one has a right expect in October. Mr. Lovel was at Spa, recruiting his health with the soft air from the pine-clad hills, and leading a pleasant elder bachelor existence at one of the best hotels in the bright lit inland watering-place. The shutters were closed at Mill Cottage and the pretty rustic dwelling was left in the care of the hone housekeeper and her handmaiden, the rosy-faced parlourmaid, who dusted master's books and hung linen draperies before master bookcases with a pious awe.

Miss Granger had spent some part of her father's honeymour in paying visits to those friends who were eager to have her, are who took this opportunity of showing special attention to the falls

heiress. The sense of her lost prestige was always upon her, however, and she was scarcely as grateful as she might have been for the courtesy she received. People seemed never weary of talking about her father's wife, whose sweetness, and beauty, and other interesting qualities, Miss Granger found herself called upon to discuss continually. She did not bow the knee to the popular idol, however, but confessed with a charming candour that there was no great sympathy between her stepmother and herself.

'Her education has been so different from mine,' she said, 'that it is scarcely strange if all our tastes are different. But, of course, I shall do my duty towards her, and I hope and pray that she may

make my father happy.'

But Miss Granger did not waste all the summer months in visiting. She was more in her element at the Court. The model children in the new Arden poor-schools had rather a hard time of it during Mr. Granger's honeymoon, and were driven through Kings and Chronicles at a more severe pace than usual. The hardest and driest facts in geography and grammar were pelted like summer hail upon their weak young brains, and a sterner demand was made every day upon their juvenile powers of calculation. This Miss Granger called giving them a solid foundation; but as the edifice destined to be erected upon this educational basis was generally of the humblest—a career of carpentering, or blacksmithing, or housemaiding, plain-cooking, for the most part—it is doubtful whether that actuate knowledge of the accusative case or the longitude of the sandwich Islands which Miss Granger so resolutely insisted upon, was ever of any great service to the grown-up scholar.

In these philanthropic labours she had always an ardent assistant the person of Mr. Tillott, whose somewhat sandy head and florid implexion used to appear at the open door of the schoolroom very ten when Sophia was teaching. He did really admire her, with sincerity and singleness of heart; describing her, in long contential letters to his mother, as a woman possessed of every gift leulated to promote a man's advancement in this world and the ext. He knew that her father's second marriage must needs make considerable change in her position. There would be an heir, in probability, and Sophia would no longer be the great heiress she deen. But she would be richly dowered doubtless, come what ight; and she was brought nearer to the aspirations of a curate by

is reduction of her fortune.

Miss Granger accepted the curate's services, and patronised him
th a sublime unconsciousness of his aspirations. She had heard
whispered that his father had been a grocer, and that he had an
er brother who still carried on a prosperous colonial trade in the
City. For anything like retail trade Miss Granger had a profound
contempt. She had all the pride of a parvenu, and all the narrow-

ness of mind common to a woman who lives in a world of l creation. So while Mr. Tillott flattered himself that he was no slight impression upon her heart, Miss Granger regarded just a little above the head gardener and the certificated school

October came, and the day appointed for the return of the of Arden Court; rather a gloomy day, and one in a successio and dismal days, with a dull gray sky that narrowed the p and frequent showers of drizzling rain. Miss Granger had numerous letters from her father during his travels, letter were affectionate if brief; and longer epistles from Clari scribing their route and adventures. They had explored and thoroughly, and had spent the last month in Rome.

The interior of the old house looked all the brighter, I because of that dull sky, and those dank sodden woods. Fires were blazing merrily in all the rooms; for, whatev Granger's secret feelings might be, the servants were I showing allegiance to the new power, and on giving the gala aspect in honour of their master's return. The chief go with a temporary indifference to his own interests, had strip hothouses for the decoration of the rooms, and great vases of made the atmosphere odorous, and contrasted pleasantly wintry fires.

Miss Granger sat in the principal drawing-room, with broidery-frame before her, and a group of Berlin-wool developing slowly under her industrious fingers, determined be flurried or disturbed by the bride's return. She sat at a ful distance from the blazing logs, with a screen interposed of between her complexion and the fire, the very image of stiffing propriety, with not one of her dull brown hairs ruffled, not a

her dark green-silk dress disarranged.

The carriage was to meet the London express at Hol station at half-past four, and at a little before five Miss heard the sound of wheels in the avenue. She did not e from her embroidery-frame to watch the approach of the c but went on steadily stitch by stitch at the ear of a B spaniel. In a few minutes more she heard the clang thrown open, then the wheels upon the gravel in the qua and then her father's voice, sonorous as of old. Even then not fly to welcome him, though her heart beat a little fas the colour deepened in her cheeks.

'I am nothing to him now,' she thought.

She began to lay aside her wools, however, and rose drawing-room door opened, to offer the travellers a stately w

Clarissa was looking her loveliest, in violet silk, with deal of fur about her, and with an air of style and fashio was new to her, Miss Granger thought. The two young kissed each other in a formal way, and then Mr. Granger embraced his daughter with some show of affection.

'How lovely the dear old place looks!' cried Clarissa, as the one triumph and glory of her marriage came home to her mind: she was mistress of Arden Court. 'Everything is so warm and bright and cheerful, such an improvement upon foreign houses. What a feast of fires and flowers you have prepared to welcome us, Sophia!'

She wished to say something cordial to her stepdaughter, and she did really believe that the festive aspect of the house was Miss Granger's work.

'I have not interfered with the servants' arrangements,' that young lady replied primly; 'I hope you don't find so many exotics oppressive in these hot rooms? I do.'

O dear, no; they are so lovely, answered Clarissa, bending over a great oval dish of white waxen-looking blossoms, one can scarcely have too many of them. Not if the perfume makes your head ache, however; in that case they had better be sent away at once.

But Miss Granger protested against this with an air of meek endurance, and the flowers were left undisturbed.

'Well, Sophy, what have you been doing with yourself all this time?' Mr. Granger asked in a cheerful voice; 'gadding about finely, according to your letters.'

'I spent a week with the Stapletons, and ten days with the Trevors, and I went to Scarborough with the Chesneys, as you expressed a wish that I should accept their invitation, papa,' Miss Granger replied dutifully; 'but I really think I am happier at home.'

'I'm very glad to hear it, my dear, and I hope you'll find your home pleasanter than ever now.—So you like the look of the old place, do you, Clary?' he went on, turning to his wife; 'and you don't think we've quite spoilt it by our renovation?'

'O no, indeed. There can be no doubt as to your improvements. And yet, do you know, I was so fond of the place, that I am almost sorry to miss its old shabbiness—the faded curtains, and the queer Indian furniture which my great-uncle, Colonel Radnor, brought home from Bombay. I wonder what became of those curious old cabinets?'

'I daresay they are still extant in some lumber-room in the roof, my dear. Your father took very little of the old furniture away with him, and there was nothing sold. We'll explore the samets some day, and look for your Indian cabinets.—Will you take Clarissa to her rooms, Sophy, and see what she thinks of our arrangements?'

Miss Granger would gladly have delegated this office to a servent; but her father's word was law; so she led the way to a suite of apartments which Daniel Granger had ordered to be prepared for his young wife, and which Clarissa had not yet been allowed to see. They had been kept as a pleasant surprise for her coming home.

Her maid came in to light the candles, and remind her of the dinner hour, while she was still looking out at the darkening woods, growing blacker and blacker in the gathering gloom of that October evening. The maid was an honest country-bred young woman, selected for the office by Mrs. Oliver. She had accompanied her mistress on the honeymoon tour, and had been dazed and not a little terrified by the wonders of Swiss landscape and the grandeurs of fallen Rome.

'I've been listening for your bell ever so long, ma'am,' said the

girl; 'you'll scarcely have time to dress.'

There was time, however, for Mrs. Granger's toilet, which was not an elaborate one; and she was seated by the drawing-room fire

talking to her husband when the second dinner-bell rang.

They were not a very lively party that evening. That old adage about three not being company went near to be verified in this particular case. The presence of any one so thoroughly unsympathetic as Sophia Granger was in itself sufficient to freeze any small circle. But although they did not talk much, Clarissa and her husband seemed to be on excellent terms. Sophia, who watched them closely during that initiatory evening, perceived this, and told herself that her father had not yet discovered the mistake which he had made. That he would make such a discovery sooner or later was her profound conviction. It was only a question of time when his eyes should be opened to the fact of his own folly.

Thus it was that Clarissa's new life began. She knew herself beloved by her husband with a quiet unobtrusive affection, the depth and wide measure whereof had come home to her very often since her marriage with a sense of obligation that was almost a burden. She knew this, and knew that she could give but little in return for so much—the merest, coldest show of duty and obedience in recompense for all the love of this honest heart. If love had been a lesson to be learnt, she would have taught it to herself, for she was not ungrateful, not unmindful of her obligations, or the vow that she had spoken in Arden Church; but as this flower called love must spring spontaneous in the human breast, and is not commonly responsive to the efforts of the most zealous cultivator, Clarissa was fain to confess to herself after five months of wedded life that her heart was still barren, and that her husband was no more to her than he had been at the very first, when for the redemption of her father's fortunes she had consented to become his wife.

So the time went on, with much gaiety in the way of feasting and company at Arden Court, and a palpable dulness when there were no visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Granger went out a good deal, sometimes accompanied by Sophia, sometimes without her; and Clarissa was elected by the popular voice the most beautiful woman in that part of the country. The people who knew her talked of her so much, that other people who had not met her were eager to see her, and made quite a favour of being introduced to her. If she knew of this herself, it gave her no concern; but it was a matter of no small pride to Daniel Granger that his young wife should be so much admired.

Was he quite happy, having won for himself the woman he loved. seeing her obedient, submissive, always ready to attend his pleasure, to be his companion when he wanted her company, with no inclination of her own which she was not willing to sacrifice at a moment's notice for his gratification? Was he quite happy in the triumph of his hopes? Well, not quite. He knew that his wife did not love him. It might come some day perhaps, that affection for which he still dared to hope, but it had not come yet. He watched her face sometimes as she sat by his hearth on those quiet evenings when they were alone, and he knew that a light should have shone upon it that was not there. He would sigh sometimes as he read his newspaper by that domestic hearth, and his wife would wonder if he were troubled by any business cares—whether he were disturbed by any abnormal commotion among those stocks or consols or other mysterious elements of the financial world in which all rich men seemed more or less concerned. She did not ever venture to question him as to those occasional sighs; but she would bring the draught-board and place it at his elbow, and sit meekly down to be inevitably beaten at a game she hated, but for which Mr. Granger had a peculiar affection.

It will be seen, therefore, that Clarissa was at least a dutiful wife, anxious to give her husband every tribute that gratitude and a deep sense of obligation could suggest. Even Sophia Granger, always on the watch for some sign of weariness or shortcoming, could discover

no cause for complaint in her stepmother's conduct.

Mr. Lovel came back to Mill Cottage in December, much improved and renovated by the Belgian waters or the gaieties of the bright little pleasure place. The sense of having made an end of his difficulties, and being moored in a safe harbour for the rest of his life, may have done much towards giving him a new lease of existence. Whatever the cause may have been, he was most certainly an altered man, and his daughter rejoiced in the change. To her his manner was at once affectionate and deferential, as if there had been lurking in his breast some consciousness that she had sacrificed herself for his welfare. She felt this, and felt that her marriage had given her something more than Arden Court, if it had won for her her father's love. He spent some time at the Court, in deference to her wishes, during those dark winter months; and they fell back on their old readings, and the evenings seemed gayer and happier for the introduction of this intellectual element, which was not allowed to prevail to such an extent as to overpower the practical Daniel Granger.

ÆSACUS

An old Arcadian story. Dost thou mark,
Mine Orimella of large azure eyes,
That bird, just where a cloud makes the sea dark,
Diving beneath the waves, as if some prize
Of prey about to capture? But lo! this
Is but his death he seeks, and the bird is
Young Æsacus. It fell out in this wise.

Young Æsacus, whom Alexirhoe
Under the shadow'd springs of Ida bore
To horn'd Granicus, loved but to be free,
Hating cold shine of city and court, and wore
His youth in wilds away by distant hills,
By rivers which the rain unnoticed fills,
Yet free from love was he no whit the more.

Had he not seen?—for naught he knew before
Of love, who rules alone the deathless powers;
Of love, too oft a sea without a shore;
Of love, who waxes with the waning hours;
Of love, who laughs all remedies to scorn;
Or woman, changing like an April morn,
Who yet like April fills the world with flowers.

Had he not seen Hesperie—her hair
Fallen all round her and drying in the sun—
By her own stream Cebrenis, with body bare?
Hesperie, who strove for shame to shun
His sight, and fled as doe with frighten'd eyes
From spotted pard, or as the starling flies
The hawk, and but from motion more grace won.

He from love fast follow'd her fast from fear,

Till—ah, the false sad fate which brings to pass
Things undesired, while things desired and dear

Are in our prayers!—a snake hid in thick grass
Bit her small naked foot with bitter tooth,
And finish'd—are these gods without all ruth?—

Finish'd thus with her flight her life, alas!





Alas, alas! what words, what sighs avail?

Lifeless he clasp'd her in his arms, and cried,

'Ah! had I known, had I, my darling pale,

But dream'd such hap as this might thee betide,
I had not kill'd—for indeed I kill'd thee, sweet!

Not this swart sorry worm; and it is meet

That I for thee should die who by me died.'

Then leapt into the sea, from a high land
Half eaten by an under roaring wave;
But Tethys him with soft and pitying hand
Held, and a bird's wings to him floating gave;
A hated gift,—for he, enraged that still
Alive his ghost another form should fill,
His body again against the breakers drave.

Headlong his too light body he drave in vain,
And drives; the gods to him this lot assign,
He seeks his death always—love's hungry pain
And sorrows but to death his heart incline.
By Love's soft side some little while to stay,
Is it not safer than to run away?
This is the moral, Orimella mine!

OLD MAJOR CURTIS

Τ.

It was towards the close of the year 1865—that eventful year, where it witnessed the dying agonies of a valiant yet hopeless struggle. **≠**he last gun had been fired upon Richmond, and 'All was quiet on 🛨 he Lee had surrendered; Jeff Davis was a prisoner; romance of Booth and Mrs. Surratt had lost its novelty: and nothing remained but broken limbs and self-glorification upon the one side, Washington had and exhaustion and bitter hate upon the other. last been cleared of the ruffians who scoured its streets in all Nothing, in short, was 1eft savage freedom of veteran lawlessness. to tell the tale but the scar, the retribution, and the future. Amoung the many Southern men who had deserted the cause of their nati Te state, and sought the protection of the North, was old Major Curt is of Virginia. The Major had gone to the polls, and voted for Lincol. with two revolvers in his belt, and a bowie-knife in each hand. His hand was again st had been a sort of Ishmael in his district. every man, and every man's hand against him. There were few will dared to face him, as his duelling record could show how he hand never missed his man; and he strutted about in all the pride of fal ==0 glory and bloodthirsty bravado. It was more a spirit of spite the love for the Union which induced the Major to give up the home his fathers and join the North, for at heart he was as bitter a re as ever marched to battle; but such was his nature, and such nature of every man of his class. He belonged to one of the old and bluest families of the F. F. V.s, and his range of tastes, as of hibited in his conversation, consisted in pride of family, a love dd 'My grandfather,' he wo guns, and ideas of so-called honour. say, pointing to the portrait of an old gentleman in a snuff-colou suit and a port-wine face, after the school of Sir Joshua Reynol 'Yes, sir, one of my ancestors, sir. English blood, sir; fin family in the South, sir.' Whereupon he would treat you to a ple 0 sant chapter upon the practical uses and the magnificent points the bowie-knife. 'There's a knife, sir,' he would say, producing thing like a refined butcher's knife. 'That, sir, belonged to father—I'm proud of it.' He would then treat you to a practic illustration of its great efficiency and usefulness. Concealing & weapon under his arm, he would make a rush at an imaginary for and bending on one knee, deliver the upward cut with such beau

and dexterity, that you were fain to cry 'Enough!' for fear he might take a fancy to disembowel you. His eyes would gleam with satisfaction, and he would ask you to take a drink, and look as pleased and self-complaisant as if he had done a most meritorious and praiseworthy action. His ideas of Northern men were not flattering. He spoke of them as nobodies. 'Only a Northern man, sir; anything good enough for a Northern man.' But a Southern man was quite a different order of being. He spoke of him invariably in the same tone. 'Elegant gentleman, sir ! princely hospitality ! nothing mean in the South, sir!' He was a queer old fellow, the Major, take him allogether. His ideas of luxury were at once refreshing and characteristic. Calling in upon him one afternoon about three o'clock, I found him at dinner. 'Holloa, Major!' I inquired, 'how goes it? Attending to the inward man?' 'Sit down, sir; I'm at dinner! Join me. I like comfort! Southern man, sir.' It appeared so. He was stretched at full length upon three chairs. One negro was feeding him like a baby, another scratched his head, while a third was Tubbing his feet. It was comfort after a fashion, and my mind im-Enediately reverted to the story of an officer who, when sent on foreign Service among the Coolies, wrote to a brother-officer, 'This is a glorious country, Jack. When I awake in the morning, a Coolie shaves me on one side-I give a lurch, and he shaves me on the other.' 'Yes, sir,' said the Major, 'this is the way to live.' I was a fraid that perhaps in the ardour of the moment he might invite me to enjoy the luxury of being scratched; but he simply pointed to the Clecanter.

The Major held a commission in the volunteer army of the United States as quartermaster, which, by the way, is a much more important office in the United States than it is in the British army, owing to the natural love of business and acquisitiveness of the people. The old man's talents did not lie in figures, and his clerk had consequently the onus of the duty to perform, while he did the magnificent and drew the pay. He might, I presume, have exclaimed with Don Adriano de Armado,

"I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster."

He continued to hold his office notwithstanding; and, like many a man as incompetent as himself, managed to share the spoils of the best-bled government in the world. But a dark hour was approaching. The fiat went forth that all officers of his department were to placed under examination as to their competence, and great and manifold tribulation visited the family of the commission holders. Not long after this order had been issued, I stepped one evening into the Major's quarters. I found the old man in a state of deep despondency. His head rested upon his arm, a decanter of whisky stood within easy range, and he was discharging tobacco-juice like a

well-loaded mitrailleuse. Before him lay a volume, which look ed remarkably like a schoolboy's arithmetic, and a large slate. The Major's face, naturally round and florid, was of a deep purple tirat. I took in the situation at once, and observed, 'Why, Major, what's the matter? you look dull. Anything happened? Amusing yourself, eh?' 'Sit down, my boy,' said he with a mournful voice. 'Help yourself, sir! Southern man, sir! Yes, sir, gone up thais time!' 'Why, what's the matter?' 'By -, sir! these dam n ed fractions! They're like rats—the more I try to catch them, the more they run away. Yes, sir, I'm a ruined man;' and he tools a long pull at the whisky, and sighed heavily. 'Pompey!' he roared. 'Whar's that nigger?' 'Here, sah,' replied the individual referred to, entering and showing his white teeth. Pompey was dressed as a decayed major of volunteers to his waist, and as a private sold i er downwards. 'Pompey, scratch your poor old massa's head-the se dam fractions are too much for poor old massa.' Pompey at once proceeded to business, giving vent to his feelings in divers yells a Ind exclamations. 'Golly, Massa George! you ain't used to dem fracshums nohow-you'se for guns, you is!' The very name of gulls seemed to fire the old man's eye. He gave a start, and shouted. 'Pompey, my guns! bring them to me; quick, d'ye hear!' 'Yes, sah,' and he vanished. 'Damme, sir!' said he, casting a look withering scorn upon the slate before him, 'is that the occupation for a Southern gentleman? Fractions, sir! fit for a Northern man, sir! only fit for a Yankee!' When the guns arrived, he laid the m one by one upon the table. He fondled them as if they had been children, and called them by every endearing name he could this is It seemed to soothe him; seeing which, I left him for the night.

Such was Major Curtis—a true specimen of a certain type Southern man. Not the travelled gentleman of the world, who wh he is a Southerner unites the polish of refined society to the impusse and bravery of his race, but a man possessing good natural abilities, considerable wit, undoubted courage; but false—how false !—id = as of honour, and the blasting influences of a bad up-bringing. He la and been accustomed in his youth to the ease and indolence of South life. His father owned slaves and a plantation; and like all the you men of his class he had passed his early years in riding at tour ments, drinking whisky, playing 'poker,' and living in a perpet desire to shoot or bowie-knife somebody who dared to call him all -th thing but a high-born, high-toned Southern gentleman. The Sou has produced men of the highest polish and cultivation. Its socie before the war was open, generous, and refined. Still the moardent of its disinterested admirers must admit that its social Li was cursed by just such men as I have described. To illustrate the humour of this man: upon one occasion he had been to a can p meeting, a form of Methodist worship too well known to require description. The Major had been listening attentively to the harangue of some of the loudest of the ranters for the day, when he discovered he had been a great sinner. If a life of blasphemy, drinking, and sin could make him one, his conclusion was strictly correct. Riding home slowly in the evening, he met on the road a neighbour, with whom he had long cherished a deadly feud. Stepping in front of him, the Major held out his hand and said, 'Shake hands, Sanders. I vegot religion, and I feel mean enough to shake hands with a dog!' Whether Sanders perceived the point of the joke remains a matter of mystery. The Major's religion, like all other impressions of the sensational school, soon faded away, and the old customs were too deeply rooted to be eradicated. He returned, like many a better man, to the old path.

II.

Some years before the breaking-out of the Rebellion, the Major, then a planter in the valley of the Blue Ridge, had contracted a bitter quarel with a neighbouring dignitary, who went by the name of Judge Jenkins. The Judge was a fire-and-fury man after the Major's own heart. Over their whisky cocktails they would recount their affairs of honour and exhibit their scalps; and the two old veterans would not upon the hotel verandah, with their boots at an angle of forty-two degrees, squirting tobacco-juice with incredible dexterity, and link and swear, and discuss affairs of honour, with a gusto truly delightful to behold. Each man had a revolver in his breeches-pocket, and a bowie-knife down the back of his neck. They were conies these two;

'They felt the joy which warriors feel In foemen worthy of their steel;'

and on many a broiling summer's day they would recount to an admiring circle of sympathising loafers the various dangers they had seed, with lectures on the bowie-knife, and the various beauties of the upward cut, the downward cut, and the throw. They were a Pretty pair of knights in their broad-brimmed hats and semi-hunting Stume. These two men thoroughly believed that they were as such the representatives of the days of chivalry as Ivanhoe or ichard Cœur de Lion. They were rather a terror to the peaceably sposed citizens of the place, and no man dared to say much to ther, because the Southern man, although brave and sensitive, was altogether a bully. The lower class of men rather fought shy of em, and the better class simply ignored them. Time rolled on, and nothing seemed to interrupt the harmony existing between the champions; but friendship, like love, will have its day, and Poisoned words will poison truth.' The Major's Mr. Pike had Whispered to the Judge's Mr. Pluck, that he, the Major, had ex-Pressed a few words of contempt for the Judge's skill as a marksman.

True to his instinct, Mr. Pluck immediately communicated the statement, largely embellished from his own fancy, to his legal patron; who waxed wrathy, and swore that he would show the Major who was the best man. The fight grew warm. When next they met, the Judge sniffed at the Major, and the Major snorted at him. which they immediately adjourned to separate bar-rooms, escorted by their admirers, and after imbibing the requisite amount of 'ben zine,' blew off steam in the most approved and orthodox fashion 'I'll skin him, sir!' said the Major. 'I'm a Southern gentleman sir. Yes, sir, and I'll shoot him at sight!' 'I'll go for him,' said the Judge, 'the darned old boaster! I'll settle his hash, sir. want you to understand, sir, I'm Judge Jenkins, I am!' After giv ing vent to this warlike crow, they both rode home in different direc tions, muttering vengeance, and secretly resolving to keep their powder dry. Matters could not long remain quiet, however, witl two such firebrands. Arming himself one morning with a knife revolver, and rifle, the Judge set off towards the mansion of the Major. Hearing of his approach, the latter immediately prepared for action, and posted himself behind his rifle-pits, with a hay wagor on his right flank, and a garden wall on his left. The enemy advanced, and as he came within range the Major gave him a volley. It was answered with interest, and the cannonading commenced in real earnest. They had both exhausted their ammunition; and when the roll was called of killed and wounded, it was found that the Judge had a bullet through his neck, and a flesh-wound in his thigh. 'I'l be even with you yet, you darned old cuss!' roared that dignitary while the blood trickled from his throat; 'look out for me, old hoss I'll mark you!' 'Unwounded from the dreadful close,' but 'powerfu thirsty,' the victor turned to his mansion, where he refreshed himself after a satisfactory morning's work with two mint juleps and scratch.

Ш.

Six years passed away. The war had been fought, and peace once more smiled upon an unhappy country. The Major was writh ing in that blessed state of doubt engendered by the study of fraction and the mysteries of compound interest. As the time approache for his examination, the old gentleman began to feel decidedly shaky and a more regular application of the 'old rye' became necessary t soothe his nervous system. Thinking one morning that a visit t Baltimore might recover him, he set off by an early train for th 'monumental city.' Little did he think, 'good easy man, his great ness was a-ripening.' It was Saturday, and the Major was sitting in the bar-room of one of the most frequented of the Southern hotels He had read the morning paper, damned the administration generally, and gradually dozed off into a comfortable sleep, when a portly

looking gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat entered the room, and fixed his eye steadily on the slumbering figure. He eyed him for a few minutes without uttering a word, and then walking up to the bar, ordered some brandy. Down went the brandy; and without a word of warning or introduction, he walked deliberately up to the Major, and tilted him over, chair and all. The old gentleman very naturally awoke, and, after rubbing his eyes, wondered 'What in thunder was up!' There before him stood the unmistakable figure of Judge Jenkins, alive and well.

'So you're here, are you, you darned old blower!' was the Judge's salutation. 'I told you we should meet again, and here I arm.'

'Judge,' said the Major, recovering himself, and gaining his equilibrium, 'you're a coward, sir! I'm unarmed, sir! but, look out, sir, when we meet! I skinned you before, and I'm a-goin' to do it agin!'

With this he strode out of the hotel, and made the best of his way to the house of a friend, in a torrent of rage and shame. When he arrived, the family had just sat down to luncheon, and seated at the table was a young man who stood in that relationship to the Jajor known in the United States as 'brevet son-in-law.' Joung man he recounted the whole affair, highly coloured of course, accordance with his peculiar taste and fancy, and declared his in mediate intention of attacking the Judge that afternoon. som-in-law to be, albeit he had not that reverence for his papa which ought to accompany old age, dissuaded him from such a foolish step, declined to take part in any of his warlike threats, and had the Statest difficulty in bringing him to a state of resignation for the ernoon. Next morning saw the old gentleman up betimes polishing his guns, and getting his armour into readiness. law he spoke with characteristic contempt. 'There's my sonira-law, sir; never had such a chance for distinguishing himself. s insulted, and, would you believe it, sir, he went on quietly eating his lunch! Ah, well! he's not a Southern man, sir. God mighty made him a coward, and he can't help it.' I must candidly mit that the son-in-law had my entire sympathy, and, as events terned out, showed that his head was very level indeed.

The Major was restless and uneasy all day. His proud nature so roused, and vengeance black as night burned up his inmost soul. bout two o'clock in the afternoon he left the house, unknown to its inmates, and made his way towards the scene of yesterday's encounter. Reaching the hotel, he posted himself at a point commanding a view of all the streets leading to the spot. There he stood, looking every now and then up and down, and appearing to the passers-by as nothing more than an old gentleman waiting probably for a carriage. He was not long held in suspense. There was no mistaking that

tall figure coming rapidly down the street. To explain the positioof the parties, it is necessary to say that a street passed in front the hotel. To the left ran another street. At the opposite come stood a market-house, and from this market-house to the hote corner ran a pathway. The Major, seeing his adversary approach posted himself at the corner of the hotel and waited. On came th Judge. He had reached the market-house, and almost touched the corner-stone, when both men drew. The Judge was quickest. H fired, the ball taking effect in the Major's side. The Major immes diately returned it; but, whether from the effect of the wound, the excitement of the moment, his hand forgot its cunning, and hi fire came too low, and simply grazed the boot of his adversary. Again the Judge fired, and this time the ball entered the fleshy part of the The old man's pistol dropped from his grasp, and he fellfell to rise no more; and they bore him to the hotel.

An hour after perpetrating what in most countries would have been called, at the least, culpable homicide, the Judge was see riding around town in a carriage, and receiving the congratulation of his friends. His treatment by the authorities was simply a disgraceful outrage upon law and justice. He was the hero of the hor—a fine Southern gentleman. It was an affair of honour, a relified for the grand old days of chivalry and ignorance. He was arrested bailed, and let go; and the case was never heard of again, and scoundrel was let loose upon society to play the same dastardly gamentil some bullet mercifully sent should rid the world of a bully and

a nuisance.

While the Judge was thus enjoying his victory, the Major lay a bed at the hotel in great pain. The life was slowly ebbing awar from his sinful soul, and the gates of eternity were opening with their portals, and causing him to think of what he never though

before-the great beyond.

I sat by his bedside that night with the doctor, and listened the moanings of the sorrow-stricken man. His family were all Virginia. Not a soul was there to soothe his pain but the doctohis son-in-law, and myself. About three o'clock in the morning the pain appeared to leave him, and we saw the end approaching. Mornication had set in, and the extremities were dead. Like an eclipover the setting sunlight, the shadows of death drew closer around that face so full of health, yet whitened and pinched in death. It called us to him, and, amidst the solemn thoughts which ever component the departure of an immortal soul, there was something almoludicrous in the old man's words: 'Give my guns to Charley. Model! doctor, I'm a gone chicken!' The jaw fell, and he was deed dead in the full flush of health, and the vigour of a hale old age dead for the falsehood of a false creed; dead for that empty shadochivalry.

IV.

The town of Alexandria is one of the oldest and most historical places in Virginia. In olden times, long before Washington was known, the beauty and fashion of the South met here, and many handsome houses and wide boulevards attest the presence of wealth and taste. But it had its day. As it now stands, you could scarcely behold from one end of the world to the other a more wretched, lonely, wo-begone-looking place. Looking at it from the Potomac, you would imagine that the plague had swept over it, and left nothing but the shell. Enter its streets, and the grass grows between the stones, and the eye of poverty greets you from every window. It may one day rise again—who knows? For the present it is one of

the saddest pictures of war and the curse of slavery.

It was a cold December night, with pelting rain and wind, when we took up our line of march from Alexandria, with the murdered body of Major Curtis. The recently-closed war had familiarised the People too clearly with ambulances and the sight of coffins to create any anusual interest to the few stragglers who saw us depart. It was, however, a strange enough looking sight. There was the doctor's carriage, or buggy, containing himself, the son-in-law, and me. Then followed an ambulance with the coffin and driver. We were of course fully prepared for a scene, as the Major's family, consisting of his widow, three sons, and four daughters, had probably by this time received the melancholy news. It was a bitter night, and we wrapped our cloaks closer around us, lighted our cigars, and kept our flasks within convenient range. The journey was one not unattended with danger, as the country was yet burning with the sting of defeat, and thirsting for revenge. The Klu-Klux-Klan, which has since gained such a notoriety for midnight assassination, was then in its infancy; but there were plenty of men ready and willing to cut a Yankee's throat for a drink of whisky, or the mere pleasure of the thing. It was indeed a cold and dreary ride; the night Pitch-dark, and the roads anything but encouraging. Long experience in the army had inured all of us pretty much to hardship; we could sleep on a coal-truck, the soft side of a corn-field, or anything handy, and we managed somehow or other to sleep during a con-Siderable portion of the night. As day broke, we found ourselves **Pproaching the village of Aldie—a spot now celebrated as the scene of many cavalry charges and Mosby's famous guerrillas. As we entered the little town, it was still asleep, and such of the houses as were not riddled by shells presented a wretched and poverty-stricken aspect. You might see here a house without any roof, and there a Foof without any house. At Aldie we made our first halt, and after Breat deal of hammering managed to wake up the postmaster and his family. They looked at us rather suspiciously, and in fact seemed very little disposed to take us in; but on the sight of United State currency they gradually thawed, and awkwardly consented to give a some breakfast.

Corn-bread is one of the institutions of the South. It bears that same relation to Southern diet that oatmeal does to that of the Highlands of Scotland. They cook it in every conceivable form, as when done up with eggs it looks somewhat like Yorkshire puddin Our breakfast consisted of corn-bread and coffee; and having pa

our reckoning, we resumed our journey.

About ten o'clock the sun broke through the clouds, and enable us to obtain a good prospect of the really fine scenery of this pa of Virginia. About noon, just as we were approaching the village of Warrenton, an ambulance appeared upon the road before us, as from the evident sounds of weeping within, we were soon convince that we were about to meet the family of the deceased. To describ that meeting and the anguish of the mother and children would I a trying task. The Major had been a bad man, but he was the father; and there is no life so utterly depraved but some heart w throb a little faster, and some memory cherish the recollection a kind word in the dim past. Superstition is not confined to the peasantry of Ireland only; and as we approached the ambulance, v passed each other at a little distance, the idea being that it is u lucky to meet a corpse without passing. We then joined compan and pursued our melancholy journey towards the homestead. The doctor and myself went into the ambulance containing the coffic while the ladies took the carriage. It was late in the afternoon as v approached the base of the Blue Ridge and came in view of 'Wind side,' the home of the family. The scene was bleak and cheerle enough, and the prospect anything but encouraging. The Maj had been the most unpopular man in the county. They regard him as a renegade, and worse than a Yankee. The wound was st fresh, and their hatred to the North keener by far than it had been than i three years before. As we rode through these lonely woods, I co fess to a strange feeling of uncertain dread, as we beheld about dozen suspicious-looking fellows hovering in our rear. They we dressed in gray, and mounted; and a more hungry cut-throat-lookin set of Falstaffians I never beheld. They evidently knew how matte stood, and there was no knowing what the sight of a Yankee mig do. We were unarmed, having foolishly neglected to bring o revolvers. It mattered little, however, as we were entirely at the mercy. They seemed for a time to be deliberating among themselve until finally one of their number put spurs to his horse, and ro up to the ambulance in which we were seated. I have seen man disagreeable faces in my life, and many a brutalised expression, b never till that moment could I realise what must have been the los of Mephistopheles. There were written on that face drink, crim

setanic hate, and O!—the quintessence of cynicism. I shuddered, and instinctively grasped the first instrument which came within my reach. The man drew rein, and placing his hand within his breast, drew forth what we supposed to be a pistol. To our surprise, however, he simply pulled out a pocket-flask, which with a demoniac grin, and a mocking nod to us, he placed to his lips. menced such a volley of abuse against the man whose corpse lay before him, that the first impulse of the doctor and myself was to knock him down. We could do nothing, however. He kept behind * a respectful distance; within call were his comrades; and to get **a row in our present** defenceless condition would have been simply madness. 'There goes that vile corpse!' he roared, taking another pull at the flask; 'the most filthy piece of clay that ever trod the earth!'—another pull—'the vilest!' But, fortunately for us, just at this point his gait became very unsteady, and he nearly rolled off Seeing the doctor place his hand in his pocket as if to draw, and being a coward as well as a bully, he turned back and rejoined his companions.

'Windyside' stood on the summit of a hill, commanding a fine view of the beautiful mountains and valleys of the Blue Ridge. It was a long and weary pull before we gained the top. Finally, however, we reached the house, cold, weary, hungry, and heart-sick; and mentally resolving, that if we got safe out of this scrape, we should never again, so long as we lived, place a foot upon the 'sacred soil.'

There being no undertaker within many miles—alas, they had forgotten the old respect to the dead! for war is a sad destroyer of the paraphernalia of the grave—we three gentlemen did all we could to arrange matters. The coffin lay that night in the parlour; and, as is the custom in Virginia, we sat up by turns with the body. Through the long weary watches of that night we heard, mingled with the sobs of the household, the wind whistling round the old housestead; and the only things which cheered us, or took our thoughts away from our loneliness and desolation, were the huge Virginia fireplace, and the bright logs crackling on the hearth.

V.

The morning broke bright and radiant over the distant peaks of the Blue Ridge, and as we stepped upon the verandah, the scene presented to our gaze was at once beautiful and attractive. Beneath our feet stretched a long and fertile valley, bordered in the distance by the undulating slopes of the mountains. Although the month was December, the sun shone as warmly as on a May morning, and the vegetation, so green and joyous, scarcely presented the appearance of winter. We were forcibly struck with the resemblance to some

of our Scottish mountains, and the grand old scenes among which we had passed our boyhood. But amidst all the beauty of this fertile land there was an unmistakable look of desolation. Fences seemed uncared for, farm-houses tenantless, farms neglected; and on every side stood some certain marks of war and its misery. The condition of the people, too, at this time was not cheering: they were poor, war-worn, and heartsick; and it was not to be wondered at, if their spirits sank within them, and 'Hope for a season bade their world farewell.' There was something extremely sad in the whole scene. While at the North cities flourished, and all things looked as if 110 war had ever desolated the land, here the soil was strewed with lead, and fertilised with human bones. Affairs are a little better now, although not a great deal. The curse is still there; and marry years and another generation must pass away, before Virginia, like France, shall hold up her head, and the sounds of music and dancing be heard at nightfall from the happy homes of a contented people-

After a hurried breakfast, we set to work to make preparations for the funeral. It was arranged that the interment should take pla ce at a point situated on a plateau to the rear of the garden. There was a stone there upon which the old man loved to sit, and watch the shadows upon his native hills. The workmen got to work, and we prepared to have the funeral take place that afternoon at three four o'clock. Not a minister far or near could be found to read the funeral service, and it was a great question whether, if he could be found, he would consent to bestow the last rites of the church upon one who had gone into the presence of his Maker with murder in his heart. After some consultation among ourselves, it was agreed that I, albeit far from a saint, should read the burial-service of the Church of England. The choice was probably made upon the same principle as the Scotchman, who returned thanks for the navy on the strength of having been born in a seaport town. My father was a churchman; alas that the motto should have been carried out to the letter!

It was a sad sight, when all met in the parlour on that afternoon, to take a last look at the deceased, and hear the few beautiful words of that exquisite service. There lay the dead man's face before not ensure the calm and unruffled nothingness of death. Around the room, clad in deep mourning, sat the members of the family, and a few of the neighbours, who had heard the news, and come over to add the insympathy and consolation. Men stood there, in old and faded uniforms—gray-headed men, who had fought, and suffered, and bleed for the homes and the customs of their hearths. Southern ladies, whose pinched cheeks and well-worn dresses told of poverty and hardship and tears. Brave faces had these Southern women; braver hearts, which shrank not from danger in the hour of peril, and fear and not bullets in the hour of death. As I stood there to pronounce

solemn farewell of animate to inanimate clay, a strange and awful feeling stole around me. The solemnity of the scene, the vanity of life, the shadow of my own future—all filled me with indescribable emotion. Something in my throat choked up the avenues of my speech, and it was some moments before I found it possible to commence. When I did, the sobs of the family, and the wailing of the coloured women, with their characteristic cries of 'Poor ole massa!' of de poor old Massa George!' 'Lor' bless de poor dear!' rendered my position a painful and a trying one. It was the first time I had ever stood in the position and office of the holy church, and I felt my unworthiness. But it came to an end. The lid closed upon that sightless face, and no human eye should ever see it more.

Darkness had thrown its mantle around the valley of Virginia, when the workmen announced their task completed. There was no moon, and the night, although cold, was clear. Not clear enough, however, to see without the light of torches. The melancholy procession was formed, and the grave stood ready to receive all that was mortal of the owner of the soil. One could scarcely imagine a more weird or ghost-like picture than that presented by the scene. On either side of the newly-dug pit were men bearing torches. I stood at the head of the grave, prayer-book in hand, and read the completing portions of the solemn service. Near me were the ladies of the family, and all around the figures of wild and worn-looking men in rebel gray, with long Southern hair, and immense lengths of tage hanging from their hats. Mingled with them were the black issges and sparkling eyes of the coloured servants.

They lowered him into the grave. The work was done; and there upon the summit of a hill, in the heart of a desolate country, with the night-wind moaning a dirge from the distant mountains, aid we lay to sleep the remains of a bad life. The last shovelful sod fell upon the coffin—'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;' and glory—false glory—lay at rest; and the curtain fell upon the last act of the drama; and the lights went out, and all

Twas still

E. N. LAMONT.

TORPEDOES

MR. BRIGHT is reported to have said some thirteen years ago in or of his controversial harangues: 'What is a peer? A person borwith a silver spoon in his mouth.' The Saturday Review, in commenting upon his speech, remarked: 'We might with equal justice continue the illustration, and say, "What is a cotton-spinner?

man born with a piece of cotton-wool in his ear." '

The truth is, that times are changed, and we have changed wit them. The old Latin proverb stills holds good. It is no longer the peer, but the fortunate dustman, who is born with the silver spoor. And what has changed so much as the system of naval warfare? Cold our gallant fleets were wont to ride triumphant over the seas of the entire globe. Now, operations will be principally confined to cumbrous ark-like structures, sheathed in a panoply of iron, which can do little else than glide in and out of the mouths of rivers or has bours, and would hardly live in a gale of wind.

At such a time few apologies are needed for bringing the subject of torpedoes before the public. Comparatively little is general known as to their history, uses, or construction, and almost every thing has therefore to be learnt. The events of the late war have also clearly demonstrated the paramount importance of this brane of defensive operations in modern warfare. The magnificent irolads of the French fleet were rendered innocuous, owing to the presence of infernal machines at all available points upon the German

coasts.

But, although we would desire to impress upon the public mire the useful and extensive nature of the results to be obtained by free exercise of this most necessary arm of the service, still at the same time we would let it be considered in regard to its own proposphere. Torpedoes cannot take the place of batteries of guns; no not even in their most natural position, that is to say, in the mouth of estuaries or rivers. They are essentially defensive, and not ofensive, weapons, and can only be available to act when their victing come actually within their grasp: we do not now, of course, mean to include the 'fish torpedoes,' of whose success we entertain gravdoubts. A fleet of vessels could lie within a hundred yards of nest of torpedoes without incurring the remotest danger. Torpedoes also can only be fired once, whereas the same gun is available ovand over again. Another very important consideration remains be brought forward. It is a disputed point whether vessels of suc tremendous solidity of build as the Devastation, Thunderer, at others, would be at all affected, even if they were to come within range of the efforts of an ordinary explosive torpedo. Our own idea is, that vessels of this description would steam up and down a river as little annoyed by their discharges as a man in armour by the peppering of peas from a pea-shooter. And that our future navy for coast defences will principally consist of vessels such as these, there is little doubt.

But notwithstanding our assertion that the torpedo is essentially a defensive weapon, it is nevertheless a very terrible and most effective one. It would be impossible, within the compass of a short sketch like the present, to give an adequate idea of all that has been attempted, and the results that have been arrived at, by different persons who have given the subject their attention. The most we can do, therefore, is to glance rapidly at the history of inventions of this nature up to the most recent date, giving at the same time an approximate notion of their construction, their application, and instances of their success or failure.

We first read of floating exploding machines as having been used in the sixteenth century. They were probably wooden casks or metal boxes having two compartments, one containing gunpowder, and the other left empty to render them buoyant. They were permitted to drift down amongst the vessels of an enemy's fleet, and were fitted with an ordinary time-fuze, which fired the charge after a stated interval.

So early as the year 1628, when the French fleet intended for the relief of Rochelle was attacked by the English off that town, the latter made use of a self-acting explosive machine, being the first of its kind on record.

Drifting exploders were also used by the Americans in 1777,

the nature of which is only imperfectly known.

In 1801 Robert Fulton, an American, submitted to the French government the pattern of an infernal machine which he called a torpedo. It consisted of a copper box containing gunpowder, and was enclosed in cork or some other light substance to make it float. An enclosed space at the end was fitted with clockwork and an apparatus for striking fire at a regulated time, a spark from which communicated with the powder through a small channel or opening, igniting the whole. The French, however, refused to take up the invention, which was consequently offered to the English. After much opposition on the part of the government, trials were at length instituted in 1804 and 1805. In the latter year a successful effort to blow up the Dorothea, a Danish brig of 200 tons, which scattered it in fragments, established beyond controversy the tremendous power and effectiveness of such machines.

About this time Congreve manufactured a number of torpedoes.

of a similar nature to Fulton's, two specimens of which may be seen

in the Royal Artillery Rotunda at Woolwich. They consist of a per cylinders, semispherical at one end; at the other is an enclorompartment, and within it a small metal box, which can be rendedoubly water-tight by a cover. This contains simple clockwacted upon by a spring, and which is wound up in the ordinary by a key. At a given time the movement of the machinery release trigger, which lets fall a hammer containing a flint, as in the flint-lock muskets. The pan is of course carefully covered to ret the powder. The spherical extremity of these torpedoes was apprently left empty to render them sufficiently buoyant to float. To were not incased in cork.

In 1813 experiments were made by the Americans with vari

sorts of torpedoes, but without any important results.

In 1839 the first attempt was made to fire explosive machi by means of electricity, and some five years afterwards the sa idea was again brought before the public by a Captain Warner.

In 1855 the Russians employed a number of torpedoes for obstruction of the various harbours and inlets of the Baltic. majority of these were percussion exploders, and were fired as lows. Two thin vials of glass-closely connected with each of and terminating in a train of powder communicating by means a long aperture with the centre of the machine-were sever filled with chlorate of potash and sulphuric acid. These vials w enclosed in a lead tube. A carefully balanced bar was adjusted ab them, which, upon receiving the slightest blow, bent the lead to broke the glass vials, and mingled their contents. A flash ensu which fired the train. The exploders were moored so as to f just beneath the surface of the water, and the balancing bar we then be in the most convenient position to be struck by a pass They were anchored to large stones at the bottom. Sev of these percussion torpedoes exploded beneath the hulls of Eng war-vessels which happened to pass over them; but owing to weakness of their charges, no very serious damage was done. T were in the form of a double cone, and floated by means of an en air-tight compartment. A cap could be placed upon the firing paratus, which protected them from exploding whilst being lower to their places in the water. Great danger was, however, incu in removing these caps, and in their fright and anxiety the Russ left many of the torpedoes covered with the caps, the mach being thus rendered entirely harmless! Some were found in condition by the men of the boats which were employed in search the shallow water for these obstructions. Torpedoes to be fired an arrangement of clockwork were also found in the Baltic Sea.

At Kertch several electrical explosive machines were discover

during the expedition to that place.

This discovery, and a proposal which was submitted to the

miralty for blowing up some obstructions in the channels leading past the island of Crondstadt by means of exploders fired by electricity, decided her Majesty's government to institute a series of experiments at Woolwich, which resulted in an amazing amount of light being thrown upon this most interesting subject. It was now satisfactorily established, that electricity was the most feasible means to adopt for the purpose of communicating a light to the powder enclosed in torpedoes.

In 1860, explosive machines charged with gun-cotton instead of gunpowder were first used at Venice. They were fired by frictional electrical machines made of an ebonite cylinder, and were moored to triangular frames of wood loaded with heavy stones resting on the bottom. There was, however, as it turned out, no occasion for their

services.

The first active application of electricity to torpedoes was during the American war. Here it was made use of in every possible way. The greater number of explosive machines, however, which were found in Charleston harbour in 1865 were ignited by percussion fuzes. These were acted upon by a similar process to that which we have already described as used by the Russians in the war of 1855 in the Baltic Sea. There were floating torpedoes moored to mushroom anchors, torpedo boats, torpedo piles screwed into the bottom of the harbour, and others driven obliquely downwards, having upright cast-iron explosive cupolas fixed upon their extremities.

One of the greatest discoveries of the present day has been that of compressed gun-cotton. By means of this a given space can be filled with a substance four times as explosive as the amount of gun-powder which it would contain, thus economising space and material

to a very considerable extent.

The latest form of ordinary torpedo, and one which will be most extensively used in cases of necessity in the harbours and estuaries of Great Britain, is a simple wrought-iron box of three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, and of which three sizes are manufactured. In shape it is cylindrical, with rounded ends. At the top is a semicircular box or cap, which screws into the substance of the torpedo, and has two holes for the insertion of electric wires. It is surrounded by two bands with eyes at intervals for attaching it to the mooring ropes. This torpedo will be filled with compressed gun-cotton. It will be fired by means of a spark communicated from an ordinary battery either on shore or on board ship, as necessity may require. The wire which conducts this electric spark is also attached to an instrument called a 'circuit-closer,' which floats upon the surface of the water, the torpedo being moored beneath it. The circuit-closer is provided with a delicately adjusted spring, the slightest percussion apon which closes the connection between the two parts of the insulated wires which had hitherto remained open. The stream of electricity then descends through the wires to an electrical fuze c within the cap of the torpedo, a spark immediately sprin tween the two ends of the wires inside. The igniting con flashes flame, and the torpedo is fired. Should occasion reanother continuous wire can be attached to the battery to torpedo without any percussion, but in ordinary cases the expected to strike against the floating circuit-closer.

Another means of adapting electricity to firing torped however, lately been devised. This is to employ the circular as a separate branch or stream of the electric current, and as of ringing a 'tell-tale' bell on shore or on board ship to giving of the proximity of a vessel. An examination of the then takes place. Should it prove to be an enemy, the stream descending to the powder or gun-cotton is released, mine is fired. Should it be a friend, no notice of course and the vessel passes on unharmed. This system has great tages, as it precludes all possibility of the torpedo being accident.

Difficulties will probably arise in mooring torpedoes in t such as those of Great Britain. Robert Fulton's plan was them to a large hawser, which, having its extremity made buoy, rose and fell with the tide. They must, of course, is remain in the same position with regard to the surface. D however, ere their services are required by us in actual was genuity will discover some means of overcoming these differences are required on up to the present was been resting on the ground.

JOHNSON AND MRS. PIOZZI

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A. AUTHOR OF 'BELLA DONNA,' 'DIANA GAY,' ETC.

THE figure of Johnson is so very familiar to us, so marked and unconventional, and we are so acquainted with all his 'ways,' humours, and opinions, that it would not be difficult for any rational mind, well acquainted with his life, to foretell how he would behave under any particular conditions. In the case of most public men, there are rough conventional sketches which do well enough for circulation among the crowd; much as a face with a very hooked nose and strong chin did duty as a symbol of Wellington, or a cocked-hat and redingote recalled Bonaparte. And so with Johnson: any common observer could, as he fancies, give a facile sketch of his burliness, roughness, 'knock-down' manner; his pomposity and vigour; his 'Sir, you are impertment; with a hundred such points and tokens. Yet such a familiar sketcher, if asked to fill-in his ideas of this rude 'customer's' relations towards the sex-his tone of mind considered in the category we are speaking of - would certainly fill up that part of his sketch much as the northern historian did his chapter on snakes: 'Concerning snakes in Iceland, there are no snakes in Iceland.' He would set Johnson down as having an utter contempt for women; as disdainful of their affections, as too selfish and too busy to ap-Preciate them. He might recall the great Panjandrum's many disrespectful sayings: 'A woman's playing on the fiddle is like a dog dancing; you do not admire, but you wonder that it is done.' In short, 'grand old Samuel' would be set down as neither loving nor lovable.

Yet this would be quite an erroneous view. Johnson had the warmest of hearts. He was tender and even gallant; love was almost a weakness with him. When an uncouth youth, he was in love with a local belle. There was a certain Molly Aston, with whom he was desperately smitten; and his gallantry to ladies when advanced in life makes up some pretty scenes in Boswell. He told Garrick that he had given up going behind the scenes at the latter's theatre, because he found himself too inflammable in presence of the goddesses of the coulisses.

The real attachments of his life were two: the first for his wife; the second, the well-known devotion to Mrs. Thrale. Mrs. Johnson was a singularly coarse, painted creature, much older than he was,

without a charm to recommend her. Yet he was really infatuated by her. Garrick, attending his school, used to make much mirt! out of the clownish attempts at adoration on the part of the Ediapedagogue, and would later mimic the uncouth love-making of the future dictionary-writer. To her he was all through the devoted husband, just as he had been the devoted son; and his grief at her loss showed that this almost grotesque affection was based on the most substantial and enduring grounds. Miss Seward, indeed, described his grandes passions; and it almost reads like Sterne's confession, 'I must ever have some Dulcinea in my head.' 'Johnson, she says, 'had always a metaphysical passion for one princess or another. First, the rustic Lucy Porter, before he married her nauscous mother' (elegant Miss Seward!); 'next, the handsome but haughty Molly Aston; next, the sublimated methodistic Hill Boothby, who read her Bible in Hebrew; and lastly, the more charming Mrs. Thrale with the beauty of the first, the learning of the second, and with more sense than a bushel of such sinners and such saints.' introduction leads us at once to the sprightly Hester Lynch Salus bury, later Thrale, later still Piozzi. It is an oft-told tale—an old and perhaps hackneyed story too; but it cannot be easily passed by, for it possesses an exceeding interest.

The great lexicographer, as Miss Becky Sharpe's schoolmistres: was fond of styling him, was indeed often disturbed, according to his own phrase, by these 'amorous propensities.' He was fond otaking ladies on his knee; though, indeed, it was more the 'charmers' who established themselves on that lexicographical eminence like the young married lady in Scotland, who besides added a salute If Wilkes was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man the Doctor was scarcely half an hour. Once he gravely made the supposition, that 'supposing he kept a seraglio,' he would enforce certain sumptuary regulations. 'You see,' he said on another occasion, 'that dear Boothby is at my heart still.' Once walking with his wife, a gipsy told him that his heart was divided between a Molly and a Betty. 'Betty loves you best, but you take most delight in Molly's company.' He laughed, but Mrs. Johnson began to cry. She remembered another Molly, whom Johnson thought 'the loveliest creature he ever saw.' But the uxorious Johnson said his wife had no cause for jealousy, 'pretty charmer' as she was. The charmer was close on fifty when he married her-nearly twenty years older than her husband-fat, raddled, painted, and coarsely dressed.

At Lord Charlemont's house in Ireland is to be seen one of Hogarth's finest pictures, pretty well known by the engraving, 'The Lady's last Stake.' The richness of this picture—the glowing scarlet of the coat—leave an impression not easily forgotten. But its chief interest lies in the fact that Mrs. Thrale, then Miss Salus-

bury, is believed to have sat for the leading figure. This is her own statement; but the tradition of Charlemont House is, that Peg Woffington was the original; and though there is a likeness, as Mr. Hayward says, in the engraving made from the life to Mrs. Piozzi's own portrait, still this likeness does not exist in the picture. In fact, if Miss Salusbury was only fourteen, as she says she was, when she sat to the great painter, his picture, which is that of a lady much older, could scarcely be more than the hint of a likeness. What was remarkable about her was her smallness—she was so singularly petite. She considered herself, with a self-depreciation unusual in a woman, -unless it was an invitation to pay a compliment,-to be 'not at all handsome.' But she was vivacious, and animated, and piquante; and the resigned way she bore the rivalry of the fascinating Sophy Streatfield for her husband, her petulant yet uncomplaining remonstrances, even before company, show that she was interesting. Her learning, which represented the dead languages, was certainly unpedantic, even in the heyday and riot of blue-stockingism; and her powers of conversation and spirits, with the acuteness of her remarks, were admirable. Still, but for that wonderful herald Boswell, who has issued innumerable patents of literary nobility, she would scarcely have taken the position she now holds. Indeed, the world scarcely knows its obligations to that amazing book, which brings the reflection, how many portraits, figures, sketches have been lost to us, in various ages, for want of some such record, -a record, too, which shows the truth of the remark of Horace Walpole, when he said that any book where a man had set down honestly and faithfully, and without affectation, all that he had seen and heard, must be interesting. Which is, indeed, no more than saying that it is not genius nor intellect, but nature pure and simple—the foundation of all human delight in the stage—that is the secret of the impulse that makes us buy books and devour them.

Johnson made Mrs. Thrale's acquaintance when he was nearly sixty, when she was a gay young woman of twenty-five, with a tall, portly, and stately husband, whose behaviour, which his age and introduction, it is well known how Johnson obtained quite home at Streatham, found there all his comforts attended to, and entertainment which he could hope for nowhere else. He was made welcome for years; and though it has been the fashion to say that he must have been a sore tax and incubus on the hostess, with his humours and infirmities, it is impossible not to believe that a man of such reputation and such powers, with a prestige from his toll of acquaintance among all ranks, would have more than compensated the rich brewer's family for their hospitality. At the same time, on Johnson's own principle of 'keeping your circle of friend-

ships in repair,' by supplying the place of such as drop out, it very difficult to keep a single friendship strong and healthy und-conditions so intimate as was that of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale and the delicate cord, with the chafing and friction of daily contact is sure to get frayed, and perhaps broken. One little scene luncheon, when Miss Burney came on a visit, shows Johnson in he unofficial attitude, when he was most agreeable.

'I could not help expressing my amazement at his univers

readiness upon all subjects, and Mrs. Thrale said to him,

"Sir, Miss Burney wonders at your patience with such stufbut I tell her you are used to me, for I believe I torment you wi more foolish questions than anybody dares do."

"No, madam," said he, "you don't torment me; you tea-

me, indeed, sometimes."

"And so I do, Dr. Johnson; and I wonder you bear with monsense."

"No, madam, you never talk nonsense; you have as much sem and more wit than any woman I know."

"O!" cried Mrs. Thrale, blushing, "it is my turn to go und

the table this morning, Miss Burney."

- "And yet," continued the Doctor, with the most comical loc
 "I have known all the wits, from Mrs. Montagu down to E
 Flint."
 - "Bet Flint!" cried Mrs. Thrale. "And pray, who is she?"
- "O, a fine character, madam. She was habitually a slut and drunkard, and occasionally a thief."

"And, for heaven's sake, how came you to know her?"

"Why, madam, she figured in the literary world too. Bet Fli wrote her own life, and called herself Cassandra; and it was in vers So Bet brought me her verses to correct; but I gave her halfcrown, and she liked it well."

"And pray, what became of her, sir?"

"Why, madam, she stole a quilt from the man of the housand he had her taken up. But Bet Flint had a spirit not to be su dued; so when she found herself obliged to go to jail, she ordered sedan-chair, and bid her footboy walk before her. However, t boy proved refractory; for he was ashamed, though his mistress w not."

"And did she ever get out of jail again, sir?"

"Yes, madam; when she came to her trial, the judge acquitt her. 'So now,' she said to me, 'the quilt is my own; and now I make a petticoat of it.' O, I loved Bet Flint!"

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "how can all these vagabor

contrive to get at you, of all people?"

"O, the dear creatures!" cried he, laughing heartily, "I cabut be glad to see them."

But by the year 1782, after Mr. Thrale had died of apoplexy, the old friendship began to ravel up very fast. It is plain that she stood in great awe of her husband, whose irregularities she was forced to put up with uncomplainingly; and it is evident that the some influence obliged her to put up with Johnson's plain speech and rather tyrannical bearing. Thrale, however, was a man of the world, and wished to be thought a man of fashion; and he was pleased with Johnson's company. But when Mr. Thrale was dead, this restraint was removed. Johnson, whose irritability and infirmities were increasing, not unnaturally resented the altered tone of the lady whom he admired, but whom he likened to a little fluttering butterfly. He then found himself obliged to leave Streatham, where, though he had no strict right of possession, he had still, from long prescription, a title to be dealt with very indulgently. found her 'snubs' and rebuffs growing intolerable, he took that solemn farewell of the place which is almost pathetic, going down on his lenees, with an antique solemnity, to pray for the house and its inmates. Very different was Mrs. Thrale's behaviour, who had the indecorum to tell the public, shortly after the great man's death, that she had retired to Bath, 'where she knew Mr. Johnson could not follow her;' adding, too, that the original reason of the connection was merely 'his disordered health.' She complained, too, that she had to make tea for him in the middle of the day. She complains of it as 'a yoke;' but she will ever consider it 'the greatest honour which could be conferred on any one to have been the confidential friend of'-Dr. Johnson? No-of 'Dr. Johnson's health, and to have in some measure saved from distress at least, if not from worse, a mind,' &c. This might have been true; but it was scarcely consistent with respect or friendship to mention it.

But there was another influence at work, which it is scarcely harsh to credit with the change. This character of Johnson, too, was written after her notorious quarrel with him, and when she wished to justify herself before the public. A portly Italian singer, Signor Piozzi-one of the race who were admired, or spoken of disdainfully in London-had made her acquaintance. He seems to have been one of those quiet, reserved, gentlemanly, but dangerons music-masters, who have so often brought trouble into families, or dazzled a boarding-school miss. It is quite evident that the vivacious little lady was at once attracted to him. She was at Brighton in August 1780, and was walking on the cliffs with her daughter, when she saw him standing at the library-door, the 'Yawkins' of the place. With characteristic forwardness she went up to him, and asked him in Italian to give some lessons in singing to her daughter. She received a cold rebuff, Mr. Piozzi saying that he was there to recover his health and voice, and not for business. But later the same day he started out of the shop, made apologies, and

offered every aid in his limited power. The 'Yawkins' had no dou informed him who this important lady was. The same morning post brought a letter of introduction from Miss Burney, introduci the fascinating musician as a man that would suit her tastes en

nently.

From that time the acquaintance began and prospered. He learne quite intimate, staying constantly at her house with some those eminent Italians who delighted, and at the same time excit the contempt of, the English public by their female soprano voi. Her diary makes various allusions to the visits and attraction of the sweet singer of Israel. Even Johnson wrote pleasantly about the same time excit.

'getting back' her Piozzi.

After Mr. Thrale's death, this liking assumed the shape of regular passion, which, though excusable in one of the thousand-ar one girls who have taken their music-master for an Apollo, in woman with a daughter of twenty, and other children growing up, a in a widow of ripe age, who knew the world, argues a deficiency eitl of sense or self-restraint. In her papers she sets down the sort coldness and persecution she experienced from her children and re tions when they heard of her new fancy, and the steps to which was likely to lead. It has been the fashion to take her side in t matter, putting it on the ground that she was old enough to kn what was for her interest and happiness, and entitled at her age follow it out and decide for herself. But it may be said for the p sent, before we advance in the story, that there might be reasona doubts as to the sincerity of the artist, when it is remembe that she was a lady of large private fortune, and a widow, moreov with a fine jointure. Farther, let any girls of good position, fami and fortune think what would their feelings be when they found t their mamma was seriously thinking of forming an alliance with music-master who had been teaching them their do, re, mi, fa, a who sang at concerts.

This sensible opposition then became so marked and vigoro that she was obliged to yield for the time; and her swain, no do with genuine sincerity, agreed to go back to his native country—disagreeable an exile for an Italian as Scotland used to be for

Scotch.

The trial, however, was too much for the lady. The widow some years beyond the age that extorted a Prince Regent's pragrew 'love-sick,' languished, and then fell corporeally sick. I doctors gave out the, to her, welcome news, that she must unless she obtained her hero; and at last wrote the only prescript that could do her good—the recall of Piozzi. The family gave loathing consent; and the music-master came back.

All that follows shows that she was eminently a foolish wom Any one of sense taking such a step would keep all the stages

private as possible, and strive to let the proceeding jar upon the world as little as possible. But she at once proceeds to announce the step to her friends with a prodigious flourishing and complacency, and began with Johnson. No one has been more censured than the latter for his behaviour to her; and it has been so far fortunate for her, as it procured her the sympathy of many readers, and perhaps of many acquaintances. There was always some obscurity about Johnson's reproof until Mr. Hayward published the full correspondence, which makes the matter clear. His reply to this wonderful news was a rough, angry, and even contemptuous appeal, imploring her, in so many words, if the matter was not yet concluded, not to make a laughing-stock or a fool of herself. This was indiscreet perhaps, not justified by the legal technicalities of friendship; but Johnson, though he was said to hide nothing of the bear but his skin, had still a very rough one, and had, moreover, a terrible growl, which, though harmless, was still as disagreeable. He was her friend of many years, her trustee, and virtually guardian; he had been the inmate of her house; and if he did presume on these foundations to warn her roughly, and almost rudely, very great allowance should be made. A more impartial judgment would be, that he was wholly justified, and required to do so by his office and

The reply, as was to be expected, was in a strain of deep resentment-virtually bidding him attend to his own concerns, and as virtually renouncing his friendship. Whatever had been his fault, his rejoinder was noble for its tenderness, apologetic tone, and confession of having exceeded his duty. And so that famous friendship ended. But she was sensitive to a degree about the step she was taking; and on all sides was receiving rebuffs from those on whom she foolishly tried to force her theory—that Mr. Piozzi was something beyond a musician—that he had been living in a palace with a Spanish marquis abroad, &c.; unsubstantial sort of rehabilitation, as the marquis was merely a patron of his. This little trouble, like a straw showing the current, gives a hint of greater folly. Miss Burney, a bosom friend, could not bring herself to enter rapturously into the plan; nor could she warmly congratulate, or share in that Partnership of joy which was expected from her. The result was a quarrel with her.

In due course they were married, and went away to Italy. The Indy was certainly happy, and her new husband behaved with a delicacy and gratitude and dignity which shows that she had not mistaken his character. But still, in her letters home she must be always restlessly on the defensive; enumerating triumphantly any attentions paid to them, as it were saying, 'Now, you see, we have not lost caste!' At last they returned, took a house, and succeeded in mustering a crowd of distinguished acquaintances round them;

to which she would again appeal, as a proof that her marriage is made no difference in her position. By and by Mr. Piozzi built house in Wales, and then changed his religion—a step in an Italia Catholic by no means of fruitful promise. Her friend Johnson had he been alive, would have explained to her, as he did once with admirable judgment, what results usually attend such a change, are that 'there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.' In the case of the average Italian or Frenchman, his religion sits so lightly on him, that the 'laceration' may not be serious; but so much has been given up that it is likely to end in indifference.

In the year 1809 this gentleman died, after a married life some twenty-eight years. It was time that her volatile and flutte ing heart should at length be fixed, by the sobering influence a second widowhood, as well as by advancing age. She retired to Bath, and fell at once into that card-playing, gossiping, scanda loving, racketing sort of life, which half a century ago seemed to a always associated with mineral waters in England. These lingering elements were admirably caught and described by Mr. Dickens, before they had time to die out, in the pages of his Pickwick. Then while junketing merrily, and figuring as one of the powers of the

place, she was to be the gentle victim of a new passion.

A young actor, of the romantic name of William Augustus Con way, had come from that wonderful dramatic nursery, the Dubl stage, and made his appearance on the London boards in 181; He seems to have had no histrionic merits, according to the ol fashioned criterion-which exacted gifts of elocution, passion, power &c.; but according to the present state of public taste his fate w a little hard, as he had all the elements for a genuine success. I had a beautiful face, a remarkable figure, elegantly made and sing larly graceful. As it was, these perfections secured him the hono of playing with Miss O'Neil; and in love-pieces, where she was t enchanting heroine and attracted all attention, his other deficience might be reasonably overlooked. Presently came the great Kea and the handsome William Augustus Conway was quite extinguishe When he was acting at provincial theatres he came to Bath, and t widow of Mr. Thrale and Mr. Piozzi-then about seventy-threesaw him, and again succumbed to a new infatuation.

Infatuation is indeed the name, if we may judge by the lette of one whom it is scarcely irreverence to call a very silly old lad They are indeed a testimony to the sagacity of Samuel Johnson, no long in his grave, and whose unsparing severity on the eve of h second marriage they more than justify. She was not old enoug to have this set to the account of age; and for many years lat was to be accounted the most amazingly intelligent and vivacious old lady ever known. This pitiable story adds yet another instance

that compromising infatuation, to which the most eminent seem to be the victims.*

In the month of September 1819 she thus commences her amatory strains:

'Three Sundays have now elapsed since James brought me dearest Mr. Conway's promise to write to me the very next, and were it not for the newspaper which came on Tuesday the 24th August—sending me to rest comfortable, though sick enough, and under the influence of laudanum—I should relapse into my former state of agonising apprehension on your account; but that little darling autograph round the paper was written so steady, and so completely in the old way, whenever I look at it my spirits revive, and hope (true pulse of life) ceases to intermit, for a while at least, and bids me be assured we soon shall meet again. I really was very ill three or four days; but the jury of matrons who sat on my complaint acquitted the apricots which I accused, and said they (all but two) proved an alibi. Some of the servants, who were ill too, found out that we had, in Bessy's absence, got some mildewed tea that lay in a damp closet at the last lodging. We are now removed to a palace, a Weston palazzino, where we propose receiving Mr. Conway.

She could be very graphic and amusing, this old lady; and one of the most curious features in her letters is a sort of badinage, assumed with great art, when she found herself growing too ardent, and which seemed to plead delicately that she was privileged, and only half in earnest. That stroke of the 'jury of matrons' is highly comic; and she rather indiscreetly alludes to 'a superannuated beauty fifteen or twenty years younger than myself, but sick and dropsical; her legs hanging over her shoes.' This, too, is artfully put, as who should say, 'Good care and preservation do not depend on age; for here is a professed beauty far younger, and not nearly so well Preserved.' She tells him also her really clever nomenclature for the months; which, as she asks with justice, are quite as good as Floréal and Prairial:

	Autumn is	DRIPPY, NIPPY, SLIPPY;	- To be succeeded by Winter,	$\left\{ \right.$	Snrezy, Wheezy, Freezy;
Till	Spring returns,	SHOWERY, BOWERY, FLOWERY;	and Summer's (as this year)	{	HOPPY, POPPY, CROPPY.

The young actor, however, flagged occasionally in his devotion; soften ill, and did not write; and she would appeal to him thetically:

'I feel much more immediately and sincerely interested in our

Of the genuineness of the following letters there can be no question. Their thenticity is proved in a manner quite convincing; but their style is even a better Proof.

own meeting after such cruel illness and dangers, and a silence the state has shaken my courage more than all the savage shoutings of the is new-fangled reformation. Good-night; and God bless my value of friend, for whose perfect recovery and long-continued happiness. I will pray till the post comes in. Yes; and till life goes out from poor H. L. P. I would keep up my spirits—as you wish me—an—ad your spirits too. But how can I? Send a newspaper at least. (In the same of the same o

She appealed to him characteristically:

'I wrote to fine Mr. Davie Robinson, Villiers-street, in the Strand, and bade him, when he sent my stock of wine to Bath, put half-a-dozen bottles of the very same in a basket and deliver to Mrs. Rudd, 41 Gerrard-street, Soho.'

But it miscarried. Still,

'I wish my beloved friend to keep his spirits up, but have veenough to do on his dear account to keep up my own. Yet sha all not the one alleviating drop of comfort, as you kindly call my letters, ever fail. Mrs. Stratton saw the horrid paragraph inserted in the head of the courier—she writes with all possible tenderness, and, I really do believe, true concern. Mr. Bunn's elegant expressions of friendship pleased me too.'

Elegant expressions of friendship! Here we enter on the sentimental strain; and indeed love-making or love-writing, at the epoch, seems to have followed the model of Yorick and Eliza:

'Here am I, however, praying most fervently for your restoration to all that makes life desirable, and giving God thanks for the power He lends me of affording solace to the finest soul, the fairest emanation of its celestial origin that ever was enclosed in human clay. Such clay! But we must all be contented to bear our cross ss. The paschal lamb—type of our blessed Saviour—was ordered to be eaten,' &c.

This, too, is another expedient with elderly lovers—to blend religion with their ravings; and as we have seen, the artful Yorick became paternal and highly clerical in his exhortations, but Mrs.

Piozzi verges on the profane. As Christmas draws on she touches a congenial string:

Accept, dearest Mr. Conway, of a real Christmas pie: it will be such a nice thing for you when, coming late home, there is no time for a better supper; but Bessy begs you will not try to eat the crust; it will keep for weeks this weather. The fleece should be a golden one, had I the magic powers of Medea; but I do think I was baby enough to be ashamed last night of owning I had not three pounds in the house, except your money, laid by for my benefit-ticket, which shall be replaced before that day comes.

But he got to Bath at last, and the following agitated letter must have made the invalid smile:

'Half-dead Bessy—more concerned at what I feel for you than what she feels for herself—brings this note. Mrs. Pennington left me in real affliction; and if she found no billet at the Elephant and Castle directed to her from Kingsmead, will carry home a half-broken heart. Let my maid see you, for merey's sake. "Lord, ma'am," said she, "why, if Mr. Conway was at Birmingham, you would send me; and now he is only three streets off." (Artful maid! Here also following the immemorial precedents; aged spinsters and widows, from Mrs. Wadman downwards, always accepting such comfort from their familiars.) 'Go I will,' adds Mrs. Piozzi, in large capitals; 'if I die upon the road, rather than see you swallowing down agony, and saying nothing but how well you are to everybody, when I know you are wretched beyond telling!' Instead of Bessy, James goes; and Mr. Conway was implored to let him 'at least see and speak to you.'

Motives of delicacy would of course account for the substitution.*

Here, in another letter, it seems as if Mr. Sterne himself was beginning:

'I would not hurry you for the world. Take your own time, and do it your own way; or rather suffer nature to do it—that has done so much for you; more, I do think, than for any mortal man. See what a scar the surgeon, however skilful, would have made in that beautiful neck; while nature's preparation, through previous sony, made suppurating ease come on unfelt; and the wound heals almost without a cicatrix, does it not? So will it be with the mind. My own hasty folly and my "violent love outran the pauser reason." Whilst I am advising my beloved patient, however, to turn the torrent of his fancy toward the past occurrences of human life, the dear pathetic letter now in my bosom forced me on the same thod this forenoon, when my heart really sunk at the thought of such coarse conduct.'

This high-flown style is delicious; and 'suppurating ease' is the medical sentiment. Mr. Conway had been contemned by a ung lady to whom he had paid attention, on the ground of his crior station and birth. His patroness and admirer is furious, drefurbishes some of those old weapons with which she had deded her Piozzi. His family was superior to hers 'des deux côtés, sais ce que je dis.' She went to a party, and the image of the donis thus attends her:

'Who, I wonder, was that tall man I met at my last party? aspect shocked and haunted me like a spectre so apparently

^{*}Mr. Sterne also introduced another person, when writing to 'my I.——', and on, it will be remembered, he 'sympathised with in the dressing-room.'

majestic in misfortune. The master of the house was pointing n out to him, as if to win his attention; but no look, no smile e sued. He was not like you, except his lofty carriage. Yet I ke on thinking, So will my Conway stand when next I see him. was an odd feel; and your distress presented itself so forcibly my imagination at the moment, that my mind instinctively understood—all was indeed over.'

All this is incoherent and strange. Again the maid comes the scene:

'Bessy cries; but begs me not to lose my life between my sco

of your tormentors, and tenderness for your health.'

But it is not uncharitable to suppose that Bessy was looki for a substantial legacy. The lady was presently suffering all t torments of jealousy; and certainly it is pitiable, if not laughable, see the condition of the poor old dame descending even to the meaness of depreciating a rival.*

Mrs. Piozzi writes with delight how she treated this family we had dared to trifle with her Conway. It was probably the old sta—a young girl flattered at the attentions of a handsome young low unsuitable in station, and the object of her civility interpret

it as serious encouragement.

'Now, however, I rise to say how the evening at Eckersa passed off. Mrs. Stratton and her eldest granddaughter came ear so I returned their salutation much as usual—only refusing the har I could not touch—and talked with Mr. Fuller about ancient Theb its hundred gates, &c. The young lady's airy manner—such as y describe rightly, contrasting with your own cruel situation—qu shocked me. No crying, no cast-down looks, no whimpering, as y year—changeful as the weather or the wind, she seems at perfease. Mrs. Stratton not so. Waddling up to me in the course the night, she said she wanted to talk with me. "Impossible!" the reply. "My life is spent in such a crowd of late." "But o particular subject, Mrs. Piozzi." "Lord, ma'am, who can talk particular subjects in an assembly-room? and the King ill beside So there it ended; and for me there it shall end."

Mr. Conway could not have been in the least obliged to her this championship. No doubt he would have been eager to ke what Mrs. Stratton had to say. She being 'quite shocked' at young lady's airy manner is true old woman's spite. But presen

she cannot contain her spite and jealousy.

^{*} The young lady he admired would seem to have been the daughter Mrs. Stratton; and it seems more than probable that this name links this epi to the more romantic one of Yorick and Eliza. When the latter was sailing in Earl of Chatham, her friend and fellow-passenger was a Miss Light, who afterw married a 'George Stratton, Esq.,' counsellor at Bombay. Now Eliza herself I in Bath, where Sterne's Journal was only recently found, and it is very likely this may have been the same Miss Light returned.

'Tis not a year and a quarter since dear Conway, accepting of my portrait sent to Birmingham, said to the bringer, "O, if your lady but retains her friendship-O, if I can but keep her patronage -I care not for the rest." And now, when that friendship follows you through sickness and through sorrow—now that her patronage is daily rising in importance—upon a lock of hair given or refused by une petite traitresse hangs all the happiness of my once highspirited and high-blooded friend. Let it not be so. Exalt thy love, dejected heart, and rise superior to such narrow minds. Do not, however, fancy she will ever be punished in the way you mention: no, no; she'll wither on the thorny stem, dropping the faded and menthered leaves: a china rose of no good scent or flavour, false in apparent sweetness, deceitful when depended on—unlike the flower produced in colder climates, which is sought for in old age, preserved even after death a lasting and an elegant perfume—a medicine too, for those whose shattered nerves require astringent remedies!'

Then she enters on a religious homily. It was preaching, she owned, but still it came from 'a heart, as Mrs. Lee says, twentysix years old, and, as H. L. P. feels it to be, all your own.' would 'die to serve him;' and sends a bottle of wine, also a par-'The Courtenays all inquired for my Conway; all who seek favour of me, ask for you; all but—' Which aposiopesis, of course, is for the benefit of the little traitresse. Her indefatigable arts in trying to propitiate him show the highest ingenuity. She, as it were, flies up and down, driving a nail here, a nail there, into the coffin of his affection for her rival. Yet it is easy to see her uneasiness, as the uneasy thought must have flashed across her at times, that she was too old for these dalliances. Then her impulse is to stifle any such association in his mind by the judicious offering of wine, or a partridge, or, more frequently still, by taking and dis-Posing of tickets for his benefit. The mixture of flattery—the wish to make herself of importance, and, at the same time, give him the idea that his merits alone were the cause of the sale of the tickets this little contention of motives can be read plainly in the following: 'I was happy to see my dear friend's handwriting, as soon as I came home, and the tickets. I must certainly have another box secured in my name, if you have no objection. You see by the enclosed how they will insist on coming to what they call my places. My Welsh friends, however, have more wit. Mr. and Mrs. Lut-Wyche gave me two bank-notes for two tickets, and they must have front seats in the next loge to where I sit myself.'

It would seem almost that he was disappointed at her so cavalierly refusing to listen to what the mother of his beloved had to say, for the conversation came off later. Some of the passages are worth noting as touches of human character.

This was at the end of February 1820, and this is the last of

these curious letters. In another month the poor infatuated >1d lady died, eighty-two years old.

The young actor pursued his career. It is not mentioned wherether he 'took,' as the phrase runs, anything under her will. certainly might have reasonable expectations, even as compensation for the ridicule he must have endured in Bath circles. He pursu ed his theatrical course, but seems to have failed everywhere, or have left that undefined impression of neither satisfaction nor descriptions satisfaction, and which is about as bad as failure. Disgusted this indifference, he went to America, and completed his series failures out there. Too sensitive to laugh at newspaper squibs a critiques, or even to learn the art of appearing indifferent, he same into despondency, and became 'serious,' as it is called. This developed into a morbid dejection. On a voyage from New York to Charleston it was noticed how silent and dejected he was, and the though the weather was raw, he persisted in wearing only the lightenst summer apparel. On the 24th January 1828, when the passenge were going down to dinner, he told the captain 'he should never want dinner more,' and presently flung himself overboard. The bo-dy was recovered. His effects were sold, and among them were the curious letters which may have just excited the amusement and pizzlety of the reader.*

^{*} They are published in a little pamphlet by Mr. J. Russell Smith, of Soho.

ONE SUMMER MONTH

Y MARK HARDCASTLE, AUTHOR OF 'THE ARRANDEL MOTTO'

IN Two PARTS:-PART I.

g in vain to tempt little Dick from his painting, I am ed to having a game of battledore with myself; in which sed by Crannigan, who enters the schoolroom with a; and the modest inquiry: Do I not think there is a n the room?

ot remarked it, I say, hiding the battledore between mytable, and slipping the shuttlecock into my pocket. Has

3 not the point to question,' she returns loftily. 'My 1000r dear Mrs. Cortley's head will suffer.'

I know the suffering of Mrs. Cortley's head to be Cranillusion, and as the drawing-room, where she is sitting ng way off, and Mrs. Cortley very deaf, I am not so helmed by this fear as I might have been.

er you can play that childish game alone, Miss Royes,'s, unfortunately catching sight of quiet little Dick bendpaints. But without waiting for an answer, she shuts I goes.

e battledore and shuttlecock away, and sit down beside pil to admire and criticise his vermilion representation Being one of my usual occupations, its interest and exar off presently.

some and play "I spy" in the garden.

n't you drather sit here, Jean?'

rather ashamed of my preference for out-of-doors, I leave on of Dick's grammar until to-morrow. Ten minutes e drops his paint-brush, to stare bewildered at a queenly iding over the faded old carpet, and declaiming touch-

e always acting, Jean,' he says at last, in a slightly in-'Who is that?'

he speech is ended I throw off the 'character,' and

Lady Macbeth. I'll tell you lots of things about Lady ne day, Oliver' (I often call him Oliver, because he refoliver Twist).

act any more. Sit here, and let me read to you.' hrilling narrative, the hero of which is a truant, who, in uzs, Vol. V. F.S. Vol. XV.

his pursuit of pleasure, meets the inevitable watery grave which awaits the truant of fiction. My feeble mind cannot grasp the full horror of the situation without various interruptory questions, which prolong the tale considerably. Yet the end comes, and there is still an hour before Dick's bed-time.

'Now tell me a story,' he says, climbing on my knee,- 'a long

one, about very wild beasts. Will you, Jean?'

I tell him the old story of Androcles and the lion; and big tears gather in his wide eyes while I very slowly bring the lion into the arena. And when the story is ended, big tears there are in my eyes too; though my thoughts have not gone with it, but have hovered about the little unfinished story of my own narrow life.

I daresay that years ago Mrs. Cortley was a loving anxious mother and a devoted wife, her husband's will in all things being hers. Now she is scarcely loving even to her lonely little grandson, and anxious about nothing—unless she may be anxious in her heart to follow her seventeen children and their father; and Crannigan's

will now is in all things hers.

She tires sadly of me, unless I sit quite still with my work, or talk in a distinct slow voice on the subject of bishops—a subject in which I am given to founder hopelessly. And O, sometimes I sadly tire too of her. I try to remember that every beggar who comes to her door receives twopence; I try to remember how punctually she pays me my ten guineas every quarter-day; yet I cannot help 50 often tiring of her. Except the servants, we are but four in the household, and I think there is but little sympathy among us. Apart from my association with Dick, neither Mrs. Cortley nor her companion take any interest in me at all. They hardly seem to know whether I have a home or not, unless they rightly guess that, if I had, I should not have borne this cramping home so long. I certainly don't like teaching; I am afraid I never shall like it; and I should very, very much like to have enough money just not to be obliged to teach. Still, I would not care to have as much as Mrs. Cortley herself, if I must be, like her, under the rule of such a fussy old thing as Crannigan—companion, housekeeper, attendant, what ever she calls herself, to Mrs. Cortley. I never knew one person devoted to another in all my life before. All her pride, as well all her affection, is vested in her mistress. 'A lady who has rear seventeen children,' she sometimes says to me, 'is a lady to respected and admired. Four times has she been the happy mot of two twins: Miss Royes it makes me proud to wait upon her no

Poor Crannigan! The 'two twins' four times told seem to halightened her burden considerably. She amuses me a good deal the rare occasions when she will talk to me; there are such unexpected turns in her phraseology sometimes. She is such a quellooking woman too, with her broad, brown, fidgety face, always

n an elaborate and highly-coloured bonnet or cap, and wide feet meased in ankle-strap shoes. She would rather not go out at all han have to put on boots; and sandals she calls 'full dress.' She meas a shadow of rheumatism always floating over her, which has ever, within my experience, descended and settled in any particular marter, but which is often what she calls 'threatening,' on which ceasions she has a lively fear that it is going to 'lay her down.' It never has done so yet; still the fear is as lively as ever. But for he expression of that fear, we might never guess the probable visitation of any malady; for if there is one thing to which Crannigan is note inclined than another, it is embonpoint; and if there is one hing to which she is more disinclined than another, it is the system of Banting.

Poor old Crannigan! I can see how valuable, or perhaps invaluble, she is to Mrs. Cortley; and her indifferent superiority to me s but a very little drop of bitterness in my cup. She has lived here or fifty years, and has known all the seventeen children whom their nother 'reared,' as she says, but who in fact all died in childhood meept two - Dick's mother (who was drowned with her husband then Dick was a baby), and the eldest son, Captain Cortley, who ied since I have lived here, and has left an only son, heir to all his pandmother's property, as well as his own. I want to see this son, ecause I like his picture so much, he has such a brave, kind, houghtful face. I never liked his father, who used to come here egularly four times every year, and never brought a bit of pleasure ith him, but quite the contrary. He was a regular Beau Brummel: ever came down-stairs until the day was middle-aged, and then mused himself through luncheon by asking ridiculous school-room vestions of Dick, who never used to know the answers, and so apwled to me, who never used to know them either. As long as the ald only looked his appeal, I could avoid his eye by addressing a rely soliloquy to Crannigan, or resuscitating an interesting bishop Mrs. Cortley. But when despair prompted him to question me, d Captain Cortley backed it up by inquiring whether 'that was t an easy question for a boy of his age to answer?' the ceiling emed to come down and press on my head; everything on my te looked unestable. 'If you really do not know, Dick,' I would y with a serene surprise, 'I will tell you about it after dinner. a too much disappointed to do so now.' And I did tell him all out it after dinner, but not before I had secretly referred to a liable authority. I am afraid that if Dick had defied the interrotory little captain, or at any rate shaken his fist at him in our litude, I should have loved the child all the better. There are any very awkward things about a governess's life. She is expected know such a number of little things, which don't make her life a * pleasanter or cheerier—cases and declensions, and latitudes and

meridians. If I had my own way, I should never interfere with any one of them.

Yes, I did dislike Captain Cortley; but his son does not look at all like him—Captain Arthur, he is always called, to distinguish him from his father, who was commander in the navy. I think it would be pleasant to have him staying here for a little time. I might hear a sound of laughter that was not my own. I might not be reduced to holding conversations with myself in the apple-tree after Dick is gone to bed; or rehearsing soliloquies in character; or making jokes, and pretending to be astonished at them and amused. I might hear a young gay voice about the house. I might be spoken to now and then, as other girls are spoken to.

I daresay I ought not to mind about any of these things, only my work; but, however much I try, my heart will not grow indifferent; and I cannot help longing and searching for something to fill it. I find many odd little solitary pleasures sometimes, too, and I pursue them under great difficulties—the pursuit invariably astonishing my sober little Dick exceedingly. If Mrs. Cortley would let us have some books, it would be different; but I know Ministering Children off by heart; and there is hardly another in the room.

except Dick's lesson-books.

Bundoran, Co. Donegal.

'Resolved: That I will live with all my might.' I forget whose words those were originally, but they are mine for the present. For this one month I am going to live with all my might. It is the first long holiday I have had in all four years; and the first time I have left that square brick cage in Omagh, where so much of my life has been, and is to be, spent. How different this place is, with its fresh, broad, sea-born air; its stillness that is not stagnation; its restlessness that is not work! I feel as if we were all changed; as if we could not be the same people that we were at home vesterday morning. I, sitting here on a little bit of the shore that has drifted away into an island, and is so almost inaccessible that they call it Gibraltar; Dick lying by me, watching the clouds; Mrs. Cortley in her Bath-chair, rolling slowly round and round the small green on the cliff behind us, which they call the Downs; and Crannigan, sauntering beside her under a large yellow parasol, and a brown hat of almost the same circumference. There lies no land now, I believe, between me and America. Below me a few little boats ride lightly over the sunny waves; others lean lazily resting on one side. Out into the sea beyond stretches the bold brow headland of Killibegs. Sometimes I get a delicious hour here alone with a book, lying at full length, forgetting that there is any such thing as worry, or toil, or dependence in the world.

How beautiful the scene is, and how thirstily my eyes drink its beauty! Is it any wonder I should try to live with all my might

The very sea-breezes woo me to enjoyment; the waves laugh with me; the sunshine smiles upon the glorious hills. Following these

examples, I will for these few weeks enjoy 'right livingly.'

Even little Dick is not half so glad of this holiday as I am myelf. When he brought me word into the school-room, the day before
resterday, that it had all been decided suddenly, and we were to
go to Bundoran next morning, I could not help kissing him a dozen
times for his news. Then, laughing at his astonishment, I ran off
down the garden, jumped on the low branch of the apple-tree, and
let my glad thoughts have it all their own way. But he soon found
me, the garden being about as much adapted for concealment as a
billiard-table; and when he joined me, I kissed him again, and burst
cut singing so rapturously, that his eyes opened to what must surely
have been their widest extent, and he inquired coolingly, 'Why I
mas so silly?'

*Because you are not, Oliver. You ought to be silly, because you are so small, and because you have a holiday. But you won't

be, and so I must.'

He could not catch the light upon that reasoning; so I got him up in the tree beside me, and tried to find out what Bundoran was like.

'O, it isn't a very good place,' said Dick, in his small practical way. 'Crannigan says everybody are Roman Catholics, and she used to see the girls kneeling in the wet streets with bare legs if they met a bishop, for him to bless them.'

'Are the streets always wet, then?'

'I don't know; but that's what Crannigan says. And do you know, Jean, she says that not long ago—and p'raps now—there's m island not far from the shore where they pray to an old figure off ship; they think it's a god, you know.'

'O, Dick!' I cried, screwing my mouth into contortions of horror, but laughing all over my face besides, 'what a terrible place to

go to!"

'I believe you like it,' he said sententiously; and I told him I willy believed I did, and jumped from my perch, and raced him will and round the very round flower-beds, until Crannigan tapped in the window-pane, and asked whether it would not be wiser in me to be packing my 'things.' I nodded, and disappeared like the wind, giving Dick a tap as I passed; for there is a belief prevalent in the minds of Dick and me, that whose succeeds in depositing the 'last touch' has the preëminence.

Not the striking of a single quarter of an hour did I miss hearing all that night; and I had been hours dressed when Dick opened

his eyes upon my excited face.

'Is it you, Jean? Isn't it very early?'

'Very, dear. Jump up; I think you forget we are going to Bundoran.'

'No, I don't forget,' he said, rising slowly to kiss me. 'How

glad you are!'

Glad! I should think so. My feet were never still about the house until Dick and I had taken our seats opposite the old lades in the big brougham. Very unexpectedly then Mrs. Cortley began to speak to me; and very difficult I found it, as we drove along (though we always drive so slowly), to hear the soft voice, which is growing so low and subdued as her deafness increases.

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'I think you understand, Miss Royes, that this is to be a holiday for Dick; but I hope you will keep him under your care and supervision just as usual. To-morrow I expect his cousin Arthur to join us, and he used to be very fond of leading the child into mischief. He may still have the same inclination, though I hear he is very much changed lately—of course since his father's death; and I shall not be comfortable unless I can feel sure that you are always with Dick.'

'I think I am always with Dick,' I said, smiling a little.

'I hope Arthur will not disturb my quiet household,' resumed Mrs. Cortley, glancing towards Crannigan, as if she were already tired of addressing me; 'but at any rate Miss Royes can prevent Dick helping him. I should not like my poor little grandson, who has nothing to depend on but his own talents, to grow up random or fond of amusement.'

My conscience pricked me guiltily on the score of my own randomness and fondness for amusement; but I remembered comfortingly that Dick does not certainly carry either sin to excess.

'I am sure you will forward this wish of mine, Miss Royes?"

I, being addressed again, answered that I would try.

'Dick is fond of you, I observe,' continued Mrs. Cortley in her measured tones, 'and I am quite satisfied that he should be so.'

This was so much more considerate a speech than I was customed to—and tears seem so near one's eyes when one's heart is filled with a great joy—that mine started at her few words.

'I will try to deserve his fondness,' I said very earnestly, • by

being patient and careful in the help I give him.'

Then she lay back in her corner, and said no more.

What a funny journey we had! Mr. Ruskin must have overlooked it when he said that we no longer travel, we arrive at places. Yesterday I emphatically spent in travelling. After the long, stiff, closed-in drive into Enniskillen, what a treat it seemed to find over self on board the little steamer which was to take us down Lough Erne, and which — as the handbills expressly stated — ruled waves! I had read this in the morning on the impregnable Enniskillen walls; yet—as we glided smoothly on in a shining glittering pathway, among the small wooded islands which rose dark and rich out of the silvery water (and of which, they say, the lake has one

for every day in the year)—it was borne in upon me that its sway

'Isn't it beautiful? O, Oliver, isn't it beautiful?' I cried, as we glided past the mountainous shore, the little vessel skimming dictily over the sunstreaked water. 'And are there really 365 islands?'

'I believe there are,' said Crannigan, stopping beside us for a moment. 'Don't they look exactly like Xmas puddings?' (which see always amused me by pronouncing as it is spelt.) 'I am not m imaginary person at all, but I do see that.'

'Which of these is like Robinson Crusoe's island?' asked Dick,

while we leant together over the side of the boat.

And I showed him one with a little cabin on it; and we were both entirely satisfied with the resemblance.

Presently Dick nestled beside me on the seat, and his little head grew heavy on my shoulder. I recalled the assertion of the bills. If the steamer did not exactly rule the waves, she felt them considerably. If they did not exactly feel her sway, we did. 'We are in the broad lake now,' Dick said, rousing himself uncomfortably. His pale little face was growing rather greenish; I put him to lie on the seat with his head in my lap; and then I found that I was been grather less comfortable than usual.

'Go downstairs a bit,' said Crannigan, emerging from the low close doorway, 'and take something to eat. The pastry is good.'

I could not venture to disturb Dick, and my own soul recoiled from cabinic atmosphere at such a moment; doubly recoiled when

that atmosphere was imbued with pastry.

At Belleek, where we landed, a novel scene presented itself to my English eyes. A row of extraordinary vehicles stood ready to convey us on to Bundoran, and every driver was talking rapidly at the top of his voice, and wearing himself out by gestures. Foremost in the line stood a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta on wheels, from the innermost corner of which I was, after a time, aware that Cramigan was beckoning to me. The long line of open Irish cars, which I was watching (where the passengers sat on two long seats, their backs against the luggage, piled alarmingly high down the middle), were far more enticing to me. I popped my head in at the dungeon door, and asked if Dick and I might go in one of the conside cars. We might, Crannigan said, but did not know whom we might not sit by. From which speech I inferred that the attractive machine, on whose threshold I was standing, was reserved for the aristocracy.

We sat next no one worse than a corpulent priest, who laughed a great deal, and cracked many broad jokes across the luggage with a very small priest on the opposite side. I have never yet seen quite a middle-sized Irish priest. He seemed rather puzzled and

amused by Dick's long serious face; and thinking we were crush he asked him pleasantly if he should nurse him. Dick gripped seat each side him with tight little fingers, and looked up poli alarmed.

'O no, thank you; I am very comfortable, thank you; inde

thank you.'

I enjoyed that drive excessively. I am very glad there is railway yet; we should not have seen half so much; nothing all, perhaps, of the quaint little town of Ballyshannon, whose Hi street looks almost as perpendicular as the sides of these cliffs, in whose narrow odorous back streets, bare-legged, bare-headed g stood about, deftly working in horsehair, and offering us brood bracelets, and necklets of it, in scarlet, black, and white. The l grew into the sea; the evening ocean-wind blew on my eager is Dick pointed out the landmarks of Bundoran. The car turned of the principal street up to Brighton-terrace — a row of two smallish white houses built sideways on a cliff; in front of wh beyond the drive, stretched a long sandy green, where, of cou croquet is established.

Standing at the door while our luggage was taken in, I l down upon the town on my left; the sea before me; and on my ri the Downs, which Mrs. Cortley's chair is just now leaving.

Now Dick and I are going in, descending the rock caution What a night it is! It almost seems unnatural to go indoors.

'Won't we climb about and enjoy ourselves to-morrow, Olive On the croquet-ground a brilliant group has gathered, and h young laughter reaches Dick and me as we slowly open the gate the terrace. Girls in bright picturesque dresses stand about u the grass, while young men saunter among them. Not so int are they upon the hoops as upon the looks and acts of their co panions; not so much amused by the game as by the jesting we that pass among them. One especially, I notice—a fair little with beautiful Irish eyes, and not a bit of Irish brusquerie; small, and so lightly dressed, that she looks fairylike in the dres twilight. A girl whose age must be about my own age, but wh face is fresh and uncarelined, as a girl's face should be. Pass more closely to her than to any of the others, I suddenly feel my big and clumsy; my dress hangs awkwardly about my feet; and hat feels grim and heavy in its featherless plainness.

'Eunice, come in, my darling!' calls a lady's voice from window next to ours. And the girl, throwing down her mal runs lightly past me, and springs up the steps. 'O, do stay long Eunice!' cry the eager voices she has left. But she only turns the door, shaking her head; and in a moment I see her at the o window, beside the lady who has called her, holding up her tiny to

for a kiss.

'Jean, you ar'n't so glad as you were, are you? What are you thinking?'

'I fancied the mist was creeping towards us. Run in, dear.'

My room is on the ground-floor, close beside the entrance-door, and beside mine is a little bed for Dick. It seems very funny, but the houses are arranged so, and we cannot afford to lose a room.

Dick lies asleep now, with two fingers tight in his mouth; and I put out my light, and move aside the blind for a minute before I begin to undress. The drawing-room windows are still wide open next door, and the lamplight falls upon the grass in two bright squares. A gentleman stands in one of these talking up; and rippling laughter and gay words fall round him with the cheery light. Our house is closed and quiet for the night, and a gray mist has fallen like a heavy sleep upon the town; but many of the rooms are bright and noisy still, and out upon the terrace steps are passing to and fro, now sauntering or listless, now quick or light. There will be brilliant moonlight nights before we leave. Shall I have to spend them all shut in with Dick?

I drop the blind, and kiss the little sleeping face repentantly. There are some to whom there is not given the love of even one child heart.

Captain Arthur is exactly like his picture, or I suppose I ought to say his picture is exactly like him. Yesterday morning, when Dick and I were wandering over the flat slippery coast of rock which stretches so far out to sea at low water (Dick carrying a basket of highly fanciful manufacture, in which he now and then deposited a discovered treasure of the deep, for which he gropes and grovels as many older and wiser people spend their whole days here in doing), he gave one of his quiet little starts. 'O Jean, there's Arthur!' But he was too shy to leave me, and the gentleman came up to us. I forget exactly how he did it, but in five minutes he had made me feel as if I had known him before, and as if he knew me quite well. Not before, since I was a little child, has any one talked to me as if they knew me. We walked on together, planning expeditions, jumping from rock to rock, laughing at each other's slips, standing out on the slimy sea-weed until the tide came bounding in and laughing at us, when we sprang back and laughed at it, our hands and faces wet With spray. How full of life and beauty the sea looked! I could have stayed and watched it so for hours; but Captain Arthur had come to take us in to lunch, and so we had to leave it. long, though. In the afternoon we went to the cliffs, and sat there the long bright hours, idly chatting and watching the waves, which are not 'sad sea-waves' at all, nor provocative of sadness. But very soon, it seemed to me, we had to leave again. 'If I had my own way,' said Captain Arthur, rising unwillingly, 'I would discard stated meal-times at the sea-side. They always come where you least want them.'

'I want my dinner by no means least,' I answered, rising willingly.

'I know you have never given it a single thought,' he said

quizzically.

'Do you? Then you would not be convinced, if I told you were mistaken, so I will not try.'

'And you are really glad to go in?' he asked, looking into

face rather intently.

'Of course I am,' I answered, ready to pinch my own cheeks because the colour rose in them. 'I have a most provokingly exacting appetite.'

But we went in very slowly for all that.

Since then it has seemed to me that we have been always gether, we three. Dick has a quiet undemonstrative fondness his cousin, and appears to appreciate his inability to ask geo phical, historical, or arithmetical problems at meal-times; for he very glad to confide to me to-day (to my great relief) that Art thur 'doesn't even know the twices.'

Two weeks we have been here already. How happily the time is passing! I can hardly believe that it is my own voice that I h so joyously upon the rocks through those long bright hours which we spend, as Captain Arthur says, between sitting and flitting. two whole weeks I have forgotten to recite in character, or to talk to myself; for two whole weeks life has held me in a delicious e brace, and smiled a warm bright loving smile upon me. A stran new consciousness is dawning within me, which I dare not own ev to myself. Is it only because his grandmother is so silent and use sociable that Captain Arthur always strays to us wherever we m be? goes with us wherever we may go? Is it because Dick is mo amusing than poor fidgety Crannigan? or is it because what n own heart sometimes whispers, in proud and humble surprise, really growing to be true? His is a tender honourable nature, ar I think—I think—unless he really meant—. Sometimes I fanchow it would be to reign in a happy loving home of my own; to cared for, loved, and cherished, and to care for, love, and cherish return, deeply, as I feel I have within me the power to do. The hot blood is mounting into my cheeks as I write; but no one wil see either the words or the blush, so it does not matter, except the blushing is a very uncomfortable sensation. I wonder whetherever such a wild sweet dream could come true-whether I coulmake him happy? Just while I wonder it, my heart has the answe ready, and I know I could. I know it. I laugh now at his tende wooing words, because, if I did not laugh, I should sob out my joy and I want him to know me better before he thinks I understanhim, and so feels bound to me. But though I laugh, I shall answer from my heart at last, as I could answer from my heart this moment, and humbly take the joy he gives me. I know how I love him, because, though I am so weary of this life I have been living (so doubly weary shall I be after standing on the threshold of so bright and sweet a one!), I could turn to it again far, far more gladly than I could bear that he should love me if it were not to be for his happiness. O, I hope that is no idle speech!

Dick calls me out to see the crescent moon. I must not see it first through the glass, he says, and there is Captain Arthur waiting. And so we stroll on, looking now and then at the little golden crescent in the heavens, and saying that before we leave we shall have glorious moonlight nights. Dick's little face at my side grows so dim and indistinct that I begin to notice how swiftly the twilight is darkening, and take him in, while Captain Arthur paces slowly up and down before the door. When he thinks I have been long enough, he taps upon the window, and asks if I am coming out again.

'No, not again.'

I hear him hang his hat in the hall and go upstairs, and when I follow he has the chess-board arranged at the window, and two seats ready. I take one, laughing, and we begin to play. Mrs. Cortley is soundly asleep, Crannigan nodding unsoundly. Our two heads are very near each other in the open window, the lamplight and the summer twilight meeting upon them.

Captain Arthur—not having anything to say which would benefit the public—whispers to me as we play. I—feeling the stillness of the room within, and the quiet of the world without—answer him (when I answer him at all) in the same tone. Crannigan turns over the low chair with a heavy, sleepy sigh.

'Don't mind whispering,' she says resignedly, 'even if we were eep, which we are not; your voices are less disturbing aloud than

whispering.'

The words die off in an odd little gasp, which Captain Arthur salls a snorelet, and we laugh softly while he determines on his next move. He is making it very deliberately, when a large open carriage rolls under our windows, and stops at the next door. It is full of young people—six or seven of them crowded in. They all imp lightly down, and the carriage turns and leaves them standing there, talking before they separate. I think they have been to a pictic, for they are all dressed gaily; and standing there in the gloaming, they look to me like a group of characters from some picturesque old play.

'Captain Arthur,' I say quietly, 'how pretty Irish girls are

generally!

'Generally, eh? Check.'

^{&#}x27;But just look out, will you?'

'All right,' he returns, his eyes upon my king.

'And what do you think of them?'

He answers, with a suppressed impatience in his lazy words, that they look excessively like prize bouquets in a flower-show-about the stiffest things he knows that have any claim to prettiness.

'Not the little girl in white,' I say; 'there is nothing stiff about Miss Ivin, you know, who lives next door. Does not she

look beautiful to-night?'

'You never think of your own danger,' he says, flashing a look past the window straight up into my face. 'Check, I say.'

'You never will see her, when I ask you,' I complain. 'Why

is it?'

'Perhaps because it is you who show her to me, Jean.'

He says it very low, bending over the chess-board, and I move at random, with burning cheeks.

There are only two bathing-machines here, and they are perched in two crannies under the cliff a good way from the sea, and look as if they had been tossed in by the tide one day, and had stuck against the rock like limpets. These two machines and their amphibious proprietors are in great request in the early mornings; though, for every one person who uses them, half a dozen exhibit a lofty independence of such aids, and bathe from the little nooks and caves along the shore. Every morning I gaze at the sea, which is fresh and enticing, and determine that I will bathe that day; but every morning I gaze at the machines, which are not fresh or enticing, and determine that I will not bathe that day.

After the formation of that last resolve, I sit down on the cliffs above the machines to wait with Crannigan until Biddy is ready for Captain Arthur is staying with his grandmother on the sands where her chair is fixed, and has kept Dick with him. there, Miss Ivin passes us, running down the slippery steps in the rock which lead to the shore. Crannigan strains her neck to look after the little vanishing figure, and I ask inquisitively why. somehow this girl has a strange fascination for me—a fascination which grows upon me every time I see her.

'I always feel a bit of a curiousness in her.' Crannigan answers. 'because of her having been engaged to Captain Arthur.'

'What?' The word seems to start from me by no will of mine.

'She was, sure enough; though they were disengaged after. Has he never told you that, then, after all the walks you've taken together?'

' Never, never.'

'Then it puzzles me, Miss Royes, to guess all you can have to say to each other. But engaged they were—as I say. rich, that little Miss Ivin; the only child, and a mighty deal thought





of by her relations. Pretty too, she's called; but she looks to me -a good deal fallen off since they quarrelled.'

'They quarrelled, then?'

A cool fresh breeze touches us as it wanders in from the sea, but my eyes burn, and my mouth is dry and hot.

- Well, it was something of the kind. Captain Cortley had always been bent upon his son marrying a fortune; as he ought, surely, for his grandmother is safe to live many a year yet. that's been as important as hers isn't likely to be cut off soon. The poor dear gentleman, whose relic she is, lived to turn his ninetieth year, and she's sure to do it too. He thought, very properly, that any young man who's worth anything ought to court a proputty, and he held out every introducement to his son to do it, for he had been afraid Captain Arthur wouldn't care about marrying money. But he did, and fell as deep as you like in love with Miss Eunice, and she with him too; for, bless ye, girls don't often let all the reciprocity be on one side. She was just as bewitched as he was; and Master Arthur—I mean this one's father—was delighted about the engagement. Well, I don't know how it happened, but it was all broke off; and really the suddenness of it quite laid me down, for just at that time I was severely threatened with my rheumatism. I've often tried to grasp the truth by asking Captain Arthur himself, but he never vouchsaved me any sensible responses, so I left off. If he did it—and she with all that proputty—he deserves to suffer; and they say it was him. Now I must go.'
- 'Do you think—do you think he fell in love with her for—for her money's sake?' I ask, detaining her with my hand.
 - 'I expect so.'
- 'Perhaps after his father's death he did not care about the wealth?'
 - 'Very likely: he's of an indifferent character.'
 - 'And so broke the engagement off?'
 - 'Maybe. Come, I shall lose my machine.'
- 'But—but does he seem to you to be as happy now as he was then?'
- 'Just the same, as far as I can see. He never was a rioter or a scrapegrace.'

Once more the sea is bright and sparkling, and the waves dance in cheerily. They are laughing with me at Crannigan's words, and repeating, with merry sarcasm, the one which is so powerful with her, and whose rhythm was so pleasant to the old Yorkshire farmer: 'Proputty, proputty.' It is not so powerful a word, after all, they say; and I know that there is another, shorter, but far sweeter, and far, far more powerful; a word that lies low down in my glad heart, but which, even from there, casts a radiance over all my world.

From the little wooden dressing-room below me issues Crannigan, robed in a long black gauze burnous, which hangs rather limply about her, and carrying an umbrella carefully over what appears to be a shining brown bald head. On the edge of the long green pool in the rocks which she has selected for her bathing-place, she relinquishes the cloak and umbrella, and stands revealed in dark-blue flannel bathing-gown, and a pair of huge goloshes tied on with white strings. The shining surface of her head I find to be a peculiar close covering of cilskin. I watch her step into the placid green water, and curtsey faintly two or three times. When Biddy jumps in to her, I see her seize her two hands as if delighted to welcome a fellow-creature in the incongruous element. I observe that Biddy has some more glorious achievement in her mind. Then I stroll on to where I know that they will presently come and find me.

The sea is grand to-night; so, while the sun drops slowly wards it, we start to the Fairy Bridges.

'We will watch the sun setting from there,' Captain Arthur

says; 'and Dick shall not come, because we may be late.'

It is very, very beautiful. The white foam rushes up and dants over the edge of the gigantic cliff with a sound mighty and yet subdued. It dances up before our eyes with sudden rapid gaiety; then drops again with slow and leisurely grace, dreamlike and unreal as some wonderful spirit from the sea.

'Are these the fairies that haunt and name the place?' I as The sun flashes its crimson light along the waters; the closure like long streaks of burnished gold. I stand upright almost upon the edge of the cliff, trembling in the very gladness of my heart. Such an evening can fully repay four years of toil.

'Will you not sit down, Jean?' asks Captain Arthur from low seat on the grass, looking up at me with an amused smile

his eves.

'Presently. I want to remember this, that I may bring it by when I sit in the old apple-tree at home.'

He laughs. 'Why there?'

'Because it will be harder to bring it back on winter nights I stare into the school-room fire.'

'And those are your chief quarters, are they? But why shou you need to bring it back? You shall see many more beautif sights than this.'

A flush rises in his face as he says this rather rapidly. I fee

the answering colour rise in mine.

'I never could,' I say quietly.

'You could, dear Jean, and shall, if you will come with me to seek them.'

He has risen now, and come close to me. My heart beats almost aloud, but I speak with easy coolness:

'Please to sit down again.'

He slips down on the rock below me, and leans back, laughing up into my face:

'What an unexpected and very chilling rebuff! What do you

mean by it, Jeannie?'

'You shut out my view when you stand. We could not see this place in a more beautiful aspect, could we?'

'I could.'

- 'It is my fixed opinion that you are never satisfied, Captain Cortley.'
- 'I hope I shall be presently,' he says very gently. 'Have we not had a pleasant time here, Jean?'

My lips begin to shake, and my eyes to fill.

'Yes-rather.'

'That rather was added in pure sauciness. Do you get many Pleasant times in your year?'

'Yes.'

He looks incredulous at this, though it is said conclusively.

'Being an angel,' he says, smiling, 'my visits to my grandmother have been few and far between. I would have come often, and tried to make it a little cheerier for you, Jean—I would indeed,' he ends very earnestly—' if I had known.'

'If you had known what?'

A laugh breaks over his lips.

'If I had known how very pleasant it would have been for my-self.'

'0!'

'I shall follow you very soon, Jean, because now I shall know that the old house holds what is dearest to me on earth.'

'Is that Crannigan?' I ask composedly.

'I think it extremely probable,' he answers in the same tone. What do you think of my choice of a wife?'

'A bad one,' I say, my face all flaming.

' Why ?'

'She has my failing—poverty.'

'Poverty!' he echoes. 'Is that the failing of my chosen wife? That's right, Jean; that's right, dear. I can give her wealth for Poverty.'

The sparkling foam leaps round me; but it is not that which dazzles my eyes. Within those golden gates beyond the sea a world of brilliance seems to open for me, and bewilder me with tremulous joy. But, while my pulses throb, I laugh a light laugh down into the earnest upturned face.

^{&#}x27;Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.'

While I speak, there is an answering laugh in his eyes. he has time to answer, a group of people pass near us, and silent until they turn out of sight. A little figure, straying the others, comes up now, sauntering leisurely, one hand wild flowers. She does not guess our presence until she is beside me, when suddenly a great aching look comes into the face, and I can read the pain it bears.

Captain Arthur does not see her. His head is not raised but turned to the sea, his hat low over his eyes, for the was

light is dazzling. She is twenty yards away now.

'Captain Arthur,' I whisper, 'a lady passed close to us must have heard us talking. Look who it is.'

'Heard us!' He turns in quick vexation, and with disudden slowness the smile that had lingered dies on his lip looking down upon him, see his whole face blanch pitifully the lips themselves are deathly white, and I feel very, very gleves are hidden.

Nothing has happened, except that a great cloud floats between me and the golden glory of the evening sky.

A RONDEAU

AT my last ball became I bounden thrall
To Love, and by Love's tender hands and small
Was taken, ere my heart was well aware,
In toils of gray eyes and warm golden hair,
Which graced a woman most divinely tall.

Nay, though I see a hundred times the fall
Of hopeful corn, and hear the cuckoo call,
I shall see none as her I saw so fair
At my last ball!
Who fills long nights with bitterness and gall—
Have I not cause, good cause, since all things pall
Before her beauty, for sad dreams and care?
Such sour fruit that sweet kiss from soft lips bar
For me, without one thought of harm at all,
At my last ball!



CRICKET AT LORD'S

The Unibersity and School Matches

In many respects the University and Public-School Matches are to cricket what Ascot is to racing. In other contests the play perhaps is better, the skill exhibited of a higher class; but in none is the interest of at least the fairer portion of the spectators more eagerly Many go to Lord's as they go to Ascot, simply for the sake of enjoying a picnic; and as at Ascot those who are utterly ignorant of racing, and never even bet to the extent of a pair of gloves, are numerous, so at Lord's there are hundreds who come to see or be seen, without any ulterior object of watching the play. A cricket match affords a splendid opportunity for a picnic. interest is not, as in a race, confined to the shortest possible limits, during which the mind is raised to the highest tension and then suddenly let fall, to be lifted again when the next instant of excitement arrives, but is kept up in a modified form during the whole of the game. Again, a cricket match lasts the whole day, and an op-Portunity is given to those who are unable to spend more than an hour or so in amusements to enjoy the summer weather and the Society of their friends without running any risk of entirely missing that which they came to see. And Lord's has been immensely im-Proved of late years in this respect. The addition of a grand stand has afforded a place from which ladies can look on without immediate fear of the elements; and the energy and tact of Mr. Fitzgerald have resulted in arrangements for the accommodation of carriages and of the general public which give great and just satisfaction.

Furthermore, the matches between the Universities and the Public Schools differ much from other matches in the additional seenness which is exhibited by both players and spectators as to the result. No one cares much whether the Single men of England lefeat the Married, not many more are chagrined or delighted if north conquers South, or vice versa; but the partisans of the sucsesful side in Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow, feel—whatever age, standing, or character they be—considerable elation the victory of their School or University. And this is intensified the case of the contemporaries of the combatants. 'I hope we hall lick those beggars!' is the oft-uttered sigh of many an underduate or schoolboy; and a spirit of rivalry, or even, if we may it so, a spirit of friendly hatred, is established which adds zest the play and excitement to the result. Those who saw the really derful scene of last year, when victory was at the last minute

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snatched from the grasp of Oxford, and thousands of Cantabs rushed to the pavilion, risking permanent hoarseness in the intensity of their enthusiasm, will admit that in the matches between Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow, is taken an interest before which the excitement felt about other games fades into insignificance.

The eagerness of the players is perhaps even greater. A captain of a University eleven, playing for the fourth time, and who had taken part in several School contests, told us once that he hardly ever slept a wink before the 'Varsity match, and that for days previously he was always agitated and off his balance; and this feeling is probably known to all the players, from the novice who has for the first time won his flannels and adds curiosity to the other pleasures of the game, to the veteran who is the bulwark of his side. It is no wonder then, when the love of doing what is the fashion is considered in addition to the interest which we have described, that

the attendance at these matches is always large.

Up to 1871 Oxford had won sixteen matches, Cambridge eighteen, and two had been drawn; and it is a somewhat remarkable fact-especially when we consider that men may play four years and no more—that Cambridge had won the last four matches, Oxford the four anterior, and Cambridge the four previous to those again. We advise Oxonians, however, not to make this a ground for expecting three successive victories for the future. Popular opinion had, as usual, chopped and changed as regards the merits of the two University elevens. On the one hand, Cambridge had Cobden, who won such a marvellous reputation by his performance of last year, when he obtained the last three wickets in three balls; Yardley, who made the only 100 ever made in a 'Varsity match; Thornton, from whose sensational hitting danger was anticipated, V it came off; and Powys, a freshman, whose bowling it was hoped would strike terror, as being faster than Howitt's. On the other hand, Oxford had Tylecote, the hero of the 404; Hadow, who had just made the extraordinary innings of 217 at Lord's; Francis, the great Rugby bowler; and Pauncefote, the great Rugby bat. Oxford too had a sort of wicket-keeper, Cambridge had none; and on the whole, a shade of odds was laid on the dark blue. Fortune favours the strong battalions; and Yardley and Tylecote having tossed, the latter won, and Oxford chose the first innings.

The dark blue began well, and the first two Cambridge bowlers. Cobden and Ward, had to be changed. They were succeeded by the slows of Bray and the slinging fasts of Powys. It is a popular delusion, that the faster a man bowls, the more difficult he is to plant That is not the case. If the batsman is quick, and his hand follow his eye properly, fast bowling is easier than medium pace, and more productive. It is of course more difficult to correct a mistake when once made; but the lines of the ball to and from the ground being

straight, there is less danger of such a mistake occurring than where the ball describes a curve after it leaves the bowler's hand and before it reaches the batsman's bat. Powys bowls at a great pace, and is fairly straight; but he is under the danger of pitching up balls on the off side which it is easy to drive. The first Oxford man was beautifully caught on the on side, the second and third-the latter being Ottaway, whose powers of defence were so great last year-were bowled by Bray, but not until 50 runs had been made. From Hadow much was expected; but that dangerous batsman was soon caught by the Cambridge chief, who was acting as an apology for a wicketkeeper. Then the captain Tylecote and the ex-captain Pauncefote got together and defied their foes. Pauncefote has left Oxford, and Money, who was the light-blue leader last year, has left Cambridge; and from more than one source we heard expressions of dissatisfaction that the two elevens should not be bona-fide representatives of resident University undergraduates. The rule, however, is, that men may play for four years from their matriculation; this being considered a fair compromise between allowing idle men who cannot take a degree to play on year after year, and tempting a reading man to put off his examination in order to represent his University. By this rule, both Pauncefote and Money were eligible for places in their teams; and no possible blame can be attached to those who selected the elevens for making use of two such good men.

The two men in exhibited such strength, that various bowling changes were resorted to; but all were in vain till, after a good innings, Tylecote played like a child at a fast long hop, and was bowled. Then came the end. Harris, a good bat, did not come off; and just after Innicheon Pauncefote hit a ball to where Price, a professional, was deep-fielding for Stedman, who had hurt his face. It was beautifully caught, and the ex-captain had to retire. 'Wretched luck!' said the Oxonians; 'no Cambridge man would have made the catch.' 'That shows the nonsense,' growled the grumblers, 'of having a substitute to field-both sides swear.' Strangely enough, almost immediately "Iterwards, but another wicket having in the mean time fallen, Buthit a tremendous skyer towards Stedman, who had come back. While the ball was in the air, Stedman was seen palpably to mis-Judge its flight, and the Oxonians said, 'There!' He corrected himself, however, and caught the ball brilliantly with his back to the wicket from which it was hit - a most difficult feat, and one which produced the applause of the Cantabs, and the counter-criticism of the dark blue, that it was an easy catch made hard. Powys bowled the last man, and the innings ended for 170. 'Not enough,' said the Cambridge captain. 'Quite enough,' said the unbiassed lookers-on. It was odd that of the whole score the last five men had made six, and the last four wickets had gone in four overs. The Cambridge innings was remarkable for the extraordinary feat

of Butler, who took every one of the ten wickets. They began with the ex-captain and Tobin, and the former did all the work. Tobin was well caught at point; Fryer bowled; and Scott, a steady bat, bowled unluckily off his leg. Then Money, who was compelled by the excellence of the bowling to play steadily for 23, was bowled by a shooter, and a cheer greeted the 'slogger' Thornton as he joined his captain. Those who anticipated big drives were disappointed. Instead of playing the hitting game, which he did know, Thornton played the steady game, which he did not know, and failed. was bowled clean; and Yardley, who had got 25 very well, though not without giving a chance, was caught at short leg. Then, as in the Oxford innings, the tail men collapsed. Cobden was bowled his first ball; in the next over Bray and Powys were bowled by two successive efforts of Butler; and Ward succumbed to his third ball, the Cambridge total being 65. Butler's feat was indeed extraordinary: he delivered 24 overs for 38 runs and 10 wickets, of which 8 were bowled; and he thus averaged not quite four runs for a wicket, and a wicket in every three overs. His action is higher than that Powys, and he has a higher bound, a quicker spring from the turi, and more 'break-back.' These three peculiarities, and his 'suc' cessful success,' earned him a deserved place in the Gentlemen and Players' match.

The unlooked-for failure of Cambridge took much from the father interest of the play; but in spite of this there were about 40000 spectators on the morning of the second day, and such was the indetermination to be amused, that the sorry game which was organised after the real match was over sufficed to keep the majority the departure of Money, playing Butler's shooters with care, and the departure of Money, playing Butler's shooters with care, and the first four men bringing the Cambridge score to within forty of the of their opponents. Next morning, however, Butler came fresh his work, and was too much for the light-blue batsmen. He bowled Thornton with a break-back, Yardley with a ball which shot ver fast, and continued his attack so well, that nothing but the fine play of Cobden saved his side from a one-innings defeat. As it was Oxford lost two wickets before they obtained the 25 which the were 'set,' two marvellously-difficult balls of the fast bowler Pow

dismissing Law and Townshend.

The dark-blue team thus won a well-earned victory by eighwickets. They were undoubtedly the best eleven, but as undoubtedly Cambridge had more in her than she showed. The wicker of Money, Yardley, and Scott were cheaply obtained; and subsequently has made it evident that at any moment two of the Cambridge batsmen might, as last year, have got a hold, and made a large enough score to save a hollow defeat. Both sides were strong, Doxford, we think, were the stronger in every department. The Cambridge

bridge bowling was only moderate, their fielding—with the exception of that of Scott—was hardly up to University form, and their batting, which was, perhaps, their best point, became subject to one of those panics which are so well known in cricket. Thus ended the 1871 match, Cambridge being still left ahead by one victory.

Lord's is certainly a national sight when Eton is playing Harrow; and the firstborn of the Queen, the much-esteemed Imperial Princess of Prussia, did well to revive her recollections of one of the most popular of our English amusements. Nor was her Royal Highness the only member of her family present. Prince Arthur was each day on Lord Vane's drag, and Princess Louise was, with her husband, for a long while the object of that respectful but somewhat obtrusive admiration with which English people delight to incommode those whom they like. The crowd was very great. From four o'clock on Thursday morning carriages began to arrive, and ere play began there was a ring four deep of barouches, broughams, landaus, brakes, and every species of vehicle, old and new, owned, hired, and borrowed.

In front of these was a cordon of muslin dresses and white waistcoats, between which and the carriages a throng, principally of men, edged themselves round the ring, stopping ever and anon to speak a few trifling words, usually commencing with 'Poor Harrow!' or, 'Is not this jolly?' to the occupants of the latter. Later in the day, the same throng came to try and exchange the pearls of their conversation for the good things which were extracted from the hampers : and champagne, claret-cup, and sherry were freely distributed to such as were rich in the last bits of news, or could explain some Points of the game of which the fair spectators were ignorant. What a time the ribbon-makers must have had! We venture to think that there was hardly a lady and very few gentlemen present who did not display, in some form or other, the colours of one side; and every coachman, from the driver of a ducal barouche to the twopennybus man, had his whip decorated with some shade of blue. The number of persons who paid entrance being nearly 14,000, and each of them wearing exactly we commend some such form of question to the Eton mathematical masters—the subject is, perhaps, too sore a one at Harrow.

The play was very disappointing to critics. The Harrow bowling was so extraordinarily bad as to take all interest from the match; and Messrs. Longmans and Ridley obtained so firm a hold as to render victory quite inevitable. The former made 68, the latter 117, and both were steady and careful. Still, the irregular manner in which, even in the middle of their innings, some balls were played made us think that both will have to improve before they become likely to get runs against good bowling. When we have said that Mr. Lyttelton hit well for 29, and Mr. Cammell made 46

in a very short time, we have said all that is to be said about the Eton innings. It reached the large number of 308, and shows the effect in a marked way of the care which Mr. Mitchell has bestowed on the eleven. That gentleman, when Ridley reached his hundred, allowed his excitement to get the better of his decorum and trod on somebody's toe, but previously to this confined himself to advising the men in to play steadily—an advice which they carried out well.

When Harrow were in, a little better cricket was seen. Bovillmidst derisive Harrow cheers of 'Well bowled, Tichborne!'-was straight and true in his deliveries, and if he does not try to bowl too fast will be of use hereafter. Wilkinson will, we think, make a good wicket-keeper; and Ridley's lobs were above the average. But though Baily displayed an upright style, and a few others, notably Hadow, made runs, the Harrow batting was not worth much. It had all the caution with none of the force of late years; and we think it was a fair criticism which we heard, that the principle of keeping the right foot firm had been carried to an abnormal extent. We have, however, no wish to enter into technicalities, and we are satisfied to point out that Eton, being, for the first time for many years, far and away the best team, won the match in one innings with 77 runs to spare.

The pavilion was full of members. The president, Lord Clarendon, was there-himself no mean cricketer; Mr. Burgoyne for so long treasurer, was there; most of the committee were loolserson; and the cheery secretary wandered backwards and forwards from the committee-room to the grand stand, where in the centre bost fair face of his beautiful wife expressed mortification at the defe her husband's school. The space set apart for the Four-in-Club was full of coaches, Lord Londesborough's, Lord Vane's, im-Mr. Hope's being most conspicuous; and it would be perfectly possible to enumerate even a tenth part of the members of the ing families of London who adorned the scene with their preser We missed, however, the well-known hat which is always s when Harrow is in the ascendant; and many faces were abse the owners of which could not perhaps bear to see their favouri defeated.

We were surprised and grieved to hear a rumour that certain the Harrow masters are beginning to wish that the match was I nte played in London, and that though there was perhaps no immediate ald danger of its discontinuance, there was a growing feeling that it wou befor the advantage of the boys if the venue was changed to the countr to It is held by some that too much attention in these days is paid is what ought to be relaxation; that the modern Apollo exercises all h strength, not in bending, but in unbending his bow; and that the cultivation of outdoor exercise is pursued at the expense of indoo studies. Too much is made of cricket, it is said, when there ar

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three cricketing masters at Eton, and at Harrow gentlemen come down from London for the express purpose of coaching the eleven. Nor is it right to send the whole of two great schools up to London for two days in the middle of the school term, and in the height of the London season. The minds of the boys are excited to an undue pitch both before and after the match, and the result is a considerable disinclination to write Latin verses or translate the Greek Delectus. We do not think that these reasons ought to endanger the match. In the first place, the boys when in London are always in the care of their relations; and in the second place, the inherent good taste which they invariably display will probably keep them, as it has hitherto kept them, away from all inducements to mischief. Nor, even if athletics must be checked, and the development of the corpus sans rendered more subservient to the cultivation of the mens sana, dowe hold that cricket is the right point of attack. There are other pursuits less defensible. Cricket is the purest of all games, for the simple reason that it is followed up for itself alone, and no material reward is held out as an inducement to play. In some exercises this is not the case, and if some curtailment of the overlarge—as it is said to be-love of amusement is necessary, let it begin with those sports in which the bestowal of gold and silver cups adds an undue attraction, and takes from the simplicity of the rivalry.

Foreigners cannot understand cricket. They are amazed to see collection of youths, on a hot summer's day, hitting at a piece of leather with a piece of wood and then running backwards and forwards with apparently no object, while crowds of men and women court sunshine and shower to see them do it. But beyond this we have never heard any unfavourable criticism passed on cricket. It is utterly free from the evils of betting. It encourages obedience, discipline, tact; it engenders health and strength; and it leads to possible ill results except the spending of a summer's day in the summer air rather than at an inky desk. Farther, it develops good bellowship between players of all classes; and in the heat of India the wilds of New South Wales the introduction, 'I think I played gainst you ten years ago,' leads to a renewal of friendship, and acts

as a sort of beneficial freemasonry.

When we come to consider the old state of things, when Eton, Harow, and Winchester played one against the other for a whole week, we find it impossible to say that the arguments against its remewal are not strong; but we are unable to see any evil effects resulting from the present arrangement which should induce the authorities of either one school or the other to deprive society of one of their most popular gala days, and the boys of the two schools of a holiday to which they look forward with delight, and from which they derive so much harmless pleasure and so much possible benefit.

DOMINA FULVIA AND THE LION

3 Story of the days before Van Amberg BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

A SARMATIAN nobleman, one of my ancestors, who was remarkably fond of talking Latin (the which he spoke with much colloquial fluency), but who made sad havor of the laws of prosody when discoursing in the Alban tongue, was once twitted as to his false quantities by Professor Anapæstius (his veritable name I have heard was Van Bust), of the University of Dantzig—that profound philologer and restorer of the text of the Theseid of Codrus. Quoth the nobleman my ancestor, when reproached with pronouncing the o in Carolas long: 'Nos Polones non curamus quantitatem syllabarum.' From which it may be gathered that there were great men before Agamenton and Lord Malmesbury, and the mighty tribe of M.P.s, London aldermen and Manchester manufacturers, who, minding their p's and q's never so much, are yet accustomed to outrage their h's.

This little anecdote of the Sarmatian nobleman (which I stoll e, entre nous, from a critical article in the Saturday) is designed serve as an apology, of the contemptuous kind, for the manifold and glaring errors in classical names, places, dates, manners and custons, which the classical scholar will not fail to detect in the following pages. I must fain tell the story; and as to the blunders, my answ must be that of 'Don't Care' in the nursery homily. That depraved youth came, if I remember aright, to a bad end; and so perhaps w the story of Domina Fulvia and the Lion. I can't help them: blunders, I mean. Born in extreme poverty, my education was neglected. I could never scan; nor, to this day, can I spell a lot word, even in my own language, without first writing it on my blo ting-pad, to see how it looks. I need scarcely remark after thi that I was not one of the School Board candidates for the Chels district. I am getting on for fifty, and earn my livelihood by liter ture; but I am tolerably certain, that in an examination before Civil Service Commissioners for a letter-carrier's place in the Gener Post Office, or a tidewaitership in the Custom House, I should plucked ignominiously.

There are two processes, however, whereby 'classical' subject may be treated, and which are not unfamiliar perhaps to my brether of the pen. Those processes are 'fudging' and 'cramming.' William Smith or Mr. Anthony Rich, or the erudite M. Cherulate of the Académie Impériale of Paris, at my elbow, I missipare and the control of the Académie Impériale of Paris, at my elbow, I missipare and the control of the Académie Impériale of Paris, at my elbow, I missipare and the control of the control of the control of the Académie Impériale of Paris, at my elbow, I missipare and the control of the control of

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fudge' a very fair simulacrum of classical lore; and, after a course of 'cramming' Professor Becker's Gallus, or Father Newman's Cal-Lista, or even such less recondite works as Lord Lytton's Last Days, or Mr. Whyte Melville's Gladiators, I might be enabled to manufacture a picture of life in ancient Rome which would be about as Close a likeness of the original as a Brummagem brooch is of a genuine Etruscan fibula just fished up from the bed of the Tiber. The Tiber is not in Etruria, and the scene of my story is not laid in Rome itself; but what does that matter from the Sarmatian point of wiew? On reflection I decline either to fudge or to cram; and if you should be of opinion, after reading the story, that its couleur Cocale inclines more to the hues of the Surrey hills than to those of the Apulian mountains, and that the usages I have depicted are more Suggestive of Camberwell than of Carthage, all I can say is, that you are free and welcome so to opine; that it is a poor heart which never rejoices; and that there are more fish in the sea than ever came out

The ground having thus been pleasantly cleared, we will plunge, you please, without farther discourse into the middle of things. I can't remember the Latin for 'the middle of things.' It is in clias something; but never mind. Sound the gong, and let the conspirators enter; and, you innocent young imp in the sixpenny sallery yonder, with your cat-call, be silent! A most exciting drama about to commence, with the most splendid scenery, dresses, and ecorations imaginable, and including in its dramatis personæ one the most gallant Roman knights, one of the beautifullest and ickedest Roman ladies, and one of the largest and fiercest lions that we re lived. When I say that the lady was superlatively wicked, I don't mean anything Swinburnian. My Domina Fulvia is no prose

The year, if you please, is A.D. 256, and the place is the opulent and beantiful city of Thibursicumbur in Proconsular Africa, which, as all students of ancient geography are aware, lay about thirty-seven lies to the north-east of Siguessa, and was situated on a verdant eclivity forming one of the spurs of the Numidian mountains. The tlas range sounds better; yet 'Numidian' is a good word. The population of Thibursicumbur at the last census, taken in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, was 37,311, exclusive of negroes, who then eckoned as they now reckon, as 'muck.' Have you not seen that all-scribbling in the Pompeian guard-chamber, 'Africanus moriatur: quis dolet Africanum?' Niggers didn't count at Thibursicumbur; yet it was in Africa, and within two days' Roman post of Cathage.

The neighbourhood surrounding the city produced abundance of com, wine, figs, olives, hemp, flax, truffles, rhubarb and magnesia,

balm of Gilead, sea-moss farine, and sarsaparilla; to say nothing

of cabbage roses, from which the renowned Aqua Thibursicumburiana the eau-de-cologne of the ancients, was distilled. Gold-dust was found in the sandy bed of the adjacent river, and amber and opal in the circumjacent hills. O, it was a rare place, I promise you. Th spacious plain in which the city lay, like a pearl oyster in the greed hand of a miser, was belted by primeval forests full of nightingales wild boars, blue foxes, armadillos, and grouse remarkably strong or the wing. In the celebrated Lake of Laribus-round the shores of which was the fashionable afternoon drive of the Thibursicumbur anians—there was a matchless breed of black swans, all with three necks apiece. Here likewise swam an inexhaustible store of carp of immense size, which attained fabulous age, and which were solemnly taken out once a year to have diamond rings fastened to their gills Both the fowl and the fish were sacred. The punishment for killing one of the first was impalement; and the impious wretch who dare to catch a carp was, upon conviction, sewn up in a sack with a dog a cock, a viper, and his mother-in-law, and hurled off the Holbon Viaduct—I mean the Tarpeian Rock, or some convenient North African substitute for that penal precipice. He never survived the shock, even when—as happened once or twice—the executioner for got to put the dog, the cock, and the viper into the fatal bag. I may mention, in passing, that the finny and feathered tenants of the Lak of Laribus were under the especial protection of the church; that the dean and chapter of the temple of Jupiter Cockolorum were famou for their carp stewed in Mauritanian port—a vintage vastly superio to modern South African-and that the members of the Thibursi cumbur College of Augurs were accustomed to wear the most beau tiful swansdown tippets when drawing their oracular conclusions.

Have I omitted aught in this brief sketch of the wonders of the celebrated city of Thibursicumbur? Yes, surely, one thing. I lef out the lions. One can scarcely say that the neighbourhood wa 'infested' with these lordly animals, because, according to Walkeran authority for whom my Sarmatian ancestor, notwithstanding hi contempt for the Gradus ad Parnassum, had the profoundest respec -the verb active 'to infest' means to disturb, harass, or plague Now, the only people worth mentioning in Thibursicumbur—to wi the nobility, gentry, and dignified clergy-were not in the slightes degree disturbed, harassed, or plagued by the ferocious wild beast which lurked in the caves honeycombing the mountain-sides, an which occasionally came out into the open, or ranged through th forest to drink, to roar, and to devour whatever they could lay paw or jaws upon. Good society in Thibursicumbur liked the lions -doated on them in fact, since they afforded capital sport to the adventurous spirits who chose to track them to their haunts-wel armed and mounted of course, and attended by multitudes of fiere dogs and well-trained human beaters; while to those who preferre

entire safety, the lions afforded even rarer entertainment when, being carefully snared by the well-trained beaters aforesaid, they were brought into town to be baited in the great amphitheatre of Thibursicumbur. It was a grand gala day indeed when a lion appeared in the bill of the play, chalked on a black marble tablet inserted for the purpose in the pedestal of the Meta Sudans—the gladiator's lavora-They made much of a lion when they got him into the Thibursicumburian arena. First, by mechanical appliances, his tail was twisted and his whiskers were pulled till he roared so terribly, that every little virgin present hid her head under the peplum of the matron her mamma in affright, delighted meanwhile at the portentous sound. Leo had been carefully kept without food for three days and nights prior to his appearance on the stage, to make him fiercer; and being encompassed with toils of strong network to keep him from doing mischief yet awhile, chariots full of raw shinbone of beef, and wheelbarrows containing live antelopes and gazelles, were slowly driven past him, slaves carefully sprinkling his nose meanwhile through the network with Scotch snuff and the strongest cayenne pepper. I should mention that crackers had been affixed to his tail, and quantities of squibs inserted into his mane; and these being kindled when the network was removed, the noble beast would begin to bound and hop and turn summersaults about the arena in a manner that was as good as a play, and a good deal better than the plays which are produced in these degenerate days in the ninetynine-and-a-half theatres of London. The fireworks having burnt themselves out, the band of the Grenadier Guards—I beg pardon, of the Tenth Legion—by kind permission of the commanding officer, and under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, would strike up the celebrated march, composed by Jugurtha under the pressure of short commons in the Mamertine prisons of Rome. There is nothing like semi-starvation as an incentive to the composition of beautiful melodies. Didn't Crouch sell 'Kathleen Mayourneen' for a five-round note? Music was followed by la mangeaille, and the lion lunched on half-a-hundredweight of anchovy toast and a bucket of Worcestershire sauce. By this time, the blaze of a noontide sun aiding and abetting, and water being judiciously denied him, the lion had reached the very primest fighting condition. One little additional touch—the master touch—was given to bring his fury to the full. He was permitted—by which I mean that he was punched and poked with spears and javelins—to peep through a grating into small circular courtyard in which grew a large mistletoe-tree, there he would behold a gay young lion of his acquaintance Paying the Christmas compliment to his own affianced bride—to the sweet lioness whom he had wooed and won with rare presents of ireshly-killed buffalo, of which he was always careful to craunch the bones for her, so that she would get the marrow out gently.

moment afterwards, the gay young lion of his acquaintance would be turned loose in the arena to confront the outraged and betraved swain, Mr. Dan Godfrey striking up ironically the 'Mistletoe Bough' the while. You may imagine the awful shindy that followed. The infuriated combatants went at it hammer and tongs, or, more correctly speaking, tooth and nail-my Sarmatian ancestor, although he despised prosody, was always a great stickler for accuracy of expression. The tails of the frenzied beasts were convoluted like unto those Pharaoh's serpents which the Stereoscopic Company used to sell for sixpence a box, and which smelt so very disagreeably when their curling power was exhausted. Tufts of mane and bits of ensanguined hide flew in all directions. But the affray was not allowed to continue too long; it was generally concluded by authority 80 soon as one lion had lost an eye. Then the lion with both eyes left remained alone in the arena, his rival being dragged off by the tail to his den, where an oratorical slave, retained for the purpose, read portions of the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper to him; a Mauritanian minstrel, as black as the ace of spades, and with a pair of huge white paper collars, chanting at intervals the well-known African ditty of 'Just touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise,' and strumming upon the banjo to vex him. All this while the lion remaining in the arena was fighting with and eating up professional gladiators, burglars, coiners, christian martyrs, casual paupers, thirdclass railway passengers, negroes, special correspondents of the daily press, and other people the sacrifice of whose lives did not appear to be of the slightest consequence to the nobility, gentry, and dignified clergy of Thibursicumbur.

Perhaps the very grandest lion-fight ever known in the amphitheatrical annals of Thibursicumbur took place on the 4th of July A.D. never mind how much. E. Tyrelius Smithius, that well-known caterer for the public, and manager-general of all places of amusement in Proconsular Africa, had been playing to rather thin houses lately, the supply of lions having run lamentably short, and, for lack of a general persecution, there being but few Christian martyrs designate on hand. If the plain truth must be told, the professional gladiators had been on half salaries for six weeks, and the perform ing elephant, imported by the indefatigable E. Tyrelius Smith from Secunderabad in Hindostan, had turned out an entire fail are Thus it was with sensations of unadulterated joy that both man and public heard that one of the largest lions ever known in sarian Mauritania had been caught on the very shores of the L of Laribus, just as he was gulping down his evening draught, supping on a few black swans, the which simple birds he entrap within his reach by tickling their ears—swans have ears as wel ... walls have-with the dull flattery of a well-known passage from Latin Delectus. The number of inches measured by this lion from the extremity of his nose to the tip of his tail was so exorbitant, that you would not believe me, were I to set down the figures. It may be a safe generalisation to say he was as big as a house, or a rock, or a rhypophagon. He had nine and a half octaves in his voice; and when he roared, the tallest maritime stone pines on the banks of the Lake of Laribus trembled. He did roar, indeed, all the way from his place of capture to the amphitheatre, in one of the subterranean dens of which he was forthwith immured, the delighted manager and caterer for the public, E. Tyrelius Smithius, giving a champagne and chicken-salad supper to the chief nobility, gentry, and dignified clergy of Thibursicumbur in honour of the occasion. The members of the College of Augurs rubbed their hands with glee as they looked at captive Leo through the barred door of his lair. 'We'll teach him how to eat our black swans,' they cried; 'we'll disestablish and disendow him to some tune, by gum!' For the members of the College of Augurs were a very vindictive race.

The day was fixed for the solemn and ceremonial baiting of this lion; but two slight embarrassments as to the conduct of the show perplexed the spirit of E. Tyrelius Smithius. With the exception of a few dejected negro slaves, who would show no fight at all, and quietly lie down to be eaten by the lion—if indeed he condescended to touch them, which the dainty beast frequently refused to do-he was absolutely destitute of human food for his leading brute trage-The professional gladiators flatly refused to have anything to do with him. They declared him in the Carthago-Mauritanian dialect—a very debased idiom—to be a rum character; and swore by Castor, Pollux, Hercules, Diana, and General Jackson-they were always swearing horribly, these P.G.s-that they would see him at Jericho before they put on the gloves to fight him. There had been a general gaol-delivery only three weeks before, and all the convicted felons, lions being lacking, had been comfortably crucified, burnt alive, broken on the wheel, or scourged to death. There didn't remain so much as a fraudulent bankrupt or an habitual utterer of bad sesterces to be thrown to the lions; and, worse than all, there was not in the Quoddianum or Proconsular prisons a single person in trouble on a suspicion of Christianity. The Thibursicumburians sent to Carthage, with their compliments to the Senate and Court of Common Council, to ask if they could lend them a few convicts or martyrs; but the Carthaginians had just caught a very fine young Numidian lion for themselves, and wanted all their criminals for home consumption. What was to be done? 'We must trust to Volunteers among the audience, quoth the undaunted E. Tyrelius Smithius; 'and, if the worst come to the worst, we must let in a Super, or dodge the thing by dressing up a large baboon as a P.G.' A man of infinite resource was the caterer to the public of Procon-Sular Africa.

The momentous day arrived. Boss and Jocko, two highly edu cated monkeys, nearly as tall as French Zouaves, and very like thos warriors facially, from a neighbouring equestrian circus, had bee purchased at a vast expense to be accoutred, if volunteers failed t come forward, in the likeness of professional gladiators. devil of a supernumerary, at eighteen shillings a week, who had bee a respectable journeyman statuary before he became hopelessly stage struck, and had hitherto done nothing but carry banners in process sions and drag off dead lions by their tails, was informed by th manager that at last an 'opening' had been found for him, and the he might fight the lion if he liked. The 'super' was at first some what affrighted by the proposal; but on being told that he woul be allowed to address the audience in a set speech prior to engagin in a terrific combat of two, in which he might come off victorious, h waived all objections; for he had long been secretly burning to spea some 'lines,' and it would be a grand thing, he thought, even the lion ate him up, to have a crowded audience convinced that i grandeur of action and sonorousness of elocution he rivalled, if h did not surpass, such celebrated tragedians as Thespis, Roscius Keanius, Phelpsius, J. C. Toolius (a most moving performer), Bucl stonius, and others. But the crafty E. T. Smithius had yet anothe string to his bow. 'I never knew the Proconsular African publi desert me at a pinch vet,' he remarked to his stage-manager; 'an if there's a woman alive who'll help me to gammon the P.C.A.I into volunteering to fight the lion, it's Domina Fulvia. She'll fetc him-by the whole Numidian Pantheon, she will.' So he ordere his well-known ivory chariot, with the two high-stepping bay mare and hied him to the domus of Domina Fulvia. It was the grander house in all Thibursicumbur; and Domina Fulvia spent more talent of gold every year than the richest nobleman, gentleman, or dignifie clergyman, to say nothing of merchants, tradesmen, and scum of the kind, in the whole city.

The eventful day arrived, and the lion was duly trotted out. If was hampered in the toils; he was sprinkled with Scotch snuff and the strongest cayenne pepper; he was refreshed with anchovy toward Worcestershire sauce; he was worried with fizzing squibs an crackers,—all according to traditional form. They were compelled the dispense with that little episode of the gay young lion and the fait less lioness, and the mistletoe bough, because you see that the was only one lion on hand. But the captive from the Lake of Laribus needed no such incentive to wrath. He was in a tearing passion, and stood in the midst of the arena, lashing his flanks with his mighty tail, pawing the sand, and roaring tremendously. 'Suppose there should be no volunteers, it is certain that the lion will devour me in three mouthfuls,' murmured the super, who was splendidly dressed for his opening part, to himself. 'Never mind; the

be ast may do his worst. I've got my speech by heart, and if I am eaten, I shall at least be heard. I wouldn't in the least mind dying to three rounds of applause; only, the deuce is in it that I couldn't come on if I was called for.'

The manager advanced to the front of his own particular private box—he was not, you may be sure, so great a fool as to trust himself in the arena, where as yet the eminent tragedian had it all to himself —and harangued the crowded assemblage in a neat speech. Would any lion-hearted member of the noble and distinguished Proconsular African public undertake to tackle the lion? There was a dead silence, which lasted for at least five minutes; when Domina Fulvia, nising in all the majesty of her beauty, flung her jewelled glove Quick as lightning young C. Irvingius Claytonius into the arena. Harius Bancroftius—a patrician, who had long been enamoured of the Domina, and had been most scornfully treated by her—arose, threw off his knightly mantle, unsheathed his sword, and leapt into the arena. The tussle, as you may imagine, was awful; but in less than five minutes C. I. C. H. Bancroftius returned, and with a look of gloomy triumph laid the dissevered and gory head of the lion at the feet of Domina Fulvia.

And did she reward him for his unparalleled devotion? Did Domina Fulvia marry him? Ay, there's the rub. How do we know who married and who remained single in Proconsular Africa so many centuries ago? There is, indeed, a legend to the effect that the roung patrician, after showing the haughty lady how much he could venture for love of her, gave her a sound scolding for her cruelty and heartlessness, and in indignant disdain bade her adieu for ever. Another story—on which Mr. Robert Browning has written a beautiful poem—tells us that C. I. C. H. Bancroftius boxed Domina Fulvia's ears soundly with the very glove which she had flung into the arena. I sincerely hope that he was not guilty of so shocking a breach of good manners, but that the couple were really married, and that the bride was never haughty or naughty any more.

THEN AND NOW

She stood at the threshold at evening, She was clad in her bridal dress; She knew he was ready to greet her, And she long'd for his fond caress.

'Twas the robe she should wear on the morrow, And she wanted her love to see How fair was his chosen flower, How beauteous his darling could be.

And Hope with her glittering finger
Bade her look to the life before,
And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit
As she stood at the study-door.

Years pass'd, three short years of gladness, And the stream of her young life flow'd Like the stream of a laughing rivulet When the sunshine knows no cloud.

And again doth she stand on the threshold Where she stood on that happy night; But her eyes are no longer laughing, Her dress is no longer white.

And the sorrow that plays o'er her features
Is as dark as the robe she wears,
And a wreath of undying flowers
To lay on the dead she bears.

For he never again shall greet her,

He shall rise to receive her no more;

The voice which she loved is silent

As she waits at the study-door.

Then her step was so firm and eager,
It is now so subdued and slow;
Then 'twas he who had stoop'd to kiss her,
She must kneel to kiss him now.

But e'en so, with consoling finger,
Hope points to the life above,
Where beyond the dark night of sorrow
Is the dawn of eternal love.

EDMUND COURTENAY.

IN GREAT WATERS

RE were two of them—Jeanne and Marie, sisters—both pretty , but one with a tender spiritual grace that went straight home he heart before the colder bloom of the other. This sweeter, e bewitching of the two was Marie. They were mere peasants, daughters of Jean Holbert, a storm-beaten old fisherman, who l on the outskirts of Nercy, a small sea-coast town in Normandy. one was the elder, a slim dark-eyed girl of two-and-twenty. ie was pale, with soft hazel eyes and chestnut hair, and only They were very fond of each other; and worked toter at lace-making, which they had been taught by the kind sisof a convent, whose sugar-loaf-shaped towers rose in the backind of the little town. The house had been a nobleman's château e, had been a good deal knocked about during the first Revolu-, and had rather a shabby dilapidated air; but was a pleasant we of the homely scene for all that. The sisters had taught e girls a good deal besides lace-making. They could read and e well, and were altogether in advance of the peasant class. It would have been strange if between two pretty girls there

not been at least one lover. There was: a neighbour's son, Henri Latouche, the eldest of a numerous hard-working family, all broad-shouldered fellow of eight-and-twenty, with frank blue, and a pleasant smile; a man who lived by the same perilous easthat of Jean Holbert, reaping the doubtful harvest of the sea. sisters had many a mournful day and evening, when those two e out upon the wide waters, and the driving rain and wind beat inst the narrow panes of their window. A hard life, and a hazous one, and a trade that brought in so little—just enough to ain existence in the simple household.

Poor as they were, however, there was nothing sordid or miserin their poverty. The two girls were capital managers. The mother, a good hard-working soul, who now slept the sleep of righteous in the quiet little cemetery just outside the town, had the them all the useful domestic arts. They were bright indusus young creatures; and the poor little weather-beaten cottage a very model and pink of cleanliness. The low-roofed common n, half kitchen, half parlour, shone and sparkled with its few sees and coppers, its modest show of crockery, set out in a clumsy comportable arm-chair, where the dear old father sat on those py nights when he was not out at sea.

On such evenings as these Henri Latouche was apt to drop in, and was always made welcome by the old man. The girls would go on with their work—the little household could scarcely have held together so comfortably without the profit from that lace-work—while Henri read a two-days-old newspaper to them in his fresh young voice, or told them any small fragments of news he had picked up in the town; how the widow Bonnechose was going to marry again, though her last husband had been dead only fifteen months; how Louis Delmont's pretty fair-haired child had strayed away and been lost that afternoon, and only recovered at sunset, when the mother had grown well-nigh distracted with fear. Such homely scraps of gossip interested the old fisherman and his daughters; and the news in the Rouen paper was something to be heard with open eyes and eager curiosity.

One spring night, a bright calm evening, late in April, Jeannsat alone in the little cottage. Marie had gone out for a walk, tearry some lace to the château on the side of the hill, where the girls had a liberal patroness in Mademoiselle Renée, only daughter and heiress of the Comte de Marsac, the great man of the neighbourhood. There was no fishing to-night; Jean Holbert had strolle into the town, tempted by the fine weather, to have a chat with some of his old comrades; and Henri—well, Jeanne did not know where Henri was—in the town also perhaps, with her father. He must needs have been occupied, or he would most likely have looke

in at the cottage, Jeanne thought.

They had been brought up together, those two, almost like brother and sister. When Henri was a great hulking boy of sixteen and Jeanne a smart little damsel of ten, she had taught him to write and it was a pleasant sight to see the big awkward boy submitting himself to the teaching of the little eager dark-eyed girl, and laughing heartily at his own stupidity. It was a difficult business, but pupil and teacher had persevered gallantly. He owed it to Jeannthat he was a very tolerable penman, owed it to her also that he read as well as he did; for it was she who had made him improve his rudimentary knowledge of his own language in its printed form.

She was thinking of him this evening, as she sat by the ope-window, working busily in the fading light, considering the waste her eyesight less than the consumption of candles. She was thinking how brave and good he was, how kind to her father, how fran and truthful, how infinitely superior to any other young man in the place; she was thinking of him with some touch of sadness, for seemed to her that there had been a sort of distant feeling between them of late, though he came so often, and was so friendly. She could scarcely tell what the change was. But the old affectional familiarity, the loving confidence of those unforgotten days when she had guided the clumsy fingers along the lines of the copy-book, he

gone for ever. It was not that they had quarrelled; no angry word had ever passed between them; but there was a change, and Jeanne Holbert felt it.

He would scarcely come to-night, she said to herself, as she laid aside her work. It was growing late. She went to the open door, and looked down the road. No, there was no sign of Henri.

There was a faint yellow light still lingering low in the west, and high up in the clear blue sky a few stars glimmering—a lovely night, with a perfect calm that went to one's heart somehow and saddened it. Jeanne felt this as she stood at the cottage-door watching.

She was not watching for the chance of Henri's coming now, but for her sister, who was sure to return presently. She came round the bend in the road in a few minutes—not alone. How well Jeanne knew the tall broad-shouldered figure by her side!

Her heart beat a little faster—she was scarcely conscious of it herself; but of late, since that widening of the distance between them, his coming had always moved her thus.

There was none of the accustomed talk or laughter; and Marie was very pale. Henri would not come in; he could not wait to see Jean Holbert; he only stopped to shake hands with Jeanne, and then wished the two girls good-night, and strode away.

Marie sat down upon a chair near the door, and took off her little shawl, and began to fold it with extreme precision. The evening light shone full upon her pretty delicate face. There was something the matter—Jeanne could see that.

'Mademoiselle Renée was so kind—so kind,' the girl said in a quick nervous way; 'and she likes the lace very much. We are to make some more of the same pattern—half a dozen yards. And I saw the gentleman Mademoiselle is to marry—such a handsome man! They will be a fine couple, won't they, Jeanne?'

'Yes, I suppose so,' Jeanne answered absently. 'I thought you were going to the château alone, Marie. How came Henri to be with vou?'

Marie bent over the shawl, which she had been folding and smoothing out all this time. It was only a little bit of a shawl to require so much folding.

'Well, you see, Jeanne, I was talking of going to the château when Henri was here last night; and as he had nothing to do this evening, there he was on the road, just beyond here, waiting to walk with me. He said it was rather a lonely way, and I oughtn't to go by myself.'

'He was very kind,' Jeanne answered, in a voice that sounded cold and strange to her sister; 'but I don't think that I am very careless about your safety, or that I would let you go if there was

any danger in the road. It isn't such a new thing for you to go alone either, Marie.'

The girl blushed, and a shy smile came into her face as she looked

up at her sister.

'Well, Jeanne, I suppose the real truth was, Henri wanted to walk with me.'

'I suppose so,' the other answered in the same constrained tone.

She was standing by the open window, with her elbow resting on the broad wooden ledge, looking out at the darkening sky. The two girls could scarcely see each other's faces in the dusky room where there was only the faint glow of the wood fire.

' Jeanne, would you be very much surprised if I were to tell you

something?' Marie asked, still very shyly.

'That depends upon what it is.'

'You like Henri Latouche, don't you?'

'Like him! I have known him all my life.'

'That's no answer, Jeanne. Tell me if you like him."

'Yes.'

'Because—because he wants me to marry him, dear; and shouldn't care to marry any one you didn't like.'

There was a brief silence before Jeanne spoke.

'I don't know about that,' she said at last; 'I don't think m

liking can matter to you much, if you love him yourself.'

'O, of course, I like him,' Marie answered rather carelessly, a—
if it were not a matter of very much importance. 'He's such =
good fellow.'

'He is a good fellow.'

'So good-natured and good-tempered, and would let one do what one liked. It's rather funny to think of him as my husband though isn't it, Jeanne? I have always felt as if he were my big brother.

'Then you have promised to marry him, Marie?'

'Well, yes. He teased me so, I was obliged to promise at last

and he really is such a good fellow.'

Jeanne took a candle from the mantelpiece, and knelt down on the hearth to light it. Then she crossed the little room with the candle in her hand, and held it before her sister's face, looking as her very earnestly.

'I want to see if you are serious, Marie,' she said gently'Marriage is such a solemn thing, and you speak of it so lightly.'

'My dearest Jeanne, but really I don't see why I should be so very serious. Of course I like him very much—he is such a dear good fellow, and I am to be his wife instead of his little sister, that's all. It won't make so much difference. Do you know, Jeanne that he has actually saved money; and he says he will take that cottage looking towards the sea, with a fig-tree against the wall, and

a wooden balcony to the upper window, the cottage old Dame Mar-

got lived in so long—quite a château in its way.'

Jeanne put the candle on the table, and took up her work, with that grave preoccupied air which she had at times, a manner that always puzzled her sister.

You might wish me joy, Jeanne. You're so silent. It seems

almost unkind,' Marie said reproachfully.

Jeanne bent lower over her work, as she answered,

'I think you ought to know that I wish for your happiness, Marie,' she said quietly; 'but you've taken me by surprise. I didn't

think you cared for Henri.'

Why, of course, I didn't care for him—except as a brother—until to-night. But he pleaded so, Jeanne; if I'd been a lady, he couldn't have been more humble—and he is such a dear good fellow.

She always came back to this point, as if it were an unanswer-

able argument.

'If you love him, Marie—if you are sure you love him—that's enough. What could I wish more than that—what can I wish for in this world so much as your happiness? You remember what I Promised our mother when she was dying: that, come what might, I would always make your happiness my first care.'

And I'm sure you've kept your word, you dear unselfish Jeanne. You've been a second mother to me, though there's only four years

difference between us.'

The younger girl came and knelt at her sister's feet, resting her folded arms upon Jeanne's knees, and looking up at her with that be witching irresistible smile of hers.

* Tell me that you are pleased, dear,' she said; 'I cannot be

happy without that.'

Marie; but I want to be quite sure of that, and it seems so sudden

this engagement between you and Henri.'

'Sudden? Bless you, Jeanne, he's been in love with me ever since I was as high as that!' answered Marie, putting her hand about two feet from the floor, and with a triumphant look in her bright face.

It was her first victory over the vassal man, and she was proud ther power. The time came when it seemed to her a very poor conquest, scarcely worth thinking of; but just now she felt a pleasant sense of her own importance, a childish delight in the notion that this stalwart young fisherman was her slave.

So it was all settled. Jean Holbert came in from the town Presently, and was told the great news—in a pretty, faltering, broken by Marie, in a few straightforward sentences by Jeanne. He was pleased by the tidings, and quite ready to give his consent.

'I made pretty sure he was in love with one of you,' he said cheerily, 'but I didn't trouble my poor old head to find out which. It would all come out in time, I knew. And so it's Marie, is it?

—my little Marie! Why, you're scarcely more than a child, little one. The marriage mustn't be yet awhile.'

'I'm sure I'm in no hurry, father. But there's old widow Margot's cottage to let—you know, father; the pretty one facing the sea, with a wooden balcony—and perhaps some one else will

take it, if we're not married soon.'

'There's plenty of cottages besides that, pretty one; and Henri could build you a balcony. You needn't be in a hurry to leave you poor old father.—The place would seem dull without her, wouldn't it, Jeanne?'

'Very dull.'

'Of course it would. There mustn't be any talk of this marriage for a year at least. Not for two years, if I had my way.'

'You must settle that with Henri, father,' the girl answered

standing on tiptoe to kiss him. 'I don't want to leave you.'

They were engaged, therefore; but the marriage was not to be yet awhile. Everything went on just the same as usual. In all their little world there seemed no change, except to one person and that person was Jeanne. For her the change was a great ambitter one. She knew now that she had loved Henri Latouche all her life.

However heavy the burden might be, she bore it, and made n sign. From her earliest childhood her life had been a life of car and toil and thought for others. It did not seem to her a settle thing that she was to be happy and win the prize she longed for as it is apt to seem to the impetuous heart of youth. She had love him, and there had been a time when she fancied her love returned He had chosen otherwise, and she was able to resign him to he sister without one rebellious murmur against Providence. But ther was one thing she could not do: she could not feel sure that Mari loved him.

The girl was very young and light-hearted. It was only natura perhaps, that she should take life carelessly, that she should no feel very seriously even upon the subject of her betrothal; bu Jeanne found this indifference a hard thing to understand. Some times, when Henri Latouche was out fishing on stormy days, the elder sister would sit and watch the face of the younger wonderingly. He who should have been all the world to her was in peril, and she sat singing at her work. If Jeanne spoke of him, or called he attention to the cruel north-east wind rattling the little casemen a faint cloud of trouble would pass over her face, but that was all The work and the song went on again afterwards, or perhaps som idle gossip about Mademoiselle de Marsac, who wore the lovelies

white muslin dresses trimmed with lace and ribbon, or silks that

were rich enough to stand alone.

She ought to be very happy, oughtn't she, Jeanne?' Marie said sometimes, with a sigh. 'She has an Arab horse that the Count bought her, one of the grooms told me the other day, when I had been to the kitchen to see Justine and came out by the stables. And she has such jewels!—more than you could reckon, Justine told me. And this Monsieur de Lutrin whom she is going to marry is always bringing her something beautiful from Paris. What a fine

thing it is to be an heiress!"

The château was Marie Holbert's one glimpse of the great world. It seemed to her that in all France, in all the universe. there could be no habitation more splendid than that old whitewalled Norman mansion, with its tall sugar-loaf towers, the broad terraces, where roses and geraniums bloomed in perennial beauty, and where some moss-grown weather-worn statues of Apollo and Diana, Ceres and Pan, slowly mouldered to decay; the spacious rooms, with their faded tapestries, and tarnished gilding, and queer rococo furniture, and polished slippery floors, with a splendid square of carpet here and there, like some tropical flowery islet in a shining brown sea. It was the only great house the fisherman's daughter had ever seen, and there was something in the aspect of the place that took her breath away. It was all so different from her own surroundings, so much like being in quite another world. Mademoiselle Renée's tall stately figure, with that background of lofty saloon, seemed to her like the figure of a princess. She had never seen a princess, but she could not fancy one who should not be the image of Mademoiselle de Marsac.

This young lady was very kind to her, paying her promptly for her work, and giving her little presents now and then; sometimes detaining her at the château for an hour or so, sometimes inviting her to share a pleasant afternoon meal of coffee and fruit and cakes With her own maid Justine in a pretty circular room in one of the towers, where the maid sat and worked. Marie thought it was a happy thing to be Justine, and live always in that splendid château. It made her own life seem ruder and commoner to her when she Went home after these little festivals. Her evening walk with Henri Latouche wearied her. Sometimes, as they came home across the fields in the twilight, they saw the lights shining in the windows of the château on the hill, and Marie used to wonder what Mademoiselle was doing in the great saloon, with her weak, indulgent old father, and the fragile invalid mother, who seldom left her sofa, and the noble handsome young lover. Perhaps Mademoiselle was quite as dull as Marie with her lover, could the girl have only known the truth. Faded tapestry and dim yellow-satin hangings-nay, even tarnished ormolu and rare old cabinets of buhl and marqueteriedo not create happiness; and, sooth to say, life at the château was somewhat monotonous. Mamma had her chronic maladies, of white she thought more than of her daughter; papa his perpetual Journal des Débats and snuff-box. There were very few visitors. It was life that went on repeating itself from year to year—calm, eventless and stupid.

Unfortunately, Marie had no power to see this side of the picture. Mademoiselle de Marsac's surroundings dazzled her; and Mademoiselle de Marsac's lover—O, how different he was from Hen Latouche, with his big clumsy hands, his honest weather-beaten face and his rough peasant clothes, which always smelt of the sea!

One sultry afternoon in the middle of July, when Marie Holbe and Henri Latouche had been betrothed just three months, the gi went upon one of her accustomed visits to the château. It was rather an oppressive day, with a feverish heat in the atmosphere and a hint of a coming thunder-storm. The roses on the terrace seemed to loll their heads heavily. The château itself had a drows look—the Venetian shutters closed, a muslin curtain here and the flapping faintly in a feeble breath of the south-west wind.

Mademoiselle de Marsac was not visible; she had a headache and was lying down in her own room, Justine told Marie Holber The two girls loitered a little in the shady hall to gossip, and the Marie walked slowly away from the cool darksome château into the shadowless gardens. There was little sunshine this afternoon—lurid glow rather, which seemed like the sweltering heat of a furnace. There was a way across the gardens to a small wooden doe opening into the high-road, which saved some distance, and Justin had told Marie she could go by this way. It was a day upon which any one would be glad to shorten a journey, if by ever so little.

Marie Holbert had never seen so much of the gardens before often as she had been to the château, but she knew the door in the wall very well. She had looked at it often from the outside as she mounted the hill, and had wondered idly whether it was ever used. She was quite overpowed by the idea of exploring so much of this

earthly paradise alone.

There was not very much to see in the château gardens, after all, beautiful as they appeared to Marie. It was only a repetition of geometrical flower-beds and sunburnt grass, and here and ther a dilapidated statue. There were few trees; none of the cool shadowy beauties, the verdant mysteries of an English garden. With a few head-stones and monuments scattered about, the sunny slop would have made a very fair cemetery.

Half-way between the château and the point to which she wa going, Marie came to a circle of scarlet geraniums and a great marbl basin which had once been a fountain. There was no sparkling je of water now leaping gaily upward in the sunshine; only the chippe old basin, discoloured with stains of moss. But Marie gave a little start on approaching it; for on the edge of the basin there sat a gentleman smoking, in the laziest attitude possible, with one leg stretched along the broad marble border, and the other knee raised to make a support for his elbow. It was Monsieur de Lutrin—Hector de Lutrin, the affianced of Mademoiselle.

He, too, gave a little start as Marie came near, and seemed to come to life all at once, as it were, changing his lazy attitude for

one of attention.

'Great Heaven!' he muttered to himself, 'it is the little lace-

girl! She comes expressly to amuse me.'

He rose and came forward to meet the little lace-girl, with his half-consumed cigar held daintily between his slim fingers. He was a tall fragile-looking young man, whose strong points were his hands and feet and a languid patrician air. He was not really handsome. His pale face and light-gray eyes had a faded washed-out look; but his dark-brown moustache, and a certain grace of dress and manner, relieved this insipidity of feature and complexion.

He was the first gentleman, except the old Comte de Marsac, who had ever spoken to Marie Holbert, and he seemed to her a

demi-god.

'You have had a useless journey to the château this intolerable day, I fear, mademoiselle,' he said. 'Mademoiselle Renée is ill.'

'I am so sorry,' Marie faltered, blushing and confused.

To be spoken to by any stranger was a bewildering thing; but

by the betrothed of Mademoiselle—this adorable young man!

'It is not a matter of moment happily,' he replied lightly, giving the half-smoked cigar a little wave in the air. 'She has the migraine—this abominable weather, no doubt. Look what a leaden hue the sky has yonder. We are going to have a thunder-storm. Had you not better go back to the house?'

'O no, monsieur. You are very good, but I shall be wanted at

home.

'Foolish child! If you attempt to go home, you will be caught in the storm. Are you not afraid of thunder and lightning?'

'No, monsieur, not afraid. I don't like to be out in the lightning; but—but I think there will be time for me to get home before it begins.'

'You are wrong, my little one. See, there is no mistaking that

leaden cloud.'

'Indeed, monsieur, I must go straight home at any hazard.'

Very well. If you are obstinate, you must go; but remember I have warned you. However, I'll open the gate for you, and then you had better run home as fast as you can.'

He turned and walked with her towards the gate; she shy and confused by so much politeness, he with that easy air which was his

chief grace; but before they reached the gate, great rain-drops came splashing down, and then a blinding shower, a perfect sheet of water.

'We're in for it!' exclaimed Monsieur de Lutrin. 'It's no 1156 trying to go back to the château—we should be drowned before we could get there; but there's a tool-house a few paces from here,

where we can take shelter. Come, mademoiselle.'

He led the half-bewildered girl along a narrow sandy path, past the door in the wall, to a rustic building sacred to the gardene. The door was luckily open, and they went in, out of a very deluge. It was a roomy but darksome shed, containing gardening implements of all kinds, and a good deal of litter in the way of seeds and here is laid aside to dry. There was only one little window looking up the broad treeless garden, where flowers and shrubs were being beat to the ground under the furious rain.

'It served me right,' Marie said remorsefully. 'My sister begg

me not to come to-day.'

'Very sensible advice of your sister's,' said Hector de Lutrissi;

'but I am glad you did not take it.'

The girl was going to ask him why, but a look in his eyes checkher—a look that she had never met in the eyes of her lover, an epression that brought a vivid blush into her cheeks, and yet was naltogether displeasing, it was a look of such unalloyed admiration. Her heart beat a little faster than before, and the long dark lashdrooped over the pretty eyes.

'Because if you had taken your admirable sister's advice, should have lost a most exquisite pleasure,' he went on, in his slow

lazy way.

A blinding flash of lightning gave Marie an excuse for turning her head aside suddenly just at this moment; but the searching gaze of Monsieur de Lutrin's gray eyes was more embarrassing that the lightning.

But Marie recovered herself presently, and made very much the sort of reply that any young woman in society might have given here.

admirer.

'I don't think there can be much pleasure in being kept a pr

soner in such a place as this,' she said.

'That depends upon one's companion. There is some companion which any place is delightful. Do you know, Marie, I have offewished to have a little talk with you, only at the château it was nepossible. Would you have a very great objection to my cigar, if were to light it again? This place has such a damp smell.'

Marie had no objection to the cigar, which Monsieur de Lutrproceeded to light; but she felt suddenly eager to make her escap-It was very flattering, of course, this attention from Mademoisel-Renée's betrothed, and Marie's heart was fluttered by an almooverwhelming sense of pleasure and vanity; but she knew very well that it was not right—not right either to Mademoiselle Renée or to her own honest weather-beaten lover.

'I don't think it is raining so fast now,' she said; 'I had better make haste home.'

'Silly child! it is raining just as fast as ever. Hark at the thunder. There's an awful crackling noise, just as if it came from the road behind us! And what lightning! You cannot leave this refuge till the storm is over. I am sorry it is not a better place, and I am still more sorry you find it so dismal. For me it is a paradise in little.'

And so he went on, smoking his cigar in that slow desultory way of his, and paying elaborate compliments to the poor little peasant girl. He had no iniquitous design, no treasonable intentions against the peace of his betrothed; he only wanted to amuse himself this dull summer afternoon by a harmless flirtation with the little lacegirl. The thought of any mischief that might arise from his caprice gave him no trouble. He was not in the habit of perplexing himself upon the subject of other people's feelings. If the little lacegirl permitted herself to be too much impressed by him, that was her look-out. His own conscience found perfect repose in the fact that he meant nothing.

Marie Holbert listened to him. What could she do but listen, with that rain still pouring down, and the thunder-storm at its worst? She had no excuse for running away; so she stayed and listened to talk which was commonplace enough, but dangerously delightful to her.

He asked her questions about her life, praised the colour of her eyes, told her how much too pretty she was for a life of hard work as if it were only the ill-favoured of this earth to whom the heritage of toil was given. He said enough to make her thoroughly discontented, and unhappy presently, when the storm was over, and he had escorted her through the garden-door and as far as a bend in the hilly road, just above the town, where he left her.

When he was gone, it seemed as if the whole aspect of her life were changed. The thought of the smoky little cottage, to which she was returning, made her shudder; the thought of her lover's evening visit was still more distasteful to her. The poison was subtle, and gave its flavour to everything. How handsome, how charming, he was, this elegant Parisian gentleman, who had praised her beauty! Was she really so pretty? Henri Latouche had said very little about it. He had talked of his love for her, but not of the colour of her eyes. At best, he was rather a stupid lover.

She was absent-minded, and had a somewhat melancholy air, that evening when Henri came, and told them the news, and read the paper to the old father in his usual way. She gave him a random answer more than once. Her thoughts were in the rustic shed with its one little window, against which the rain had beaten s

furiously. Henri was puzzled by her manner.

Marie Holbert had occasion to go to the chateau again two day afterwards. It was always she who went to and fro with the lac or any message about it. Jeanne knew that her sister was Made moiselle de Marsac's favourite, and Jeanne had always so much to d at home. The two girls did all Mademoiselle's plain work, as we as the lace-making; and just now there was a great deal of wor on hand for the trousseau. The marriage was to take place in October; and after her marriage, Mademoiselle was to go and live i Paris, for Monsieur de Lutrin could not exist away from Paris. H was rich and idle—an only son, who had inherited a handsome for tune lately—and the marriage had been arranged ever so long ag between the two fathers.

There was no fear of a thunder-storm this time. The châten gardens were all ablaze with sunshine. To-day Mademoiselle Renë was visible. Justine took Marie to her boudoir, where they had long discussion about the work. Marie had half expected to so Monsieur de Lutrin here, turning over loose sheets of music, a teasing Mademoiselle's favourite poodle, after his wont; but he was not in the boudoir to-day.

The talk about the work lasted more than an hour. Renée c Marsac was especially gracious, and insisted that Marie should hav a glass of sugared water and a biscuit after her walk; and at partin

she said,

'Be sure you go across the gardens, child, and out by the litti door—it is always unlocked—and that way will save you a quarte of a mile.'

Marie blushed crimson. Could she ever forget that short cu across the garden, and the wonderful adventure that had befalle her? She left the house in a strange dreamy state. Should sh see him again? As she came near the dilapidated fountain, seemed to her that the earth beneath her feet grew impalpable a at once, as if she had been walking on air.

Yes, there he was, in precisely the same attitude, smoking an gazing listlessly at the horizon, across the blue hill-tops. He looke as if he had never moved since she had first seen him sitting ther

two days before.

He heard her steps upon the loose gravel, and rose to meet her throwing the end of his cigar into the empty marble basin. It was only a repetition of their last meeting. His compliments were ver much the same—just a little more fervid, perhaps; but that was al To a woman of the world it would all have seemed fade and commonplace enough; but it was the first tribute that had ever bee paid by a gentleman to Marie Holbert's beauty, and the poor little

feeble soul had no power to resist the fascination. He was a gentle-

man-that was the beginning and the end of the charm.

He walked with her to the bend of the road again; but did not care to go beyond that point, for a few yards farther would have brought them into the town; and, harmless as Monsieur de Lutrin meant his flirtation to be, he did not want to advertise it to all the world of Nercy.

Just as they came to this bend of the road, a slight girlish figure advanced towards them with a firm steady walk that Marie knew very well. She gave a great start, and in her sudden confusion clung to Hector de Lutrin's arm. Not till this moment had she any positive sense of her guilt; but the sight of that familiar figure, coming along the road, was like a revelation. What would Jeanne say?

'Why, what ails thee, little one?' asked Monsieur de Lutrin, looking down at the frightened face with an expression of wonder, not to say annoyance, in his own. That spasmodic clutch of Marie's had startled him unpleasantly, for he was of a nervous temperament.

'It is my sister Jeanne!' Marie said with a gasp. 'What then? Thy sister Jeanne will not eat us.'

'Great Heaven! what will she think? She will be so angry!

What shall I say?'

Jeanne was quite near them by this time. Monsieur de Lutrin carne to a full stop, raised his hat to the highest ceremonial elevation, made a bow which included the two sisters.

'I have the honour to wish you good-day, mademoiselle,' he said to Marie; and strolled slowly back, up the hill towards the chateau.

Marie had grown pale to the very lips. Never in all her life had she feared any one as she feared her sister Jeanne to-day. For some minutes the two girls walked on in silence; and then Jeanne spoke, in a voice that was very grave—nay, almost stern—but which trembled a little nevertheless.

'How came Monsieur de Lutrin to be with you just now, Marie?'

'I don't know. It was quite an accident, of course. Mademoiselle told me to come through the garden—to the little door, you know, Jeanne, that opens on the hill—and I happened to meet monsieur, and he walked with me.'

Do you think it right, Marie, that a gentleman like that should

walk by your side, just as if you were equals?'

'I don't see anything wrong in it.'

Then why were you so frightened when you saw me coming?

saw you grasp monsieur's arm as if you had seen a ghost.'

'It was very foolish of me,' Marie answered, in rather a defiant manner. 'There was no reason that I should be frightened.' 'Except that people seldom like to be found out doing wrong. What do you think Henri would say, if he had seen you two together?'

'I do not think anything about it, or care anything about it.

And I hope that is the end of your lecture, Jeanne.'

She had never defied her sister before; the sister who, for the last six years of her life, had watched and guarded her with a mother's care.

Jeanne said no more. It was not such a great crime, after all, that Marie had been guilty of; but there had been something in the manner of those two that alarmed Jeanne. They had been talking so confidentially until Marie saw her, it could scarcely be the first time they had talked together; and then Marie's palpable terror was such a strange thing.

'Was to-day the first time that Monsieur de Lutrin walked with you?' Jeanne asked by and by; but Marie evaded the question, declaring that she would not submit to be lectured. Her heart was beating very fast, half with fear, half with anger, and she felt herself very wicked—almost as if she had been given over to iniquity.

After this Jeanne took care that Marie should pay no more visits to the château. Henceforward it was Jeanne herself who went to carry home work, or to take Mademoiselle de Marsac's orders. But a fine gentleman who had lived the life of Paris was, of course, more than a match for a simple peasant girl; and it generally happene that while Jeanne was up the hill at the château, Monsieur de Litrin dropped in at the cottage, to ask for a glass of water and to the for half an hour or so with Marie.

Opposition gave a zest to the flirtation. If the girl had be thrown constantly in his way, he might have wearied of her befethis; but the sister's precautions gave the business the flavour of intrigue, and Monsieur de Lutrin had found life very monotonous the château.

Jean Holbert's cottage stood on the extreme edge of the towand a little aloof from the other habitations thinly sprinkled over todistrict; had there been nearer neighbours, those visits of the firgentleman from the château might have created a scandal. The would ultimately have done so, as it was, perhaps, had not the course of events taken another turn.

Monsieur de Lutrin had suffered himself to be beguiled awa from that idea of meaning nothing serious, with which he had begu the flirtation. Marie was so much in earnest; the sweet young fac expressed so much more than the poor child was conscious of, be trayed so many mysteries of the tender fluttering heart.

She was very wicked, she told herself, with secret agonies eremorse. He was Mademoiselle de Marsac's affianced husband, am she loved him; loved him as she had never loved Henri Latouche

Indeed, she knew but too well now, made sadly wise by this real

passion, that she had never loved Henri Latouche at all.

There was a change in her, and a marked one, which Henri perceived and wondered about. She scarcely seemed to live except in those brief half hours in which Monsieur de Lutrin was with her. The bewildering delight of his presence seemed to absorb all her capacity for emotion; when he was gone, existence became a blank, and she could do nothing but calculate the probabilities as to his next visit. Would he come on Tuesday, on Wednesday, on Thursday? How many hours, how many minutes before she should hear the gracious caressing tones of his voice once more? It was only a common form of the universal fever, a foolish girl's passion for a gentleman lover. Who can tell what fatal end might have come to the story? A sudden and a calamitous end did come to it, but not that which commonly concludes such a record.

Mademoiselle Renée de Marsac's fête-day was in September, and upon this particular occasion she had a fancy for keeping it after a fashion of her own. Some ten miles from Nercy there was a famous grotto called the Giant's Cave, one of the objects of interest to which all visitors were taken. The place lay quite away from any high-road, and was, indeed, almost inaccessible by land; but the trip was pleasant enough by water, and Henri Latouche had done many a profitable day's work in taking people to the Giant's Cave. The coast was wild and rugged between Nercy and the cavern, and the little voyage was not without peril in foul weather; but of course visitors rarely went except in settled weather, and there had been few accidents.

One evening Jeanne came home from the château in better spirits

than usual. It was the eve of Mademoiselle's fête-day.

'I have got you a job, Henri,' she said cheerily; 'Mademoiselle has a friend with her—a young lady from Rouen—and she wants to show her the Giant's Cave. She will give you a napoleon, if you will take them there to-morrow in your sailing-boat. There will be only the two young ladies and Monsieur de Lutrin.'

This was about twice the payment the young man ordinarily

asked for the voyage.

'That's just like you, Jeanne,' he said, 'always thinking of other People. I don't suppose Mademoiselle would have made such a handsome offer, if you hadn't put it into her head. I'll take them with pleasure, and I'll make the Marie Antoinette as smart as I can for the occasion.'

'Do, Henri. She spoke so kindly. She has often noticed you at church, she says, when you've been there with Marie and me, and she knows you very well by sight. She knows that you and Marie are to be married some day.'

Marie was silent all this time, bending over her work. She had seemed quite absorbed by her needlework lately; indeed, Henri to ad himself that the change in her manner, that listlessness and abstration which had so perplexed him, only arose from her being so busy about Mademoiselle de Marsac's trousseau. But Jeanne could have told how little work she had really done, in spite of this show of industry.

The next day was the fifteenth of September; a bright morning with a blue sky and a fresh west wind. Marie began the day in very low spirits. She had not seen Monsieur de Lutrin for more than a week. Happy Mademoiselle Renée, who saw him continually, who would have him by her side all that long autumnal day! She thought of the white-sailed boat dancing gaily over the blue waters, and the affianced lovers sitting side by side. Would he think of her, who see beauty he had praised so often, whom he had pretended even to love? Was it likely that he would think of her? O no! The utter folly of her guilty passion came home to her to-day as it had never do before; but O, the bitter jealous pangs that rent the weak erring heart!

Henri looked in at the cottage before he started. Perhaps wanted to show himself to his betrothed, looking his best in bis Sunday clothes, with a new ribbon round his sailor's hat, and bis hair brushed to desperation.

'Will you come and look at the boat, Marie,' he said, anxio us to get half an hour with his betrothed before the day's work began. 'She's a picture. I've borrowed some cushions, and made all common the same cushions, and made all common the same cushions.

fortable for Mademoiselle.'

No, Marie did not care to see the boat; and yet, stay; yes, swould come to look at her, if Henri pleased. She hated the boatshe hated Henri; she hated everything and everybody that had part in this day's festivity.

'What do I care about the boat?' she said captiously, when they were down at the quay, and she surveyed her lover's preparate

tions; 'I'm not going in her.'

'But you know that I'd take you to the Giant's Cave any day you cared to go, Marie,' said Henri.

'I've seen the Giant's Cave,' she answered, with a little imperator

tient shrug.

While she was standing on the quay, Monsieur de Lutrin and the two ladies came down to the boat. She dropped a low curtsey and stood aside as they passed her. How far away from them she seemed! Mademoiselle Renée gave her a gracious smile, but Monsieur de Lutrin scarcely appeared to see her. It was very hard the bear; that distant look of his cut her to the heart. In after years she always remembered his face as she had seen it then, with it its listless indifferent expression. She watched them get into the boar at,

and all the pleasant noise and bustle of the start. The last glimpse she had of them showed her the lovers sitting side by side, Mademoiselle talking, and Hector de Lutrin bending down to listen, the boat tossing gaily over the waves. Her own life, and all her own surroundings, seemed odious to her as she went home.

The two girls kept close at their work all the morning. The time for the marriage was drawing near, and there was still a good deal to be done. They did not talk much. Marie had grown strangely silent of late, and Jeanne was too busy for conversation. They worked on steadily till noon, and after they had eaten their frugal dirner they began again. It was nearly four o'clock, when the wind rose suddenly and shook the cottage window with sharp gusts that made the two girls look up from their work.

Jeanne's face was very grave.

'Do you know what quarter the wind is in to-day, Marie?' she asked anxiously.

'No, indeed; yes, I remember Henri spoke of it this morning. It is in the south-west.'

'Great Heaven! I have heard my father say that it is a dangerous quarter for sailing from the grotto. The south-west wind blows full upon shore. I have heard him say that he has stood upon the hill yonder on a stormy day, and seen the boats driven in upon the shingle.'

Marie grew very pale; but it was not of Henri Latouche she was thinking. It was of that other one who was in the same peril.

'How pale thou art, all in a moment!' said her sister tenderly.

'There may be no cause for fear, little one. It is not every wind that brings a wreck; and thou knowest thy lover is a good sailor and a strong swimmer. There is little fear for him.'

'Perhaps not; but for the other-for the other!'

The work dropped from her lap, and she opened the little window and looked out. Jeanne stooped to pick up the delicate linen and cambric: Jeanne could always think of everything. The dust was blowing in great clouds along the road, the poplars were swaying to and fro. A man passed whom Marie knew, and she asked him what he thought of the weather.

'An ugly afternoon,' he said. 'Is the old father out?'

'Yes, he has gone fishing.'

'I can't say I like the look of the weather; but God is good, ademoiselle, and your father has been out in many a storm.'

Marie turned to her sister. 'Let us go down to the quay, canne. The Marie Antoinette may have come back, and the good ther too. Come, Jeanne; we shall hear something at least.'

Jeanne put away the work as neatly as if her mind had been Quite at ease. Marie stood at the window watching those swaying Poplars, and thinking—not of her father, though she loved him dearly;

not of the man she had promised to marry—but of Hector de I trin, who for the amusement of an idle hour had perverted her her

They went down to the quay. The boat might be in by t time, though Jeanne remembered how Mademoiselle de Marsac I said she meant to spend a long day at the cavern, and to return o at dusk. It would not be dusk till seven o'clock.

There was no sign of the Marie Antoinette, and the wind was till rising. It was as much as the two girls could do to keep the feet on the rough stone path. The sea, which had been so brighted blue in the morning, was now a murky brown, the waves ring heavily in with white foam crests. The roar of the waters walmost deafening. Marie clung helplessly to her sister. She is seen many a storm before to-day, but this seemed to her worse than y she could remember.

There were a good many men and boys upon the quay, look seaward, and one woman, watching for her husband's return we sad anxious eyes. Jeanne and Marie had been waiting half an howhen Jean Holbert's boat came in. He at least was safe. It two girls embraced him; Jeanne with fervour, Marie in a half-abs way. She was thankful to Providence for his safe return, but

could not withdraw her thoughts from that other one.

'Is the Marie Antoinette in?' asked the old man, directly had kissed his children.

' Not yet, father,' Jeanne answered quietly.

'I don't like that. It's a bad night for coming round by peak.'

"Henri is such a good sailor,' Jeanne said.

'Ay, ay, child; he's a good sailor, but he's alone with th three; and if the boat capsized, and he tried to save the others would be hazardous. It will be hard work sailing in the teetl this wind.'

Marie shuddered. They had turned and left the quay, and w walking homewards; but the girl clutched her sister's arm whispered:

'Don't go home, Jeanne; I can't go home.'

'Father, thy supper is all ready for thee. Marie is too anxi

to go home just yet, if thou wilt excuse us.'

'Poor little Marie, thou wert best at home. But as you vehildren; only don't stay long. You can do no good by watch the sea.'

The old man went slowly home, the girls returned to the question They waited and watched for another half-hour, under the destruction threatening sky, in which there was only one lurid line of light j along the horizon.

'Come, Marie,' Jeanne said at last; 'let us go to the chu

and pray.'





F. J. Skill, del.

W. A

The church was always open. It was a grand old building, almost large enough for a cathedral, with curious models of ships hanging in the side aisles, presented by pious seamen who had escaped great perils; with little chapels here and there, where the shrines were of a somewhat faded splendour; here and there a noble old monument sorely defaced by time and the iconoclasts, like the carved oaken doors, upon which maimed and noseless saints and angels testified to the malice of the destroyers.

Jean Holbert's daughters went into the church, Marie following her sister almost mechanically. It was growing dark in those shadowy aisles, where a lamp before an altar twinkled faintly here and there, or a little group of lighted candles cast feeble rays upon the pavement. They went into one of the side aisles, and knelt down to pray; one with a calm and holy earnestness, the other with a desperate, half-despairing intensity.

'O Lord, save him, spare his life, though I may never see his face again,' she prayed.

She made the same supplication over and over again, and then repeated her litanies in a mechanical way, her mind always with the boat, and that one who was in peril. The image of Henri Latouche never arose before her. She had no power to think of anything but that one person.

They remained in the church for more than an hour, and then went back to the quay. It was now seven o'clock, and almost dark, but there were no tidings of the Marie Antoinette. They waited and waited, listening to the talk of the seafaring men who still loitered about the landing-stairs. It was not by any means hopeful talk for them to hear. One man, who knew them very well, tried to give them a little hope, but it was evident that his own ideas about the Marie Antoinette were not sanguine.

The girls lingered until the church-clock struck eight, and then Jeanne insisted upon going home. Marie had been shivering all the time. It was worse than useless waiting there. She submitted to her sister's will, too helpless for resistance, and they walked slowly haveward.

Half way towards the house Jeanne gave a great scream.

"Look, Marie!' she cried hysterically. 'Thank God, thank God! he is safe!'

She pointed to a figure advancing towards them—the stalwart broad-shouldered figure of the young fisherman. It was indeed Henri Latouche. He was close to them by this time; he stretched out his arms to clasp Marie to his breast.

'My darling!' he cried tenderly, 'I never thought to see thy face again.'

She held him off with extended hands, and an awful look in her face.

'Don't touch me,' she said. 'Where is Monsieur de Lutrin?'
Henri stared at her with a bewildered air, and then turned to
Jeanne. 'Bring her home,' he said.—'Come, Marie.'

'I will not stir a step. Where is Monsieur de Lutrin?'

'Jeanne, bring her home. There has been an accident—the boat capsized off the peak; the two young ladies are safe. I swan on shore with them—they are at a farmhouse yonder; and I walked across the fields here. My boat is lost. It has been a sad day's work.

'Where is Monsieur de Lutrin?'

'He is drowned, Marie. I did my best to save him, but he could not swim; there were the other two. It was no use. I could not save them all.'

Marie gave a great cry, and fell on the ground at his feet. He lifted her up, and carried her in his arms as easily as if she had been a little child. She was quite unconscious, her head lying on his shoulder.

'Jeanne,' he said in a husky voice, 'what does this mean?'

'I don't know.'

- 'What was Monsieur de Lutrin to her, that she should take his death like this?'
- 'He was nothing to her. He had spoken to her once or twice, that was all.'

They learned more a few days later; for Marie Holbert's swoon was followed by a brain-fever, in which the girl raved about her drowned lover. Henri Latouche discovered how completely her heart had been stolen from him, if it had ever been his.

He bore the blow manfully, though it was a crushing one. He helped to nurse the sick girl through that dismal time, and on her recovery treated her with brotherly tenderness. But he told her gently one day that the bond between them was broken, and that he released her from her promise. She only bowed her head, and said in a low voice, 'You are right, Henri; I could never have loved you as you deserved.'

A few days after this, she went to the convent and told the number that she wanted to join their sisterhood. There were no difficulties; her skill in lace-making would render her a self-supporting member of the community. She said nothing to Jeanne or to her father until all was settled, and she was about to enter upon her novitiate. The old fisherman was too good a Catholic to offer much opposition to her wishes. It was hard to part with her; but she would not far away, and she would come to see him often, she told him.

Five years after the wreck of the Marie Antoinette, Henri Ltouche asked Jeanne Holbert to be his wife. The old wound ha healed, and he had found out the value of the brave unselfish woman who had loved him from her childhood.

RECENT STUDIES AMONGST FERNS

Among the families of British plants which have recently attracted special attention may be named the Orchises and Ferns. The former group, however, is so sparsely distributed, prevailing mainly in boggy land and on the chalk formation, and requires such extreme care and so many appliances to cultivate its members successfully, that only a few amateurs indulge themselves in the culture of rarities like the lizard and spider orchises. With ferns it is far otherwise. are almost universally found through the length and breadth of the land, and have been as universally cultivated and admired. Appealing to man's love of the beautiful, and all his sentiments of the romantic and artistic, with their gracefully waving and indented fronds and cheerful green hues, no wonder that they are found carefully tended in the rich man's conservatory and the artisan's window. Every other lady that you meet is now an accomplished pteridologist. From the magnificent Nature-printed Ferns to the humble shilling manuals, the number of books and papers which have been Published on ferns is legion. Whole districts have been stripped where some rare species used to grow, and a regular trade has sprung up in favoured localities, the finest specimens found being invariably secured, not always by honest means, for the metropolitan market.

It is curious to reflect that all this enthusiasm for ferns is the growth of thirty years. Before 1840, Virgil's hard measure, filix invisus aratris, was dealt out alike to all the members of the family; not one man in a thousand knew a fern when he saw it, much less cared about its culture. The best proof of this statement is, that until that year there were only two books published which treated exclusively of British ferns. After that time, however, young ladies began to talk glibly of athyriums and polypodies, and many a man blessed the mania that led them to ferny couches and mountain Passes hitherto unexplored, where of course an escort was imperatively required. But in the nature of things, to those who studied ferns scientifically our native species were soon exhausted. Great Britain, with its forty-four species, has a very different fauna from, for example, that of Java, where ferns abound in endless variety, and on one mountain alone (Mount Pangerango) three hundred species have been found; or that of Celebes, where, Mr. Wallace relates, the Ordinary stemless ferns of the tropics abound, some with gigantic fronds ten or twelve feet long, others barely an inch high; some with entire and massive leaves, others elegantly waving their finelycut foliage in the greatest profusion. Nor have we any of those magnificent tree-ferns which are such an ornament in the hilly distric of tropical countries. Once, indeed, during a scramble down a hi side at the Lakes, it befell a friend who is distinguished for his kno ledge of British ferns, to discover one which had assumed much of t character of a tree-fern, as it rose from a distinct stem with a grad fully-depending crown of fronds. Circumstances precluded his can ing it off at the time; and on visiting a nursery garden celebrat for its ferns some months afterwards, great was his surprise to E the identical specimen (which had been brought there by a collect flourishing, and none the worse for its journey. It is possible the this 'sport' might with care have been perpetuated. The for plants of the coal-measures show that tree-ferns were, under oth conditions of climate, common in our isles. It is probable, too, the two new species of ferns will ere long be discovered in Great Britai though for the present they have escaped the lynx eyes of the m eager collector. Some sunny morning in January, when the fern most advanced in flower, the Ophioglossum Lusitanicum will found in the shady combes which run down to the sea in Son Cornwall; and Athyrium deltoides, a fern common in Finland, doubtless be detected in the Shetlands. Still, it was but natu that lovers of British ferns, after collecting the few species indigous to the British isles, after raising them from seed, and cultiv ing them to the highest pitch of perfection, should long for n worlds to conquer. Luckily, it soon became apparent that 'sport or fantastic variations from the stereotyped characters of speci could by various modes of cultivation be perpetuated. Taking th numbers into consideration, and comparing the many problems co nected with their origin and continuation with the philosophi questions on transmission, inheritance, and variation of characte raised by Mr. Darwin, avenues of speculation and experiment wh seem almost endless open upon the student of ferndom.

We purpose now to indicate the chief lines in which the progr of our knowledge of ferns has moved during the last twenty yes It has been mainly in the direction of these varieties. But he at the outset, we are stopped by the question, In what does a vari differ from a species? As much has been written on this point d ing the last few years as the scholars of a previous generation of puted concerning the origin of the Homeric poems. The discussiful without the greatest caution, immediately runs up into logical a metaphysical considerations, and forthwith but too often loses it in a cloud of words. Avoiding these subtleties, it is sufficient state, that a species in botany consists of a number of individual plants presenting certain common characters cast in a permanent ty Particular plants, however, if exposed to different conditions of s climate, space, &c. are liable to certain differences in size and appearance, which may often be fixed by cultivation, though they are always and the state of the state

more or less disposed to revert to the original characteristics of their species. Sometimes these so-called varieties may be perpetuated by seed, but more often by offshoots, grafts, or cuttings. Occasionally the varieties of ferns present but small divergencies of appearance from the parent stock; but in other cases the most curious and beautiful plants result, while in others the abnormal growth acquires the dimensions and aspect of a monstrosity. But here, again, comes in the operation of taste; and what is a monstrosity, is a question to which every fern-amateur gives a different answer.

Those who have only seen the common crisped and curled varieties of hart's-tongue and polypody, or who have not studied the recent enormous development of varieties, will be somewhat amazed to learn that more than 2450 varieties of our forty-four British ferns have been catalogued and named. There are five hundred varieties of the lady fern alone, while its male namesake possesses only one hundred and fifty. The common hart's-tongue, however, with its broad fronds of glossy green, numbers more than five hundred variations. Here, then, is work enough for the most ardent pteridologist, to be able to distinguish and propagate these endless varieties. And the task is itself an endless one, there being no apparent limits to the freaks of fern variation with which Nature may in the future indulge her fancies. Besides practical acquaintance too with these, it is obvious that they fringe a battle-field of enormous extent, where the doughtiest of literary knights may long contend with pen and ink for and against the modern philosophical theories of variation and development. In no province of Nature, indeed, may these problems be more conveniently studied.

It is time that we look a little closer into these numerous fern varieties. On first glancing down a catalogue of them, or, still better, surveying them in all their elegance and grace on a fernery, we observe that their commonest characters of demarcation are expressed by such terms as incised, crested, multifid, digitate, lobed, plumed, branchy, &c., which commend themselves at a look to a botanical eye. Of course it is the highest excellence of nomenclature to be able to stamp the divergence of a variety by an aptly-chosen name, as in these cases. But ere long two distinct classes of variation would disclose themselves in such a survey, on each of which, as pointing the two main roads in which the study of ferns is at present advancing, it is worth while making a few remarks. These two divisions are, respectively, the variegated and the proliferous varieties.

What is the cause of variegation in plants, is one of the most abstruse problems which the botanist can propose to himself. It appears to proceed from the concurrence of many conditions connected with light, soil, dampness, space for expansion of rootlets, and nutriment. Yet the Chinese have for centuries been able to surpass our

most skilled nurserymen in variegating plants at will. Beautiful as all such specimens are, variegated ferns excel in loveliness, and amongst them the two varieties of the common Adiantum nigrum known as Thorn's and Wollaston's variegations are preëminent. The lady fern again, with each pinnule margined with white, is a most striking plant. There is even a variegated variety of the common polypody. Of course these curiosities are originally the result of accident, or a marked change of the usual conditions under which the plant is wont to live, and have then become fixed by cultivation.

It has long been known that several species of exotic ferns were proliferous, that is, had a tendency to produce bulbs or offshoots on their fronds, which, by being carefully removed and planted, resulted in large plants. Many readers must have noticed in greenhouses foreign ferns of the genus Asplenium, and especially the Polystichum proliferum, a North American fern, which are striking examples of this habit. It has lately, however, been discovered that several varieties of our common native ferns, Polystichum angulare and Scolopendrium, develop this curious property. Many if not all these varieties of the former fern are only found in the moist warm climate of the West of England. This fact points to the causes which beave been assigned for this habit of proliferous growth by that emira ent authority on fern-lore, Mr. G. B. Wollaston. A moist warm at 100sphere he considers essential to this growth; besides which, an jury, such as the breaking of a frond or its piercing by an insect, may produce examples of it. As is so often seen in vegetable e conomy, as well as in other departments of Nature, any arrestation of normal growth has an irresistible tendency to develop other org ans or capacities. It is well known that plants which have enjoyed 100 stimulating a soil, and burgeoned into a luxurious profusion of sho ots and leaves, very often bear no flowers, or at all events yield no se ed. But the whole subject is one which abounds in interesting proble 115, the full solution of which can only be hoped for by careful cult wire and diligent study simultaneously carried on by many observers. such researches what appears the most trivial new fact may prove the missing key which will unlock the dark chambers of Nature, and disclose her working in all its simplicity and beauty. Besides the elegance and interest attaching to ferns, any possessor of a fernery may thus light upon discoveries which would wonderfully advance botanical science.

Such, then, are some of the lines in which recent fern culture speculation have moved. It will have been noticed from the above remarks that the field of these researches is practically boundless. The observant eye may light upon varieties of ferns everywhere; but, as in every other branch of science, the eye must itself be first structed to see them. Thus what Mr. Lowe regards as the most beautiful of British ferns, and which another enthusiastic lover

erms 'the queen of ferns,' was found by a lady of Torquay, he many amateurs who abound amongst the ferny combes of

The lady fern and common bracken are beautiful objects isselled, and this variety of both is far from being unusual. vering search for varieties in their native localities is sure to nately successful; it is only the great rarities which 'have ret of fern seed,' the capacity of seemingly rendering themavisible when hunted for. As a final recommendation of the f fern varieties, it may be added, that, excessive and pedantic eparation of such a multitude of varieties by the most trifling ities may appear to the non-botanical reader, their study, and ity to discriminate them, is a rare school for man's faculties vation, comparison, and judgment. Botany has often been as being a barren science—a mere knowledge of names and There was some colour for the reproach when it was studied ne artificial system of Linnæus. But if pursued, as has been out, by careful observation of natural affinities, and especiegarded in its higher bearings upon questions which at preride the scientific world, few will deny that it is capable of sed as a powerful agent in education. To every branch of it erns are certainly no exception—applies Cicero's celebrated euiberal studies more than to any other of the natural sciences. des us with an occupation and a delight at every stage of home, out of doors, in the country, in foreign lands, its and its interests are ever by our side.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

PARSONS AND DOCTORS WANTED

Parsons and doctors, in one shape or another, have been necessary factors in Life's history almost since the creation of man. wondrous days of old the priest was the doctor, and the doctor the priest; while even down to comparatively recent times the cure of soul and body was most frequently to be found, self-imposed, in one and the same individual; and at the present day, amongst wild or savage races, the functions appertaining to spiritual and bodily ministration are, as a rule, centred in some man of a superior type Tn mind, or at least of cunning, to that possessed by his fellows. remote years, too, the priest-doctor was placed in his office more the mastery of his intellect than by the choice of his weaker-minded countrymen, while now in all civilised nations there is an active competition for each office separately; and instead of a man being chosen for excellent qualities of head, heart, or hand, his pare 118 usually train him for the life, and make him parson or doctor family influence, feelings, and circumstances may deem to be for Thus these duties, in ancient times almost equal in the social scale to those filled by kings, have sunk to be mere bread- or mon @5: gaining positions, and as such are subject to the laws of sale exchange, traffic and barter, as are all other businesses that br = 125 man under the primeval curse of earning his bread with the sw of his brow.

And this brings us to the subject of the present paper—
'Parsons and Doctors wanted,' and advertised for, in those deserve high-class journals the Bulwark and the Knife. Let us, then, fitake any issue of the Bulwark published in this year of grace 18, and present our readers with a few real advertisements, all take from one number, but with names and places so altered that identity may be destroyed.

A gaol-chaplain advertises for some one to relieve him for months of his duties in a prison where there are about one hundrand fifty persons confined, and for the service offers a 'stipend, we equivalents' (whatever they may be), 'at the rate of 10l. per mont. The incoming tenant must not have a large family, and will be quired to attend to 'daily matins.' Very light duties altogether, should imagine, and not comparable with the work to be demand from the acceptors of the two following: 'Wanted a second cura in an east-end London parish. Large and poor population. Muschool-work. Stipend, 120l. A title might be given. Addreway.' 'Hard work amongst 8000 in the centre of Tradeopolis . .

Weekly celebration. Daily evening prayer and lecture. 1001.' Arduous places these for any poor scholars in orders, and especially the last—fancy 365 lectures for 100l., or little more than 58. a-piece, with the rest of the work apparently unpaid for! Again: Stipend, with title, 1001.' 'Two curates wanted for Irontown. Not very desirable unless the gentlemen be unmarried, young, goodlooking, and likely to pick up with some wealthy ironmasters' daughters as royal roads to fortune. Another curate is wanted, 'for a large parish in a manufacturing town. A good extempore preacher, possessing a strong voice, and fond of parochial visitation. Stipend, 1301., probably much more. Address, with references and testimonials, &c.' The words italicised, in this as in other advertisements quoted, are ours, and we should be glad to know what they mean. Is the incomer to have much more on a carefully graduated scale of 'brands snatched from the burning'? or is it to depend on the excellence of the character he brings from his last place? or on the strength of his voice? or how? Next we have an application from a reverend gentleman evidently of a cautious turn of mind: 'Temporary help is urgently needed in an agricultural parish of 2000. Daily service (choral); weekly celebration. Address, &c.' He wants help urgently, he has a large parish with plenty of work, and yet, to all appearances, has no intention of paying for it when Performed.

A west-country rector advertises for 'a married curate who is Daily service, weekly communion. Stipend, 1201., with small house and garden.' A pleasant home, we warrant, for an easygoing tenor curate, with a cheerful wife, and a taste for mild clerical dissipation in the shape of winter penny-readings. There is a certain air of comfort about the following that, we venture to say, drew ore answers than any other advertisement in the issue before us: Curate, priest or deacon, wanted for a country parish of 400, Lirty miles from London. Rector resident. Railway station. Pretty bachelor cottage, might be enlarged. Situation very healthy and Convenient. Stipend, good to a desirable candidate. Apply, &c.' What visions of graceful holy happiness that 'bachelor cottage, which right be enlarged' under certain contingencies, would conjure up in the mind of a hard-worked London parson, pining for fresh air and Freedom from the squalid poverty of fetid courts, wherein his labour lies! or what joy to your clever young university spark, just out of his terms, to drop at first starting into the 'bachclor cottage,' play roquet, and flirt till it required to be enlarged, and all the time to be within thirty railway miles of London, its pleasures and its temp-Lations, with the glorious feeling of self-satisfaction at being able to encounter them and come off scatheless! Depend upon it, that 'resient rector' has a good binn of choice old port, and knows how to Introduce a moderate bottle of it after a recherché little dinner. The

worthy gentleman who next comes before us is doubtless 'a good pay,' but evidently a plain-spoken old disciplinarian, who will none of your 'lardy-dardy' young curates with moustaches, coloured garments, and lavender kids; he wants, 'immediately, a single man,' and will pay him 1201. per annum, if he satisfactorily attends to the spiritual wants of 700 souls. Indeed, all through the advertisements we notice that an easy cure in the country is salaried at from 1201. to 150l., while your exigent town rectors, who want 'a sound churchman, not afraid of work, a strong voice, and a good knowledge of music,' usually rate their coming man at 100l., while the bait of 'a title given' makes up for the deficiency of salary (we beg the parsons' pardon-stipend) offered. Then we have a batch of what may be called miscellaneous wants, with little peculiarities that are somewhat amusing. 'A curate wanted at 801. Duty light, bachelor lodgings at 12s. a week obtainable. Moderate high church, and good boating obtainable.' Another wanted, 'with some private means;' one, where there will be for his edification, 'frequent celebrations; daily prayers; hearty services; reverent ritual and mission work.' Next, a government office wants a curate to go to the East. He must have 'sound church principles, and a powerful voi essential'-rather a curious combination, by the way; he will receive 400l., and an allowance for his journey out that certainly would not satisfy the Peninsular and Oriental Company for a first-class pass to his new cure. He must be single, and we should very much like to ask the wiseacres at the office their reasons for this last straps clause.

The clergymen who want others to do 'temporary duty' for the have some singular ideas as to remuneration, and we shall quote example or two to show the state of this portion of the market. worthy vicar throws out a tempting bait—to wit, his 'house a garden, the use of horse and carriage, with some dairy produce, a 11. per week. Situation retired, pleasant, healthful, and trout stream close by.' This trout stream, by the way, figures no few of the advertisements; so that we may fairly assume there still exists some affinity between 'fishers of men' and mere fisher of fish. Another vicar offers, 'the usual remuneration,' as if it wera fixed quantity; while yet another will part with no cash, but wilfind 'board, lodging, attendance, and the occasional use of a horse and light cart,' for his temporary successor. What earthly use the light cart will be does not appear, unless permission is given to hawk dry goods about the country, or take to dissent and temperance lecturing in remote villages, from the platform of the cart, to earn an honest penny and thus make up for the absence of wages.

The parsons out of work are pretty numerous apparently, and advertise their necessities freely. Thus we have a wary curate, who holds 'views in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer'—a

safe exposition of creed that will get the gentleman into no trouble; while taking into consideration the fact of his being married and having 'private means,' we should say he would find little difficulty in suiting himself. 'A married priest, aged 42, who has retired on a pension from her Majesty's service, seeks duty.' He is a lucky man, few officers being so fortunate as to have earned a pension at that early age. But now we have an evident free lance of the church militant, who announces that he is 'a clergyman of many Fears' standing. Usual fee. Duty taken. Address, &c.' A short brusque advertisement, but to the purpose—a veritable Dugald Dalgetty, with courage for anything he undertakes, and utterly defrant of the bugbear responsibility. 'A graduate of - wants the Sole charge of a parish in the south-west of England. Stipend not so much an object as a comfortable position. Apply, &c.' Trout and croquet smacked of in that, we fancy, or we are very much mistaken. But perhaps the most odd advertisement, and the one st suggestive of thought, is the following: 'Lay-assistant. A sentleman about 40, sincerely desirous of devoting himself to the Service of the church, seeks employment with a view to obtaining boly orders. Has been accustomed to read lessons in church. strong health, and wishes for a full amount of work. Moderate stipend. Address, &c.' What manner of man may this be? and whas he previously subsisted? Is he a reformed sinner? a rered captain who has (with great satisfaction to himself) played the person to his men? a dissenting minister who has seen the error of is ways after being turned adrift by a fickle congregation? or a conwested haberdasher who has gone through the bankruptcy court, and ken to religion as an easy means of earning a livelihood? Unless be is one of these, we cannot guess what he possibly can be; and should be glad of information on the point. For a bonne bouche present the following, unique in its way, and then we have done for the present with the Bulwark: 'Wanted a parson's man, ried, churchman and communicant, who understands horse, car-Finge, and garden; can drive and wait occasionally, and make himself generally useful. Wife able to wash for a small family preferred. Parson' may find his 'man' with such a combination of worldly and spiritual advantages; and when he gets him, we sincerely trust be will like him. For ourselves, we should dread such an 'admirable Crichton,' lest his superabundant virtues should throw any modest merit we might possess into the cold shade. A whole mass of highly eligible' affairs are then offered, with one gentleman's name at the foot of each, from which we learn that into church, as into Every other traffic, that obnoxious animal the agent has thrust his cloven foot, taking, no doubt, the lion's share of the plunder. The Parson dodges the devil (as the poor soldiers say), the agent dodges

the parson, and between them both the church-going Englishm an expects to be duly ushered into that kingdom that knows no end.

Let us now consider, for a brief space, the body-curers—t he doctors—taking one number of the Knife for 1871 as our guid le. and treating their advertisements in the same manner as we have done those of the parsons. The first we notice are those of alrea established practitioners, who require assistants to attend to what many be called the dirty work of the profession-dispensing, keeping the books, attending midwifery cases, and taking the poor and distant patients. The requirements are much alike in every instance, a nd one advertisement may be taken as a sample of the whole: 'Wantered an assistant to visit, dispense, and attend midwifery. State age, height, weight, if able to ride and drive, and enclose carte de visite. Address, &c.' It seems strange that such minute particulars sho and be required of a candidate for the place of deputy-sawbones to a country doctor; but when we remember how very irritable patients are, as a rule, and think of the many trifles that tell for or again ast a medical man, we will soon understand what an important mat ter to a practice is personal appearance. An ugly-faced fellow should never follow the profession of Esculapius; for unless he happens be an extra-clever hand, and is lucky enough to be called by way consultation to a private from an hospital experience, his chances will be meagre indeed, while we all know that a good-looking doctor, with a bland gentlemanly manner, will frequently comme success, though his knowledge of his work may be but trifling. physician or surgeon with what is termed a bad face we have but rarely seen, and we are happy to say that we think but few exi. st. Height must of course be considered; a gawky red-whiskered giant, ad, striding among cradles and crockery, and bent double over a be being almost as objectionable as a fussy dwarfed bit of importance 200 who can hardly reach over to feel my lady's pulse if she happens be lying on the far side of the couch. These explain the reaso for the carte de visite being required. The weight, again, is important matter; for your country doctor is not usually strong cattle and traps, so that a twenty or even sixteen stone man would ruin his employer in horseflesh. Riding and driving well, with tolerably developed bump of locality, are obvious necessaries for man who will have to find his way about dreary country lanes o moonless nights, sans guide, light, or local geographical knowledge To such a standard advertisement as we have quoted, many items are of course added, according to the various wants of intending em ployers. For instance: 'must be of some habits and possess SATISFACTORY references;' 'occasional midwifery only;' 'gentlemanlike MANNERS and HABITS indispensable;' 'a steady, activefully-qualified assistant, must have UNEXCEPTIONABLE REFERENCES as to moral character;' 'must be a GENTLEMAN and a CHURCHMAN'

ness first, religion afterwards; 'must keep the books accu-' 'sobriety, gentlemanly conduct, and business habits must ified to;' and so forth.

pensers and assistants wanting places do not advertise so yet we have quite sufficient 'wants' in the issue before us an opinion of the class. Here is an average sample: 'An nced assistant (30), of suitable address and quiet gentlehabits, is open to an engagement to visit, dispense, and midwifery. Can keep the books. A good accoucheur; firsteferences for sobriety and general character. Address, &c.' ety,' indeed, is prominently mentioned in nearly all the adnents for assistants, and the contrary—a fact that painfully 3 us that the old-fashioned medical-student habits have not æ died out from amongst us. An objection to midwifery may distinctly discovered, as thus: 'an occasional case of midnot objected to.' 'Visiting objected to;' 'willing to attend ery cases on an emergency;' and so on, seem to indicate to in this branch of the profession at least there is a decided luable opening for lady practitioners. One item we do not can attend an ordinary case of midwifery.' In that there is

For suppose one of these young assistants is only suffitaught to be able to handle an 'ordinary' case, what will if he goes to a place ten miles off and finds that the confines, or promises to be, a difficult or dangerous one? He has to report to his employer; he must deal with the matter, and the consequent risk to mother and child may be even l. This is a very serious point, and we would gladly see a stand made against accoucheurs who are not masters of what rofess. An assistant's life cannot be a very pleasant one; far as we can judge, the remuneration is not nearly so good of an ordinary mechanic.

somnipresent agent is of course in his usual force in the sof the Knife—with practices, partnerships, premises, specunvestments, loca tenentes, and every particular thing conwith the whole profession 'on his books,' and only waiting ations' to make the fortunes of his clients on both sides of argain. He tells you if you must be married, or if a happy r will do for any special vacancy; he invariably has a good r two where there is 'no opposition;' he can let you have lel farm,' as well as patients, to try your curative powers on; introduce you to the widow of a deceased doctor, who will ce you, in turn, to his practice, or to his position in her old, perhaps, if you are matrimonially inclined; he will make er a practice which a man is leaving 'for most satisfactory,' and will not object to—nay, will court—the fullest inquiry; l put you in a place where you can make a fortune if you

' mean work;' or he will get you a snug berth where you can enj the dolce far niente of life in 'good society, with moderate return and excellent hunting, shooting, and fishing;' the practices he h for disposal may be worked 'with two assistants,' or 'no assista required,' 'with one horse,' or with 'three horses necessary;' amaid you may have at choice 'only two opponents, both young and a ctive,' to whet your energies, or but one, 'old and feeble.' Agent ts will send you to sea in 'first-class steamers or sailing liners,' or w III procure you a lazy floating home in 'a nobleman's yacht bound For the Mediterranean' - while each and every one of the class will scout the idea of any other than himself being in a position to procure you any of the advantages they all so volubly describe. One peculiarity of practices with residences to sell we notice, and that is common to both pawnshops and public-houses, viz. the great stress laid on the fact of the property being at the corner of a street, so that, we suppose, the red lamp-signal of danger everywheremay cast its ominous rays and attract the custom of two streets. Another advertisement offers a surgery in a newly laid out suburban estate, which, when built on, will contain 5000 houses: present population carefully kept in the background. One keen gentleman announces his practice for sale, and signs himself Ozone; is this indicative of a large increase of business to the incomer—the absence of ozone being usually taken as a sure forerunner of cholera? A sanguine country doctor announces: 'All patients easily transferable;' a statement we venture to say not entirely in accordance with fact. One or two painful applications for 'comfortable homes' for poor brain-afflicted creatures we pass over, and shall conclude with an advertisement or two that supports the theory not long ago propounded by the Saturday Review, in the article on 'Drawingroom Alcoholism.' 'INTEMPERANCE. - A country house for ladies of a superior class anxious to conquer a disposition to intemperance, conducted by a person of great experience in the treatment of the above evil. Apply to, &c.' 'HABITS of INTEMPERANCE cured by moral control, gentlemanly treatment, and watchful supervision. Experience justifies the assertion that no case is hopeless as long as the desire for reformation exists. First-class patients aloue. Address, &c.' 'FOR LADIES of POSITION ONLY .- Habits of intern perance treated most successfully by a physician, who has devoted years to the study of such cases. Consideration, kindness, moral control can be relied on. References, &c.' These advertise ments speak for themselves, and no words of ours can add to the melancholy visions they conjure up of saddened homes and de bauched forms in families where there is no excuse of misery pain to account for the curse of drink.

BELGRAVIA

SEPTEMBER 1871

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THE LOVELS OF ARDEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. IN THE SEASON.

N the spring Mr. Granger took his wife and daughter to London, where they spent a couple of months in Clarges-street, and saw a good deal of society in what may be called the upper range of middle-class life—rich merchants and successful professional men living in fine houses at the West-end, enlivened with a sprinkling on the ranks of the baronetage and lesser nobility. In this circle Granger occupied rather a lofty standing, as the owner of one of the finest estates in Yorkshire, and of a fortune which the comon love of the marvellous exalted into something fabulous. found himself more popular than ever since his marriage, as the husband of one of the prettiest women who had appeared that sea-So, during the two months of their London life, there was almost unbroken succession of gaieties, and Mr. Granger found himself yearning for the repose of Arden Court sometimes, as he waited in a crowded ballroom while his wife and daughter danced their last quadrille. It pleased him that Clarissa should taste this Particular pleasure-cup—that she should have every delight she had a right to expect as his wife; but it pleased him not the less hen she frankly confessed to him one day that this brilliant round Parties and party-giving had very few charms for her, and that She would be glad to go back to Arden.

In London Clarissa met Lady Laura Armstrong; for the first since since that September afternoon in which she had promised that no arts of George Fairfax's should move her to listen to him.

Ord Calderwood had been dead a year and a half, and my lady was plendent once more, and giving weekly receptions in Mr. Armstrong's great house in Portland-place—a corner house, with about

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a quarter of a mile of drawing-rooms, stretching back into one of the lateral streets. For Mr. and Mrs. Granger she gave a special dinner, with an evening party afterwards; and she took up a good deal of Clarissa's time by friendly morning calls, and affectionate insistance upon Mrs. Granger's company in her afternoon drives, and at her daily kettle-drums—drives and kettle-drums from which Miss Granger felt herself more or less excluded.

It was during one of these airings, when they had gone a little beyond the crowd and splendour of the Park, and were driving across Putney-heath, on the way to Roehampton, where my lad had to make some call, that Clarissa heard the name of Georg Fairfax once more. Until this afternoon, by some strange accidents as it seemed, Lady Laura had never mentioned her sister's lover.

'I suppose you heard that it was all broken off?' she said, rathe

abruptly, and apropos to nothing particular.

'Broken off, Lady Laura?'

'I mean Geraldine's engagement. People are so fond of talking about those things; you must have heard, surely, Clary.'

'No, indeed, I have heard nothing.'

'That's very curious. It has been broken off ever so long—soon after poor papa's death, in fact. But you know what Geraldine is—so reserved—almost impenetrable, as one may say. I knew nothing of what had happened myself, till one day—months after the breach had occurred, it seems—when I made some allusion to Geraldine's marriage, she stopped me, in her cold, prout way, saying, "It's just as well I should tell you that that affair is all off, Laura. Mr. Fairfax and I have wished each other good-by for ever." That's what I call a crushing blow for a sister, Clarissa You know how I had set my heart upon that marriage."

'I am very sorry,' faltered Clarissa. 'They had quarrelled,

suppose.'

'Quarrelled! O, dear no; she had not seen him since she let Hale with Frederick and me, and they parted with every appear ance of affection. No; there had been some letters between them that was all. I have never been able to discover the actual caus of their parting. Geraldine refused to answer any questions, in most arbitrary manner. It is a hard thing, Clarissa; for I know that she loved him.'

'And where is Lady Geraldine now?'

'At Hale, with my children. She has no regular home of he own now, you see, poor girl, and she did not care about another set son in London—she has had enough of that kind of thing—so she begged me to let her stay at the Castle, and superintend the governesses, and amuse herself in her own way. Life is full of trouble Clary!' and here the mistress of Hale Castle, and of some sevent thousand per annum, gave a despondent sigh.

'Have you seen Mr. Fairfax since you came from Germany?' asked Clarissa.

'Yes, I have met him once—some months ago. You may be sure that I was tolerably cool to him. He has been very little in society lately, and has been leading rather a wild life in Paris, I hear. A prudent marriage would have been his redemption; but I daresay it will end in his throwing himself away upon some worthless person.'

It was a relief to Clarissa to hear that George Fairfax was in Paris, though that was very near. But in her ignorance of his whereabouts she had fancied him still nearer, and in all her London festivities had been tormented by a perpetual dread of meeting him. Many times even she had imagined that she saw his face across the crowd, and had been relieved to find it was only a face that bore some faint resemblance to his.

He had kept his word, then, so far as the breaking of his ensegment to Geraldine Challoner. He had been more in earnest than Clarissa had believed. She thought that she was sorry for this; but it is doubtful whether the regretful feeling in her heart was really sorrow for Lady Geraldine. She thought of George Fairfax a good deal after this conversation with Lady Laura—alas, where had she ceased to think of him !—and all the splendours and pleasures of her married life seemed to her more than ever worthless. What a hopeless entanglement, what a dismal mistake, her existence was! Had she sold herself for these things—for Arden Court and a town house, and unlimited millinery? No; again and *Sain she told herself she had married Daniel Granger for her father's sake, and perhaps a little from a desire to keep faith with Laura. This marriage had seemed to her the only perfect fulfilment of her promise that nothing should induce her to marry George Fairfax. But the sacrifice had been useless, since he had broken his engagement to Geraldine Challoner.

Sophia Granger's lynx eyes perceived a change in her stepmother about this time. Clarissa had never appeared especially encaptured by the gaieties of fashionable London; but there had come upon her of late a languor and weariness of spirit which she tried in vain to disguise by an assumed air of enjoyment. That simulated gaiety deluded her husband, but it could not deceive Miss Granger.

'She is getting tired of her life already, even here where we a perpetual round of amusements,' Sophia said to herself.

That will she be when we go back to Yorkshire?'

The time was close at hand for the return to Arden, when the thing which Clarissa had feared came to pass, and the hazard of London life brought her face to face with George Fairfax.

The sesson was at its height, and the Grangers found every

available hour of their existence engaged in visiting and receiving There were so many people whom Lady Laura insisted upon introducing to her dear Clarissa-there was so much in the way of party-giving that Lady Laura wanted her sweet Mrs. Granger to do. Now it was a morning concert of my lady's planning, at which weird and wonderful-looking denizens of the Norseland-Poles, Hungarians, Danes, and Swedes-with unkempt hair and fierce flashing eyes, performed upon every variety of native instrument, or sang wild national songs in some strange language-concerts to which Lady Laura brought herds of more or less fashionable people, all of whom were languishing to know 'that sweet Mrs. Granger.' My lady had taken pains to advertise her share in the manufacturer's marriage. Every one belonging to her set knew that the match was her contriving, and that Clarissa had to thank the mistress of Hale Castle for her millionaire husband. She was really proud of her protégée's success, and was never tired of praising her and 'that admirable Granger.'

That admirable Granger endured the accession of party-giving with very good grace. It pleased him to see his wife admired; it pleased him still more to see her happy; and he was single-minded enough to believe her increased volatility a symptom of increased happiness. Whatever undefined regrets and dim forebodings there might be lurking in the secret recesses of his own mind, he had no doubt of his wife's integrity—no fear of hidden perils in this ordeal

of fashionable life.

She would come to love him in time, he said to himself, trusting as blindly in the power of time to work this wonder for him as Clarissa herself had trusted when she set herself to win her father's affection. He believed this not so much because the thing was probable or feasible, as because he desired it with an intensity of feeling that blinded him to the force of hard facts. He—the man who had never made a false reckoning in the mathematics of business-life—whose whole career was unmarred by a mistake—who se greatest successes had been the result of unrivalled coolness brain and unerring foresight—he, the hard-headed, far-seeing of the world—was simple as a child in this matter, which involved the greater hazard of his heart.

But while Clarissa's husband trusted her with such boundle confidence, Clarissa's stepdaughter watched her with the vigil eyes of prejudice, not to say hatred. That a young lady so brought up as Miss Granger—so thoroughly grounded in Kings Chronicles as she was wont to boast herself, and with an appreciation of the more abstruse points in the Epistles to the Romans the Hebrews, that would have been invaluable to an undergradugoing in for his divinity examinations—for such a young lady entertain the vulgar passion of hate seemed quite out of the question

but so far as a ladylike aversion may go, Miss Granger certainly went in relation to her stepmother. In this she was sustained by that model damsel Hannah Warman, who, not having made much progress in Mrs. Granger's liking, had discovered that she could not take to' that lady, and was always ready to dilate upon her shortcomings, whenever her mistress permitted. Sophia was capricious in this, sometimes listening eagerly, at other times suppressing Miss Warman with a high hand.

So Clarissa had, unawares, an enemy within her gates, and could turn neither to the right nor to the left without her motives for so turning becoming the subject of a close and profound scrutiny. It is hard to say what shape Miss Granger's doubts assumed. If put into the witness-box and subjected to the cross-examination of a popular queen's-counsel, she would have found it very difficult to give a substance or a form to her suspicions. She could only have argued in a general way, that Mrs. Granger was frivolous, and that any kind of wrong-doing might be expected from a person of such unstable character.

It was the beginning of June, and West-end London was glorious with the brief brilliancy of the early summer. All the Mayfair balconies were bright with flowers, and the Mayfair knockers resounded Perpetually under the hand of the archetypal Jeames. The weather was unusually warm; the most perfect weather for garden-parties, every one declared, and there were several of these al fresco assemblies inscribed in Mrs. Granger's visiting-book: one at Wimbledon; another as far afield as Henley-on-Thames, at a villa whose grounds sloped down to the river.

This Henley party was an affair in which Lady Laura Armstrong was particularly interested. It was given by a bachelor friend of her husband's, a fabulously rich stockbroker; and it was Lady Laura who had brought the proprietor of the villa to Clarges-street, and

who had been instrumental in the getting-up of the fête.

You must really give us some kind of party at your Henley Place this year, Mr. Wooster,' she said. 'There is the regatta now: have positively not seen the Henley regatta for three years. The utney business is all very well—supremely delightful, in short, while it lasts—but such a mere lightning flash of excitement. I like a long day's racing, such as one gets at Henley.'

Lady Laura ought to be aware that my house is at her disposal all the year round, and that she has only to signify her

Pleasure to her most devoted slave.'

'O, that's all very well,' replied my lady. 'Of course, I knew that if Frederick and I came down, you would give us luncheon or dinner, and let us roam about the gardens as long as we liked. But that's not what I want. I want you to give a party on one of the race days, and invite all the nice people in London.'

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'Are there any nasty people on this side of Temple-bar, Lady Laura, before the closing of Parliament? I thought, in the season

everybody was nice.'

'You know what I mean, sir. I want the really pleasant people. Half a dozen painters or so, and some of the nicest literary men-not the men who write the best books, but the men who talk cleverly; and, of course, a heap of musical people-they are always nice, except to one another. You must have marquees on the lawn for the luncheon-your house is too small for anything more than tea and coffee; and for once let there be no such thing as croquetthat alone will give your party an air of originality. I suppose you had better put yourself entirely into Gunter's hands for the commissariat, and be sure you tell him you want novelty-no hackneyed ideas; sparkle and originality in everything, from the eggs to the apples. I should ask you to give us a dance in the evening, with coloured lamps, if that were practicable, but there is the coming back to town; and if we carried the business on to a breakfast next morning, some of the people might begin to be tired, and the women would look faded and limp. So I think we had better confine ourselves to a mere garden-party and luncheon, without any dancing Lady Laura concluded with a faint sigh.

'Will you send out the invitations, Lady Laura?'

'O, no; I leave all that to you. You really know everybody

or everybody we need care about.'

In this manner Mr. Wooster's party had been arranged, and to this party the Grangers were bidden. Even the serious Sophia was going; indeed, it is to be observed that this young lady joined in

mundane gaieties, under protest as it were.

'I go out, my dear, but I never enjoy myself,' she would say to a serious friend, as if that were a kind of merit. 'Papa wishes to go, and I have no desire to withdraw myself in any way from M.S. Granger's amusements, however little sympathy there may be tween us. I endeavour to do my duty, whatever the result may

Mr. Wooster did know a great many people. His abnormal wealth, and a certain amount of cleverness, had been his sole passoner to society. Among Burke's Landed Gentry there was no trade of the Wooster family, nor had Mr. Wooster ever been heard to all to a grandfather. He had begun stockjobbing in the smallest we but had at a very early stage of his career developed a remarkable genius for this kind of traffic. Those of his own set who had watch his steady ascent declared him to be a very remarkable man; and the denizens of the West-end world, who knew nothing of stockjobing or stockbroking, were quite ready to receive him when he can to them laden with the gold of Ophir, and with a reputation of being something distinguished upon 'Change.

Time had begun to thin Mr. Wooster's flowing locks before he landed himself safely upon the shores of fashionable life, and Mr. Wooster's carefully-trained moustache and whiskers had a purplish tage that looked more like art than nature. He was short and stout, with a florid complexion, sharp black eyes, and a large aquiline nose, and considered himself eminently handsome. He dressed with elaborate splendour—'dressed for two,' as some of his less gorgeous friends were wont to say—and was reputed to spend a small fortune annually in exotics for his buttonhole, and dress boots.

His chief merits in the estimation of the polite world lay in the possession of a perfectly-appointed town house, the villa at Henley, another villa at Cowes, and a couple of magnificent yachts. He was a perpetual giver of dinners, and spent his existence between the Stock Exchange and the dinner-table, devoting whatever mental force remained to him after his daily traffic to the study of menus, and the grave consideration of wine-lists. To dine with Wooster was one of the right things to do once or twice in the course of a season; and Wooster's steam yacht was a pleasant place of rest and haven of safety for any juvenile member of the peerage who had been plunging heavily, and went in fear of the Bankruptcy-court.

So, on a brilliant June morning, the Grangers left the Great Western station by special train, and sped through the summer landscape to Henley. This garden-party at Mr. Wooster's villa was almost their last engagement. They were to return to Arden in two days; and Clarissa was very glad that it was so. That wearings of spirit which had seemed to her so strange in some of the soung ladies at Hale Castle had come upon herself. She longed for a rien Court and perfect rest; and then she remembered, with something like a shudder, that there were people invited for the autumn, and that Lady Laura Armstrong had promised to spend a week with her dearest Clarissa.

'I want to put you into the way of managing that great house, Clary,' said my lady, brimming over with good-nature and officiousness. 'As to leaving the housekeeping in Miss Granger's hands, that's not to be dreamt of. It might do very well for the first six months just to let her down gently, as it were—but from henceforth you must hold the reins yourself, Clary, and I'll teach you how to drive.'

'But, dear Lady Laura, I don't want the trouble and responsibility of housekeeping. I would much rather leave all that in Sophy's hands,' protested Clarissa. 'You have no idea how clever she is. And I have my own rooms, and my painting.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Lady Laura, 'and you will mope yourself to death in your own rooms, with your painting, whenever you have no company in the house. You are not going to become a cipher, surely, Clarissa! What with Miss Granger's schools, and Miss Granger's clothing-club, and Miss Granger's premiums and prizes

for this, that, and the other, you stand a fair chance of sinking intthe veriest nobody, or you would, if it were not for your pretty face. And then you really must have employment for your mind, Clary Look at me; see the work I get through.'

'But you are a wonder, dear Lady Laura, and I have neither

your energy nor your industry.'

Laura Armstrong would not admit this, and held to the idea of

putting Clarissa in the right way.

'Wait till I come to you in the autumn,' she said. And in that depression of spirit which had grown upon her of late, Mrs. Granger found it a hard thing to say that she should be rejoiced when that time came.

She wanted to get back to Arden Court, and was proud to thin of herself as the mistress of the place she loved so dearly; but i seemed to her that an existence weighed down at once by the wisdor of Sophia Granger and the exuberant gaiety of Lady Laura would b barely endurable. She sighed for Arden Court as she remembere it in her childhood—the dreamy quiet of the dull old house, bright ened only by her brother's presence; the perfect freedom of her ow life, so different from the life whose every hour was subject to the claims of others.

She had changed very much since that visit to Hale Castle Then all the pleasures of life were new to her—to-day they seeme all alike flat, stale, and unprofitable. She had been surfeited wit splendours and pleasures since her marriage. The wealth whic Daniel Granger so freely lavished upon her had rendered these thing common all at once. She looked back and wondered whether she had really ever longed for a new dress, and been gladdened by the possession of a five-pound note.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'IF I SHOULD MEET THEE-

Mr. Wooster's villa was almost perfection in its way. Ther was something of that ostentatious simplicity whereby the parven endeavours sometimes to escape from the vulgar glitter of his wealth. The chairs and tables were of unpolished oak, and of a rustic fashion. There were no pictures, but the walls of the dining-room were covered with majolica panels of a pale gray ground, whereon sporte groups of shepherds and shepherdesses after Boucher, painted on the earthenware with the airiest brush in delicate rose-colour; the draw ing-room and breakfast-room were lined with fluted chintz, in which the same delicate grays and rose colours were the prevailing hues. The floors were of inlaid woods, covered only by a small Persia carpet here and there. There was no buhl or marquetery, not a scraof gilding or a yard of silk or satin, in the house; but there was a

all-pervading coolness, and in every room the perfume of freshly-gathered flowers.

Mr. Wooster told his fashionable acquaintance that in winter the villa was a howling wilderness by reason of damp and rats; but there were those of his Bohemian friends who could have told of jovial parties assembled there in November, and saturnalias celebrated there in January; for Mr. Wooster was a bachelor of very

liberal opinions, and had two sets of visitors.

To-day the villa was looking its best and brightest. The hothouses had been almost emptied of their choicest treasures in order to fill jardinières and vases for all the rooms. Mr. Wooster had obeyed Lady Laura, and there was nothing but tea, coffee, and ices to be had in the house; nor were the tea and coffee dispensed in the usual business-like manner, which reduces private hospitality to the level of a counter at a railway-station. Instead of this, there were about fifty little tables dotted about the rooms, each provided with a gem of a teapot and egg-shell cups and saucers for three or four, so that Mr. Wooster's feminine visitors might themselves have the delight of dispensing that most feminine of all beverages. This contrivance gave great scope for flirtation, and was loudly praised by Mr. Wooster's guests.

The gardens of the villa were large - indeed, the stockbroker had pulled down a fine old family mansion to get a site for his dainty little dwelling; and there was a good stretch of river-frontage, from which the crowd could watch the boats flash by; now the striped shirts shooting far ahead to the cry of, 'Bravo, Brazenose!' anon the glitter of a line of light-blue caps, as the Etonian crew answered to the call of their coxswain and made a gallant attempt to catch their powerful opponents; while Radley, overmatched and outweighted, though by no means a bad crew, plodded hopelessly but Pluckily in the rear. Here Clarissa strolled for some time, leaning on her husband's arm, and taking a very faint interest in the boats. It was a pretty sight, of course; but she had seen so many pretty sights lately, and the brightness of them had lost all power to charm her. She looked on, like a person in a picture-gallery, whose eyes and brain are dazed by looking at too many pictures. Mr. Granger noticed her listlessness, and was quick to take alarm. She was paler than usual, he thought.

'I'm afraid you've been overdoing it with so many parties, Clary,'

he said; 'you are looking quite tired to-day.'

"I am rather tired. I shall be glad to go back to Arden."

And I too, my dear. The fact is, there's nothing in the world care less for than this sort of thing; but I wanted you to have all the enjoyment to be got out of a London season. It is only right that you should have any pleasure I can give you.'

'You are too good to me,' Clarissa answered with a faint sigh.

Her husband did not notice the sigh; but he did remark the phrase, which was one she had used very often—one that woun ded him a little whenever he heard it.

'It is not a question of goodness, my dear,' he said. 'I more

you, and I want to make you happy.'

Later in the afternoon, when the racing was at its height, and almost all Mr. Wooster's visitors had crowded to the terrace by the river, Clarissa strolled into one of the shrubbery walks, quite alone. It was after luncheon; and the rattle of plates and glasses, and the confusion of tongues that had obtained during the banquet, had increased the nervous headache with which she had begun the day. This grove of shining laurel and arbutus was remote from the river, and as solitary just now as if Mr. Wooster's hundred or so of guests had been miles away. There were rustic benches here and there; and Clarissa seated horself upon one of them, which was agrees bly placed in a recess amongst the greenery. She was more than usually depressed to-day, and no longer able to maintain that artificial vivacity by which she had contrived to conceal her depression. Her sin had found her out. The loveless union, entered upon so lightly was beginning to weigh her down, as if the impalpable tie that bound her to her husband had been the iron chain that links a galley-slawe to his companion.

'I have been very wicked,' she said to herself; 'and he is

good to me! If I could only teach myself to love him."

She knew now that the weakness which had made her so plastic a creature in her father's hands had been an injustice to her husban; that it was not herself only she had been bound to consider in this matter. It was one thing to fling away her own chances of happiness; but it was another thing to jeopardise the peace of the manness he married.

She was meditating on these things with a hopeless sense confusion—a sense that her married life was like some dread labyrinth, into which she had strayed unawares, and from whithere was no hope of escape—when she was startled by an approaing footstep, and, looking up suddenly, saw George Fairfax comislowly towards her, just as she had seen him in Marley Wood the summer day. How far away from her that day seemed now!

They had not met since that night in the orchard, nearly years ago. She felt her face changing from pale to burning and then growing pale again. But by a great effort she was able answer him in a steady voice presently when he spoke to her.

'What a happiness to see you again, my dear Mrs. Grange he said in his lightest tone, dropping quietly down into the seat her side. 'I was told you were to be here to-day, or I should have come; I am so heartly sick of all this kind of thing. But really wanted to see you.'

'You were not at the luncheon, were you?' asked Clarissa, feeling that she must say something, and not knowing what to say.

'No; I have only been here half an hour or so. I hunted for you amongst that gaping crowd by the river, and then began a circuit of the grounds. I have been lucky enough to find you without going very far. I have some news for you, Mrs. Granger.'

'News for me?'

'Yes; about your brother—about Mr. Austin Lovel.'

That name banished every other thought. She turned to the

speaker eagerly.

'News of him—of my dear Austin? O, thank you a thousand times, Mr. Fairfax! Have you heard where he is, and what he is doing? Pray, pray tell me quickly!' she said, tremulous with excitement.

'I have done more than that: I have seen him.'

'In England-in London?' cried Clarissa, making a little move-

ment as if she would have gone that moment to find him.

'No, not in England. Pray take things quietly, my dear Mrs. Granger. I have a good deal to tell you, if you will only listen calmly.'

'Tell me first that my brother is well-and happy, and then I

will listen patiently to everything.'

'I think I may venture to say that he is tolerably well; but his happiness is a fact I cannot vouch for. If he does find himself in a condition so unusual to mankind, he is a very lucky fellow. I never met a man yet who owned to being happy; and my own experience of life has afforded me only some few brief hours of perfect happiness.'

He looked at her with a smile that said as plainly as the plainest words, 'And those were when I was with you, Clarissa.'

She noticed neither the look nor the words that went before it.

She was thinking of her brother, and of him only.

'But you have seen him,' she said. 'If he is not in England, he must be very near—in Paris perhaps. I heard you were in Paris.'

'Yes; it was in Paris that I saw him.'

'So near! O, thank God! I shall see my brother again. Tell

the everything about him, Mr. Fairfax-everything.'

You remember the promise I made you at Hale? Well, I tried my utmost to keep that promise. I hunted up the man I spoke of—a man who had been an associate of your brother's; but, unluckily, he and Mr. Lovel had kept up no correspondence after your brother went abroad; in short, he could tell me nothing—not even where your brother went. He had only a vague idea that it was somewhere in Australia. So, you see, I was quite at a standstill here. I made several attempts in other directions, but all with the same

result; and at last I gave up all hope of ever being of any use you in this business.'

'You were very kind to take so much trouble.'

'I felt quite ashamed of my failure; I feel almost as mu -ch ashamed of my success; for it was perfectly accidental. I was looking at some water-coloured sketches in a friend's rooms in t Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré-sketches of military life, caric- atures full of dash and humour, in a style that was quite out of t common way, and which yet seemed in some manner familiar to me. My friend saw that I admired the things. "They are my latest acquisitions in the way of art," he said; "they are done by a po-or fellow who lives in a shabby third-floor near the Luxembourg-Englishman called Austin. If you admire them so much, you mig as well order a set of them. It would be almost an act of charity-The name struck me at once—your brother's Christian name; and then I remembered that I had been shown some caricature portrait which he had done of his brother-officers in the Fifty-first things exactly in the style of the sketches I had been looking at. I aske d for this Mr. Austin's address, and drove off at once to find him, wit a few lines of introduction from my friend. "The man is proud," he said, "though he carries his poverty lightly enough."

'Poor Austin!' sighed Clarissa.

'I need not weary you with minute details. I found this Mr. r. Austin, and at once recognised your brother; though he is muc altered-very much altered. He did not know me until afterward when I told him my name, and recalled our acquaintance. The was every sign of poverty: he looked worn and haggard; his clotheses were shabby; his painting-room was the common sitting-room; he is wife was seated by the open window patching a child's frock; is two children were playing about the room.'

'He is married, then? I did not even know that.'

'Yes, he is married; and I could see at a glance that an equal marriage has been one among the causes of his ruin. woman is well enough-pretty, with a kind of vulgar prettiness, and evidently fond of him. But such a marriage is moral death for any man. I contrived to get a little talk with him alone-told bim of my acquaintance with you, and of the promise that I had made to you. His manner had been all gaiety and lightness until then; but at the mention of your name he fairly broke down. "Tell Feet that I have never ceased to love her," he said; "tell her there times when I dare not think of her.""

'He has not forgotten me, then. But pray go on; tell

everything.'

There is not much more to tell. He gave me a brief sket of his adventures since he sold out. Fortune had gone against hi He went to Melbourne soon after his marriage, which he confessed was the chief cause of his quarrel with his father; but in Melbourne, as in every other Australian city to which he pushed his way, he found art at a discount. It was the old story: the employers of labour wanted skilled mechanics or stalwart navigators; there was no field for a gentleman or a genius. Your brother and his wife just escaped starvation in the new world, and just contrived to pay their way back to the old world. There were reasons why he should not show himself in England, or, in plainer words, creditors whom he did not care to face, not having passed through the purifying ordeal of the Bankruptcy-court. So he shipped himself and his family in a French vessel bound for Havre, and came straight on to Paris, where he told me he found it tolerably easy to get employment for his pencil. "I give a few lessons," he said, "and work for a dealer; and by that means we just contrive to live. We dine every day, and I have a decent coat, though you don't happen to find me in it. I can only afford to wear it when I go to my pupils. It is from-hand-to-mouth work; and if any illness should strike me down, the wife and little ones must starve."

'Poor fellow! poor fellow! Did you tell him that I was rich,

that I could help him?'

'Yes,' answered Mr. Fairfax, with an unmistakable bitterness in his tone; 'I told him that you had married the rich Mr. Granger.'

'How can I best assist him?' asked Clarissa eagerly. 'Every penny I have in the world is at his disposal. I can give him three or four hundred a year. I have five hundred quite in my own control, and need not spend more than one. I have been rather extravagant since my marriage, and have not much money by me just now, but I shall economise from henceforward; and I do not mind asking Mr. Granger to help my brother.'

'If you will condescend to take my advice, you will do nothing of that kind. Even my small knowledge of your brother's character sufficient to make me very certain that an appeal to Mr. Granger

is just the very last thing to be attempted in this case.'

'But why so? my husband is one of the most generous men in the world. I think.'

'To you, perhaps, that is very natural. To a man of Mr. Granger's wealth a few thousands more or less are not worth consideration; but where there is a principle or a prejudice at stake, that kind of man is apt to tighten his purse-strings with a merciless hand. You would not like to run the risk of a refusal?'

'I do not think there is any fear of that.'

'Possibly not; but there is your brother to be considered in this matter. Do you think it would be pleasant for him to know that his necessities were exposed to such a—to a brother-in-law whom he had never seen?'

'I do not know,' said Clarissa thoughtfully; 'I fancied that he

would be glad of any helping hand that would extricate him from his difficulties. I should be so glad to get those dreadful debts paid; to see him restored to his proper position in the world.'

'My dear Mrs. Granger, it is better not to think of that. There is a kind of morass from which no man can be extricated. I believe your brother has sunk into that lower world of Bohemianism from which a man rarely cares to emerge. The denizens of that nethermost circle lose their liking for the upper air, can scarcely breathe it, in fact. No, upon my word, I would not try to rehabilitate him; least of all through the generosity of Mr. Granger.'

'If I could only see him,' said Clarissa despondingly.

'I doubt whether he would come to England, even for the happiness of seeing you. If you were in Paris, now, I daresay it might be managed. We could bring about a meeting. But I feel quite sure that your brother would not care to make himself known to Mr. Granger, or to meet your father. There is a deadly feud between those two; and I should think it likely Mr. Lovel has prejudiced your husband against his son.'

Clarissa was fain to admit that it was so. More than once she had ventured to speak of her brother to Daniel Granger, and on each occasion had quickly perceived that her husband had some fixed opinion about Austin, and was inclined to regard her love for him as an amiable weakness that should be as far as possible dis-

couraged.

'Your father has told me the story of his disagreement with his son, my dear Clarissa,' Daniel Granger had said in his gravest tone, 'and after what I have heard, I can but think it would be infinitely wise in you to forget that you ever had a brother.'

This was hard; and Clarissa felt her husband's want of sympathy in this matter as keenly as she could have felt any overt act

of unkindness.

'Will you give me Austin's address?' she asked, after a thoughtful pause. 'I can write to him, at least, and send him some money, without consulting any one. I have about thirty pounds left of my

last quarter's money, and even that may be of use to him."

'Most decidedly. The poor fellow told me he had been glad to get ten napoleons for half a dozen sketches; more than a fortnight's hard work. Would it not be better, by the way, for you to send your letter to me, and allow me to forward it to your brother? and if you would like to send him fifty pounds, or say a hundred, I shall be only too proud to be your banker.'

Clarissa blushed crimson, remembering that scene in the orchard, and her baffled lover's menaces. Had he forgiven her altogether, and was this kind interest in her affairs an unconscious heaping of coals of fire on her head? Had he forgiven her so easily? Again she argued with herself, as she had so often argued before, that his

lowe had never been more than a truant fancy, a transient folly, the merest vagabondage of an idle brain.

'You are very good,' she said, with a tinge of hauteur, 'but I could not think of borrowing money, even to help my brother. If you will kindly tell me the best method of remitting money to Paris.'

Here, Mr. Fairfax said, there was a difficulty; it ought to be remaited through a banker, and Mrs. Granger might find this trouble some to arrange, unless she had an account of her own.

Clarissa said she had no account, but met the objection by suggesting bank notes; and Mr. Fairfax was compelled to own that newses upon the Bank of England could be converted into French at any Parisian money-changer's.

He gave Clarissa the address, 13 Rue du Chevalier Bayard, near the Luxembourg.

'I will write to him to-night,' she said, and then rose from the restic bench among the laurels. 'I think I must go and look for husband now. I left him some time ago on account of a headache. I wanted to get away from the noise and confusion on the re-bank.'

'Is it wise to return to the noise and confusion so soon?' asked

Fairfax, who had no idea of bringing this interview to so sudden

a class.

He had been waiting for such a meeting for a long time; waiting with a kind of sullen patience, knowing that it must come mer or later, without any special effort of his; waiting with a same mixture of feelings and sentiments—disappointed passion, unded pride, mortified vanity, an angry sense of wrong that had been done to him by Clarissa's marriage, an eager desire to see her ain, which was half a lover's yearning, half an enemy's lust of ngeance.

He was not a good man. Such a life as he had led is a life at no man can lead with impunity. To say that he might still capable of a generous action or unselfish impulse, would be to y much for him, given the history of his manhood. eacher of to-day has declared, that he could never believe the who said he had never been tempted. For George Fairfax te had been crowded with temptations; and he had not made even e feeblest stand against the tempter. He had been an eminently rtunate man in all the trifles which make up the sum of a frivolous existence; and though his successes had been for the most part mall social triumphs, they had not been the less agreeable. ad never felt the sting of failure until he stood in the Yorkshire Chard that chill October evening, and pleaded in vain to Clarissa She was little more than a schoolgirl, and she rejected him. It was as if Lauzun, after having played fast-and-loose with that eldest daughter of France who was afterwards his wite, had been flouted by some milliner's apprentice, or made light of an obscure little soubrette in Molière's troop of comedians. He had neither forgotten nor forgiven this slight; and mingled with that blind unreasoning passion, which he had striven in vain to conquer, there was an ever-present sense of anger and wrong.

When Clarissa rose from the bench, he rose too, and laid

hand lightly on her arm with a detaining gesture.

'If you knew how long I have been wishing for this meeting, y would not be so anxious to bring it to a close,' he said earnestly.

'It was very good of you to wish to tell me about poor Austir she said, pretending to misunderstand him, 'and I am really grat

ful. But I must not stay any longer away from my party."

'Clarissa—a thousand pardons—Mrs. Granger—' there is describing the expression he gave to the utterance of that laname—a veiled contempt and aversion that just stopped short actual insolence, because it seemed involuntary—' why are you shard upon me? You have confessed that you wanted to escape the noise yonder, and yet to avoid me you would go back to that. Am I so utterly obnoxious to you?'

'You are not at all obnoxious to me; but I am really anxious to rejoin my party. My husband will begin to wonder what has become of me. Ah, there is my stepdaughter coming to look for

me.'

Yes, there was Miss Granger, slowly advancing towards them. She had been quite in time to see George Fairfax's entreating gestures, his pleading air. She approached them with a countenance that would have been quite as appropriate to a genteel funeral—where any outward demonstration of grief would be in bad taste—as it was to Mr. Wooster's fête, a countenance expressive of a kind of dismal resignation to the burden of existence in a world that was unworthy of her.

'I was just coming back to the river, Sophia,' Mrs. Granger said, not without some faint indications of embarrassment. 'I'm afraid

Mr.—I'm afraid Daniel must have been looking for me.'

'Papa has been looking for you,' Miss Granger replied, with unrelenting stiffness.—'How do you do, Mr. Fairfax?' shaking hands with him in a frigid manner.—'He quite lost the last race. When I saw that he was growing really anxious, I suggested that he should go one way, and I the other, in search of you. That is what brought me here.'

It was as much as to say, Pray understand that I have no personal interest in your movements.

'And yet I have not been so very long away,' Clarissa said, with a deprecating smile.

'You may not have been conscious of the lapse of time. You

have been long. You said you would go and rest for a quarter of an hour or so; and you have been resting more than an hour.'

'I don't remember saying that; but you are always so correct, Sophia.'

'I make a point of being exact in small things. We had better go round the garden to look for papa.—Good-afternoon, Mr. Fairfax.'

'Good-afternoon, Miss Granger.'

George Fairfax shook hands with Clarissa.

'Good-bye, Mrs. Granger.'

That was all, but the words were accompanied by a look and a pressure of the hand that brought the warm blood into Clarissa's cheeks. She had made for herself that worst enemy a woman can have—a disappointed lover.

While they were shaking hands, Mr. Granger came in sight at the other end of the walk; so it was only natural that Mr. Fairfax, who had been tolerably intimate with him at Hale Castle, should advance to meet him. There were the usual salutations between the two men, exchanged with that stereotyped air of heartiness which seems common to Englishmen.

'I think we had better get home by the next train, Clarissa,' said Mr. Granger; '5.50. I told them to have the brougham ready for us at Paddington from half-past six.'

"I am quite ready to go,' Clarissa said.

'Your headache is better, I hope.'

Yes; I had almost forgotten it.'

Miss Granger gave an audible sniff, which did not escape George Fairfax.

'What! suspicions already?' he said to himself.

You may as well come and dine with us, Mr. Fairfax, if you have nothing better to do,' said Mr. Granger, with his lofty air, as much as to say, 'I suppose I ought to be civil to this young man.'

'It is quite impossible that I could have anything better to do,'
Plied Mr. Fairfax.

'In that case, if you will kindly give your arm to my daughter, 'I'e'll move off at once. I have wished Mr. Wooster good-afternoon your part, Clary. I suppose we may as well walk to the station.'

'If you please.'

And in this manner they departed, Miss Granger just touching George Fairfax's coat-sleeve with the tips of her carefully-gloved fingers; Clarissa and her husband walking before them, arm in arm. Ir. Fairfax did his utmost to make himself agreeable during that short walk to the station; so much so that Sophia unbent considerably, and was good enough to inform him of her distaste for these frivolous pleasures, and of her wonder that other people could go on from year to year with an appearance of enjoyment.

'I really don't see what else one can do with one's life, Miss Granger,' her companion answered lightly. 'Of course, if a man had the genius of a Beethoven, or a Goethe, or a Michael Angeloor if he were "a heaven-born general," like Clive, it would be different; he would have some purpose and motive in his existence. But for the ruck of humanity, what can they do but enjoy life, after their lights?'

If all the most noxious opinions of Voltaire, and the rest of the Encyclopedists, had been expressed in one sentence, Miss Granger could not have looked more horrified than she did on hearing this

careless remark of Mr. Fairfax's.

She gave a little involuntary shudder, and wished that George Fairfax had been one of the model children, so that she might have set him to learn the first five chapters in the first book of Chronicles, and thus poured the light of what she called Biblical knowledge upon his benighted mind.

'I do not consider the destiny of a Michael Angelo or a Goethe to be envied,' she said solemnly. 'Our lives are given us for some-

thing better than painting pictures or writing poems.'

Perhaps; and yet I have read somewhere that St. Luke was a painter, and painted the portrait of his great Master,' returned George Fairfax.

'Read somewhere,' was too vague a phrase for Miss Granger's

approval.

'I am not one of those who set much value on tradition,' she said with increased severity. 'It has been the favourite armour of our adversaries.'

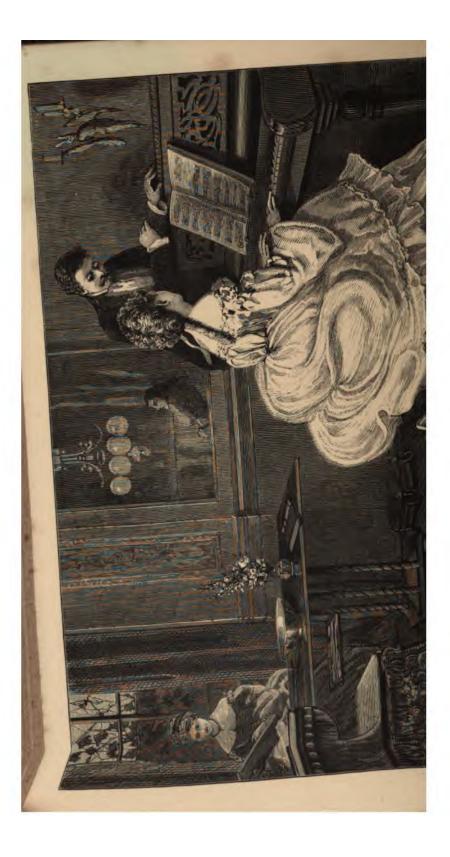
' Our adversaries ?'

'Yes, Mr. Fairfax. Of Rome!'

Happily for George Fairfax, they were by this time very near the Mr. and Mrs. Granger had walked before them, and Mr. Fairfax had been watching the tall slender figure by the manufacturer's side, not ill-pleased to perceive that those two found very little to say to each other during the walk. In the railway-carriage, presently, he had the seat opposite Clarissa, and was able to talk to her as much as he liked; for Mr. Granger, tired with staring after swift-flashing boats in the open sunshine, leaned his head back against the cushions and calmly slumbered. The situation reminded Mr. Fairfax of his first meeting with Clarissa. But she was altered since then; that charming air of girlish candour, which he had found so fascinating, had now given place to a womanly self-possession that puzzled him not a little. He could make no headway against that calm reserve, which was yet not ungracious. He felt that from first to last in this business he had been a fool. He had shown his cards in his anger, and Clarissa had taken alarm.

He was something less than a deliberate villain: but he loved





her; he loved her, and until now fate had always given him the thing that he cared for. Honest Daniel Granger, sleeping the sleep of innocence, seemed to him nothing more than a gigantic stumbling-block in his way. He was utterly reckless of consequences—of harm done to others, above all—just as his father had been before him. Clarissa's rejection had aroused all the worst attributes of his nature—an obstinate will, a boundless contempt for any human creature not exactly of his own stamp—for that prosperous trader, Daniel Granger, for instance—and a pride that verged upon the diabolic.

So, during that brief express journey, he sat talking gaily enough to Clarissa about the Parisian opera-houses, the last new plays at the Français and the Odéon, the May races at Chantilly, and so on; yet hatching his grand scheme all the while. It had taken no definite shape as yet, but it filled his mind none the less.

'Strange that this fellow Granger should have been civil,' he said to himself. 'But that kind of man generally contrives to aid sand abet his own destruction.'

And then he glanced at this fellow Granger, sleeping peacefully with his head in an angle of the carriage, and made a contemptuous comparison between himself and the millionaire. Mr. Granger had been all very well in the abstract, before he became an obstacle in the path of George Fairfax. But things were altered now, and Mr. Fairfax scrutinised him with the eyes of an enemy.

The dinner in Clarges-street was a very quiet affair. George Fairfax was the only visitor, and the Grangers were 'due' at an evening party. He learned with considerable annoyance that they were to leave London at the end of that week, whereby he could have little opportunity of sceing Clarissa. He might have followed her down to Yorkshire, certainly; but such a course would have been open to remark, nor would it be good taste for him to show himself in the neighbourhood of Hale Castle while Geraldine Challoner was there. He had an opportunity of talking confidentially to Clarissa once after dinner, when Mr. Granger, who had not fairly anished his nap in the railway-carriage, had retired to a dusky corner of the drawing-room and sunk anew into slumber, and when Miss Granger seemed closely occupied in the manufacture of an embroidered pincushion for a fancy fair. Absorbing as the manipulation of chemille and beads might be, however, her work did not prevent her keeping a tolerably sharp watch upon those two figures by the open piano: Clarissa with one hand wandering idly over the keys, playing some random passage, pianissimo, now and then; George Fairfax standing by the angle of the piano, bending down to talk to her with an extreme carnestness.

He had his opportunity, and he knew how to improve it. He was talking of her brother. That subject made a link between them

that nothing else could have made. She forgot her distrust of George Fairfax when he spoke with friendly interest of Austin.

'Is the wife very vulgar?' Clarissa asked, when they had been

talking some time.

'Not so especially vulgar. That sort of thing would be naturally toned down by her association with your brother. But she has an unmistakable air of Bohemianism; looks like a third-rate actress, or dancer, in short; or perhaps an artist's model. I should not wonder if that were her position, by the way, when your brother fell in love with her. She is handsome still, though a little faded and worn by her troubles, poor soul! and seems fond of him.'

'I am glad of that. How I should like to see him, and the poor wife, and the children—my brother's children! I have never

had any children fond of me.'

She thought of Austin in his natural position, as the heir of Arden Court, with his children playing in the old rooms—not as they were now, in the restored splendour of the Middle Ages, but as they had been in her childhood, sombre and faded, with here and there a remnant of former grandeur.

Mr. Granger woke presently, and George Fairfax wished him

good-night.

'I hope we shall see you at the Court some day,' Clarissa's husband said, with a kind of stately cordiality. 'We cannot offer you the numerous attractions of Hale Castle, but we have good shooting, and we generally have a houseful in September and October.'

'I shall be most happy to make one of the houseful,' Mr. Fairfax said, with a smile—that winning smile which had helped him to make so many friends, and which meant so little. He went

away in a thoughtful spirit.

'Is she happy?' he asked himself. 'She does not seem unhappy; but then women have such a marvellous power of repression, or dissimulation, one can never be sure of anything about them. At Hale I could have sworn that she loved me. Could a girl of that age be absolutely mercenary, and be caught at once by the prospect of bringing down such big game as Daniel Granger? Has she sold herself for a fine house and a great fortune, and is she satisfied with the price? Surely no. She is not the sort of woman to be made happy by splendid furniture and fine dresses; no, nor by the common round of fashionable pleasures. There was sadness in her face when I came upon her unawares to-day. Yes, I am sure of that. But she has schooled herself to hide her feelings.'

'I wonder you asked Mr. Fairfax to Arden, papa,' said Miss Granger, when the visitor had departed.

'Why, my dear? He is a very pleasant young man; and I know he likes our part of the country. Besides, I suppose he will

be a good deal at Hale this year, and that his marriage will come off before long. Lord Calderwood must have been dead a year.'

'Lord Calderwood has been dead nearly two years,' replied Miss Granger. 'I fancy that the engagement between Mr. Fairfax and Lady Geraldine must have been broken off. If it were not so, they would surely have been married before now. And I observed that Mr. Fairfax was not with Lady Laura to-day. I do not know how long he may have been in the gardens,' Miss Granger added, with a suspicious glance at her stepmother, 'but he certainly was not with Lady Laura during any part of the time.'

Clarissa blushed when Lady Geraldine's engagement was spoken of. She felt as if she had been in some manner guilty in not having communicated the intelligence Lady Laura had given her. It seemed awkward to have to speak of it now.

'Yes,' she said, with a very poor attempt at carelessness, 'the engagement is broken off. Lady Laura told me so some time ago.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Sophia. 'How odd that you should not mention it!'

Daniel Granger looked first at his daughter, and then at his wife.

There was something in this talk, a sort of semi-significance, that

displeased him. What was George Fairfax, that either his wife or

his daughter should be interested in him?

'Clarissa may not have thought the fact worth mentioning, my dear,' he said stiffly. 'It is quite unimportant to us.'

He waived the subject away, as he might have done if it had been some small operation in commerce altogether unworthy of his notice; but in his secret heart he kept the memory of his wife's barrassed manner. He had not forgotten the portfolio of drawings among which the likeness of George Fairfax figured so prominantly. It had seemed a small thing at the time—the merest accident; one head was as good to draw as another, and so on—he had told himself; but he knew now that his wife did not love him, and he wanted to know if she had ever loved any one else.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEIR OF ARDEN.

CLARISSA wrote to her brother—a long letter, full of warmth and tenderness, with loving messages for his children, and even for the wife who was so much beneath him. She enclosed three tenpound notes, all that remained to her of a quarter's pin-money; and O, how bitterly she regretted the frivolous extravagances that had reduced her exchequer to so low a condition! Towards the close of her letter she came to a standstill. She had begged Austin to write to her, to tell her all he could about himself, his hopes, his

plans for the future; but when it came to the question of reca a letter from him she was puzzled. From the first day of her ried life she had made a point of showing all her letters to her band, as a duty, just as she had shown them to her father; where very rarely taken the trouble to read them, by the way. But I Granger did read his wife's letters, and expected that they see submitted to him. It would be impossible to reserve from any correspondence that came to her in the common way. So Clathough not given to secrecy, was on this occasion fain to be a After considerable deliberation, she told her brother to write tunder cover to her maid, Jane Target, at Arden Court. The seemed a good honest girl, and Mrs. Granger believed that she trust her.

They went back to Arden a day or two afterwards; and Granger returned with rapture to her duties as commander-in of the model villagers. No martinet ever struck more terror the breasts of rank and file than did this young lady can the simple minds of her prize cottagers, conscience-stricken b knowledge that stray cobwebs had flourished and tin tea-kettle There was not much room for to seed during her absence. plaint, however, when she did arrive. The note of warning been sounded by the servants of the Court, and there had b general scrubbing and cleaning in the habitations of New Ard that particular Arden which Mr. Granger had built for himsel the very bricks whereof ought to have been stamped with his and titles, as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopol king of Babylon. For a week before Miss Granger's coming had been the sound of the splashing of innumerable pails of and the scrubbing of perpetual scrubbing-brushes; windows had polished to the highest degree of transparency; tin tea-kettle been sandpapered until they became as silver; there had been a run upon the village chandler for mottled soap and hearthste

So, after a rigorous inspection, Miss Granger was obliged to press her approval—not an unqualified approval, by any means, much praise would have demoralised the Ardenites, and lowers

standard of perfection.

'I like to be able to say that my papa's village is the clevillage in England,' she said; 'not one of the cleanest, but cleanest. Why have you turned the back of that tea-kettle wall, Mrs. Binks? I'm afraid it's smoky. Now, there never be a smoky kettle. Your place looks very nice, Mrs. Binks from the strong smell of soap, I fancy it must have been clearly lately. I hope you have not been neglecting things while been away. That sort of thing would militate against your of ing my prize for domestic cleanliness next Christmas.'

Mrs. Binks did not know what 'militate' meant, unless it

be something in connection with the church militant, of which she had heard a great deal; but she was not a mild-tempered woman,

and she grew very red in the face at this reproof.

'Well, miss, if to toil and scrub early and late, with a husband and five children to do for, and to keep the place pretty much as you see it now, though I don't say as it ain't a little extry perhaps, in honour of your coming back—if that ain't hard work and cleanliness, and don't deserve a prize of two pound at the year's end, I don't know what do. It's hard-earned money, Miss Granger, when all's said and done.'

Sophia turned the eyes of reproof upon Mrs. Binks.

'I did not think it was the money you cared for,' she said; 'I

thought it was the honour you valued most.'

She pointed to a card framed and glazed over the mantelpiece a card upon which, with many flourishes and fat initial letters in red ink, the model schoolmaster had recorded the fact, that Mrs. Binks, at the preceding Christmas distributions, had obtained Miss Granger's annual reward for domestic cleanliness.

'Well, of course, miss, I set store by the card. It's nice to see one's name wrote out like that, and any strangers as chance to come in the summer time, they takes notice; but to a hard-working man's wife two pound is a consideration. I'm sure I beg your parding humbly, miss, if I spoke a bit short just now; but it is trying, when one has worked hard, to have one's work found fault with.'

'I am not aware that I found fault with your work, Mrs. Binks,'
Sophia replied with supreme dignity; 'I merely remarked that it
**Ppeared to have been done hastily. I don't approve of spasmodic

industry.'

And with this last crushing remark, Miss Granger sailed out of the cottage, leaving the luckless Mrs. Binks to repent her presumption at leisure, and to feel that she had hazarded her hopes of Christmas bounties, and enhanced the chances of her detested rival of three doors off, Mrs. Trotter, a sanctimonious widow, with three superhuman children, who never had so much as a spot on their pinafores, and were far in advance of the young Binkses in Kings and Chronicles; indeed, the youngest Trotter had been familiar with the works of Hezekiah before the eldest Binks had grasped the abstract idea of Saul.

For Clarissa the change to Arden Court was a pleasant one. That incessant succession of London gaieties had wearied her beyond measure. Here, for a little time before her visitors began to arrive, she lived her own life, dreaming away a morning over her sketch-book, or reading some newly-published volume in a favourite thicket in the park. There was a good deal of time, of course, that she was obliged to devote to her husband, walking or driving or riding with him, in rather a ceremonial manner, almost as she

might have done had she belonged to that charmed circle who smallest walk or drive is recorded by obsequious chroniclers in evejournal in the united kingdom. Then came six brilliant weeks July and August, when Arden Court was filled with visitors, a and Clarissa began to feel how onerous are the duties of a châtelair ine. She had not Lady Laura Armstrong's delight in managing a graceat house. She was sincerely anxious that her guests might be pleasbut a little overburdened by the responsibility of pleasing them. was only after some experience that she found there was very little ttle to be done, after all. With a skilful combination of elements, result was sure to be agreeable. Morning after morning the cheful faces gathered round the breakfast-table; and morning all morning vast supplies of dried salmon, fresh trout, grilled fowl, raised pie-to say nothing of lighter provender, in the way of om lets, new-laid eggs, hot buttered cakes of various descriptions, hu wedges of honeycomb, and jars of that Scotch marmalade, so dto the hearts of boating-men - vanished like smoke before a what wind. Whatever troubles these nomads may have had were hidd in their hearts for the time being. A wise custom prevailed in M Granger's establishment with regard to the morning letters, whi were dealt out to each guest with his or her early cup of tea, a not kept back for public distribution, to the confusion of some luc less recipient, who feels it difficult to maintain an agreeable smi upon his countenance while he reads, that unless such or such a account is settled immediately, proceedings will be taken without delay.

Lady Laura came, as she had promised, and gave her deare Clarissa lessons in the art of presiding over a large establishment and did her utmost to oust Miss Granger from her position of au thority in the giving out of stores and the ordering of grocery. This however, was impossible. Sophia clung to her grocer's book as some unpopular monarch tottering on his insecure throne might cling to his sceptre. If she could not sit in the post of honour at he father's dinner-table, as she had sat so long, it was something to reign supreme in the store-room; if she found herself a secondary person in the drawing-room, and that unpunctilious callers were ap to forget the particular card due to her, she could at least hold one by the keys of those closets in which the superfine china services for Mr. Granger's great dinners were stored away, with chamoisleather between all the plates and dishes. She had still the whiphand of the housekeeper, and could ordain how many French plums and how many muscatel raisins were to be consumed in a given period. She could bring her powers of arithmetic to bear upon waxcandles, and torment the soul of the housekeeper by the precision of her calculations. She had an eye to the preserves; and if awakened suddenly in the dead of the night could have told, to a jar, how

many pots of strawberry, and raspberry, and current, and greengage were ranged on the capacious shelves of that stronghold of her power, the store-room.

Even Lady Laura's diplomacy failed here. The genius of a Talleyrand would not have dislodged Miss Granger.

'I like to feel that I am of some use to papa,' she remarked very often, with the air of a household Antigone. 'He has new outlets for his money now, and it is more than ever my duty as a daughter to protect him from the wastefulness of servants. With all my care, there are some things in my housekeeper's management which I don't understand. I'm sure what becomes of all the preserved-ginger and crystallised apricots that I give out, is a mystery that no one could fathom. Who ever eats preserved-ginger? I have taken particular notice, and could never see any one doing it. The things are not eaten; they disappear.'

Lady Laura suggested that, with such a fortune as Mr. Gran-Ser's, a little waste more or less was hardly worth thinking of.

'I cannot admit that,' Miss Granger replied solemnly. 'It is the abstract sinfulness of waste which I think of. An under-butler who begins by wasting preserved-ginger may end by stealing his master's plate.'

The summer went by. Picnics and boating parties, archery meetings and flower-shows, and all the familiar round of country pleasures repeated themselves just as they had done at Hale Castle two years aso; and Clarissa wondered at the difference in her own mind which Tade these things so different. It was not that all capacity for enjoyment was dead in her. Youth is too bright a thing to be killed easily. She could still delight in a lovely landscape, in exquisite Howers, in that art which she had loved from her childhood—she could still enjoy good music and pleasant society; but that keen sense of happiness which she had felt at Hale, that ardent appreciation of small pleasures, that eager looking forward to the future these were gone. She lived in the present. To look back to the Past was to recall the image of George Fairfax, who seemed somehow interwoven with all her girlhood; to look forward to the future was to set her face towards a land hidden in clouds and darkness. She had positively nothing to hope for.

Mr. Granger took life very calmly. He knew that his wife did not love him; and he was too proud a man to lay himself out to win her love, even if he had known how to set about a task so incongruous with the experience of his life. He was angry with himself for having ever been weak enough to think that this girlish creature between whom and himself there stretched a gulf of thirty years could by any possibility be beguiled into loving him. Of course, she had married him for his money. There was not one among his guests who would not have thought him a fool for supposing that it

could be otherwise, or for expecting more from her than a graceful fulfilment of the duties of her position.

He had little ground for complaint. She was gentle and obedient, deferential in her manner to him before society, amiable always: he only knew that she did not love him—that was all. Granger was a proud man, and this knowledge was a bitter thin w There were hours in his life when he sat alone in his own room—that plainly-furnished chamber which was half study, Indi dressing-room—withdrawing himself from his guests under preterm of having business-letters to write to his people at Bradford Leeds; sat with his open desk before him, and made no attempt to write; sat brooding over thoughts of his young wife, and regret ting the folly of his marriage.

Was it true that she had never cared for any one else? had her father's word for that; but he knew that Marmaca uto Lovel was a selfish man, who would be likely enough to say thing that would conduce to his own advantage. been really true and pure when he won her for his wife? membered those sketches of George Fairfax in the portfolio, one day when he was waiting for Clarissa in her morning rooms he took the trouble to look over her drawings. There were many he recollected having seen that day at Mill Cottage, but the traits of Mr. Fairfax were all gone. He looked through the folio very carefully, but found none of those careless yet lifesketches which had attracted the attention of Sophia Granger.

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'She has destroyed them, I suppose,' he said to himself; the notion of her having done so annoyed him a little. care to question her about them. There would have been an surdity in that, he thought: as if it could matter to him where face she chose for her unstudied sketches—mere vagabondag the pencil.

Upon rare occasions Marmaduke Lovel consented to take a guid share in the festivities at Arden. But although he was well pleased that his daughter should be mistress of the house talet he had lost, he did not relish a secondary position in the halls his forefathers; nor had the gaieties of the place any charm him. He was glad to slip away quietly at the beginning of Augus st. and to go back to Spa, where the waters agreed with his rheur tism—that convenient rheumatism which was an excuse for arms thing he might choose to do.

As for his daughter, he washed his hands of all responsibil in connection with her. He felt as if he had provided for her in most meritorious manner by the diplomacy which had brought about her marriage. Whether she was happy in her new life, was a que tion which he had never asked himself; but if any one else h propounded such a question, he would have replied unhesitating

Late in December, while the villagers were eating Mr. Granger's beef, and warming themselves before Mr. Granger's coals, and reaping the fruit of laborious days in the shape of Miss Granger's various premiums for humble virtue—while the park and woodland were wrapped in snow, and the Christmas bells were still ringing in the clear crisp air, God gave Clarissa a son—the first thing she had ever held in her arms which she could and might love with all her heart.

It was like some strange dream to her, this holy mystery of motherhood. She had not looked forward to the child's coming with any supreme pleasure, or supposed that her life would be altered by his advent. But from the moment she held him in mer arms, a frail helpless morsel of humanity, hardly visible to the initiated amidst his voluminous draperies of muslin, she felt her solf on the threshold of a new existence. With him was born the future—it was a most complete realisation of those sweet words of the poet,

'a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward looking thoughts.'

Mr. Granger was enraptured. For him, too, even more t for his wife, this baby represented the future. Often and often after some brilliant stroke of business which swelled the figuration upon the left side of his bank-book to an abnormal amount, he l by felt a dismal sense of the extinction that must befall his glory 101 There was no one but Sophia. She would inherit a and by. tune thrice as large as any woman need desire, and would in ger, likelihood marry, and give her wealth to fill the coffers of a strang whose name should wipe out the name of Granger-or preserve in a half-and-half way in some inane compound, such as Grang Smith, or Jones-Granger, extended afterwards into Jones-Granger Jones, or Granger-Smith-Granger.

Perhaps those wintry days that began the new year were purest, happiest of Daniel Granger's life. He forgot that his widd not love him. She seemed so much more his wife, sea opposite to him beside that quiet hearth, with her baby in arms. She made such a lovely picture, bending over the child her unconscious beauty. To sit and watch the two was an all-sucient delight for him—sometimes withdrawing his mind from

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present, to weave the web of his boy's future.

'I shall send him to Westminster, Clary,' he said—it wallong time, by the way, since he had called his wife Clary, thou she herself was hardly aware of the fact. 'I shall certainly send him to Westminster. A provincial public school is all very wellow father sent me to one—but it's not quite up to the mark. I should like him to be a good classical scholar, which I never was send to the said.

though I was a decent mathematician. I used to do my Virgil with a crib—a translation, you know—and I never could get on with Greek. I managed to struggle through the New Testament, but stuck in the first book of Thucydides. What dreary work it was! I was glad when it was all over, and my father let me come into his office. But with this fellow it will be different. He will have no occasion to soil his hands with trade. He will be a country gentleman, and may distinguish himself in the House of Commons. Yes, Clary, there may be the material for a great man in him,' Mr. Granger concluded, with an almost triumphant air, as he touched the soft little cheek, and peered curiously into the bright blue eyes. They were something like his own eyes, he thought; Clarissa's were hazel.

The mother drew the soft mass of muslin a little nearer to her heart. She did not care to think of her baby as a man, addressing a noisy constituency in Holborough market-place, nor even as a Westminster boy, intent upon Virgil and cricket, Euclid and football. She liked to think of him as he was now, and as he would be for the next few years—something soft and warm and loving, that she could hold in her arms; beside whose bed she could watch and pray at night. Her future was bounded by the years of her son's childhood. She thought already, with a vague pang, of the time when he should go out into the world, and she be no longer necessary to him.

The day came when she looked back to that interval of perfect quet—the dimly-lighted rooms, the low wood fire, and her husband's figure seated by the hearth—with a bitter sense of regret. Daniel Granger was so good to her in those days—so entirely devoted, in a quiet unobtrusive way—and she was so selfishly absorbed by the baby as to be almost unconscious of his goodness at the time. She was inclined to forget that the child belonged to any one but herself; indeed, had the question been brought home to her, she would have hardly liked to admit his father's claim upon him. He was her own—her treasure beyond all price—given to her by heaven for her comfort and consolation.

Not the least among the tranquil pleasures of that period of retrement—which Clarissa spun out until the spring flowers were blooming in the meadows about Arden—was a comparative immunity from the society of Miss Granger. That young lady made a dutiful call upon her stepmother every morning, and offered a chilling fore-finger—rather a strong-minded forefinger, with a considerable development of bone—to the infant. On the child not receiving this advance with rapture, Miss Granger was wont to observe that he was not so forward in taking notice as some of her model children; at which the young mother flamed up in defence of her darling, declaring that he did take notice, and that it was a shame to compare him to 'nasty village children.'

'The "nasty village children" have immortal souls,' Sophia re-

plied severely.

'So they may; but they don't take notice sooner than my baby. I would never believe that. He knows me, the precious darling;' and the little soft warm thing in voluminous muslin was kissed

and squeezed almost to extinction.

Miss Granger was great upon the management of infancy, and was never tired of expounding her ideas to Clarissa. They were a Spartan character, not calculated to make the period of babyhood a pleasant time to experience or to look back upon. Cold water and nauseous medicines formed a conspicuous part of the system, and where an ordinary nurse would have approached infancy with a sponge, Miss Granger suggested a flesh brush. The hardest, most impracticable biscuits, the huskiest rusks, constituted Miss Granger's notion of infant food. She would have excluded milk, as bilious, and would have forbidden sugar, as a creater of acidity; and then, when the little victim was about one and a half, she would have seated it before the most dry-as-dust edition of the alphabet, and driven it triumphantly upon the first stage on the high road to Kings and Chronicles.

Among the model villagers Miss Granger had ample opportunity of offering advice of this kind, and fondly believed that her counsel was acted upon. Obsequious matrons, with an eye to Christmas benefactions, pretended to profit by her wisdom; but it is doubtful whether the model infants were allowed to suffer from a

practical exposition of her Spartan theories.

Clarissa had her own ideas about the heir of the Grangers. No a crumpled rose-leaf—had rose-leaves been flying about just then must roughen her darling's bed. The softest lawn, the downiest most delicate woollens, were hardly good enough to wrap her treasure. She had solemn interviews with a regiment of nurses before she could discover a woman who seemed worthy to be guardian of this infant demigod; and Mr. Granger showed himself scarcely less weak. It almost seemed as if this boy was his first child. He had been a busy man when Sophia was born-too entirely occupied by the grave considerations of commerce to enter into the details of the nursery-and the sex of the child had been something of a disappointment to him. He was rich enough even then to desire an heir to his wealth. During the few remaining years of his first wife's life, he had hoped for the coming of a son; but no son had been given to him. It was now, in his sober middle age, that the thing he had longed for was granted to him, and it seemed all the more precious because of the delay. So Daniel Granger was wont to sit and stare at the infant as if it had been something above the common clay of which infancy is made. He would gaze at it for an hour together, in a dumb rapture, fully believing it to be the most perfect object in creation; and about this child there sprung up between his wife and himself a sympathy that had never been before. Only deep in Clarissa's heart there was a vague jealousy. She would have liked her baby to be hers alone. The thought of his father's claim frightened her. In the time to come her child might grow to love his father better than her.

Finding her counsel rejected, Miss Granger would ask in a meek voice if she might be permitted to kiss the baby, and having chilled his young blood by the cool and healthy condition of her complexion, would depart with an air of long-suffering; and this morning visit being over, Clarissa was free of her for the rest of the day. Granger had her 'duties.' She devoted her mornings to the regulation of the household, her afternoons to the drilling of the model villagers. In the evening she presided at her father's dinner, which seemed rather a chilling repast to Mr. Granger, in the absence of that one beloved face. He would have liked to dine off a boiled fowl in his wife's room, or to have gone dinnerless and shared Clarissa's tes and toast, and heard the latest wonders performed by the baby, but he was ashamed to betray so much weakness. So he dined in state with Sophia, and found it hard work to keep up a little commonplace conversation with her during the solemn meal—his heart being else-Where all the time.

That phase of gloom and despondency, through which his mind had passed during the summer that was gone, had given place to brighter thoughts. A new dawn of hope had come for him with the birth of his child. He told himself again, as he had so often told himself in the past, that his wife would grow to love him—that time would bring him the fruition of his desires. In the mean while he was almost entirely happy in the possession of this new blessing. All his life was coloured by the existence of this infant. new zest in the driest details of his position as the master of a great He had bought some two thousand acres of neighbouring land at different times since his purchase of Arden Court; and the estate, swollen by these large additions, was fast becoming one of the finest in the county. There was not a tree he planted in the beginning of this new year which he did not consider with reference to his boy; and he made extensive plantations on purpose that he might be able to point to them by and by and say, 'These trees were Planted the year my son was born.' When he went round his stables, he made a special survey of one particularly commodious loose-box, which would do for his boy's pony. He fancied the little fellow trotting by his side across farms and moorlands, or deep into the woods to see the newly-felled timber, or to plan a fresh clearing.

It was a pleasant day-dream.

FROM MEMORY'S TABLETS

She pluck'd the petals from the flowers; She felt his eyes upon her face; A few stars struggled up the sky, The moon slow mounted to her place.

Before them lay the silent street;
There at the window as they stood,
The distant vista show'd the sea,
That came in murmuring, flood on flood.

She leant against the inner wall;
Draped curtains hid her half from sight—
She look'd so thoughtful and so pale
And fragile in the evening light.

A sudden passion came to him—

He seized the hand that pull'd the flower;
Love leap'd all barriers, broke all bounds,

And would have fool'd him in that hour.

She look'd upon him mournfully— Her radiant eyes were wet with tears; She trembled as the simplest girl, Half-hovering 'tween hopes and fears.

Yes; she, the woman of the world, The reigning belle whom all caress, Stands, with clasp'd hands and quiv'ring lip, In new and tearful tenderness.

'Ah. love,' she said, 'it may not be— Old bonds, though loveless, claim my faith; A galf is fix'd 'twixt thee and me, Which only can be bridged by death.'



FROM MEMORY'S TABLETS.

Pannemaker, ec.



Vainly he pleaded for one kiss,

One parting touch of that fair hand;
'Twas something terrible to see

The passion of the man unmann'd.

'Be silent,' said she; 'hear me speak.

My fairy palace is o'erthrown;

I thought we could be dearest friends,

But out of friendship love has grown.

Your friendship was a dream fulfill'd,

The goal to which my whole life tended;
I did not see the precipice

Where love began and friendship ended.

No silken egotist had touch'd

This satiated soul of mine;

My very being seem'd to breathe

More nobly in the air of thine.

God help us now! for we must part:

I will not wish we had not met.

Farewell! there is no other way—

I do not ask thee to forget.'

God help us! how the tender voice

Broke o'er the words with accents hollow;

He look'd up with a last appeal,

But she had turn'd—he dare not follow.

All had been true that she had said—
His own wild words had wrought this woe;
He might have stay'd to be her friend,
But as her lover he must go.

Long motionless and passion-pale,
Where she had left him there he stood;
His eyes were on the far-off sea,
That came in murmuring, flood on flood.

He ask'd no pity from the stars—
They shine serene on misery;
But the sea's bosom heav'd like his
With old deep-seated agony.

**Becomp Series, Vol. V. F.S. Vol. XV.

'O bursting heart,' he cried, 'be strong!
O throbbing pulse, be calm again!
Lest it be said a woman won
A victory, where a man was slain.

Yet have the wrecks of passion left
One bridge where I can cross to fame;
I'll do her memory so much good
At least she shall esteem my name,

And say,—"My tempter had a soul Far nobler than I argued then; The few great hearts are purged by pain That blasts the hopes of common men."

He said, and join'd the world again.

I hear men call him great and wise,
But an old song or simple air

Will bring the tears into his eyes,

With memories of a silent street,
A shadow'd form half-draped from sight,
A toying hand, a wistful face,
Lids trembling in the evening light.

He hears again the broken words,

The voice that spoke so mournfully;

He asks the travell'd sea of her—

The waves, for answer, break and die.

ALICE HORTON.

MAUBREUIL

3 Mystery

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

I MAY be told that Maubreuil is dead for good and all. I answer, that the fact of his decease has never been proven, and that for aught any of us can tell, he may be alive at this day. We talk far too glibly about people being dead; while the dear brother whom we assume to be departed is very often safe and sound round the corner. All I know about Maubreuil, mortally speaking, is, that his decease was announced in the principal European newspapers in the year 1830; that in 1832, and again in 1834, it was stated in the usually accurate Biographie Universelle that he had quitted this world; and that both newspapers and Biographies Universelles were in this regard glaringly in error; since a most scandalous lawsuit, and an equally exciting criminal trial, brought to light the plainly incontrovertible fact that Maubreuil was alive, and, as is vulgarly said, 'all there,' in the year 1867. Why should he not still be lingering on upper earth in 1871? I am alive; although, three years ago, I was 'given over' by the faculty, and by my creditors. Petit bonhomme vit encore. Drowning men clutch at a straw, the proverb tells us; but that which is not so frequently proverbially repeated is, that the straw is often strong enough to keep the man from drowning. He is fished out of the water somehow, occult Humane Society's men put hot-water bottles to his feet, and comfort him with brandy-and-water; his drenched clothes are dried; and long years afterwards he turns up smiling. So Maubreuil may have done. So do hundreds whom we meet on the stage of this great playhouse, the world. I have a relative who tried to commit snicide no less than five times, and is now alive and merry at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. I knew a man who had been impaled, and had got over it. I hope that Doctor Livingstone is alive; and are we quite, quite certain that Sir John Franklin is dead? As for Fauntleroy, Joseph Ady, Lola Montes, Tawell the murderer, and Mr. Widdicomb late of Astley's Amphitheatre, I should not be surprised to see them at any moment, jointly and severally, walk into my room and express their hope that I was pretty well, which, 'thank goodness, it left them,' as the servants' letters sav.

'How wonderful is Death—Death and his brother Sleep!'
Pallida Mors is a great deal more wonderful even than you dreamt of

in your philosophy, Percy Bysshe Shelley; but life, and the tenacit a cit with which humans can cling to it, is a thousand times more work derful still. The cruel French judges thought that they had decrea very fine thing when they sentenced the regicide Damiens to I écartelé by four wild horses; but on the day of execution, it a peared that the task of quartering the unhappy wretch was monoton difficult than had been imagined. Muscle and gristle were t strong for the cruel judges. All the king's horses, lashed with whi into a state of equine frenzy, could not succeed in pulling the king ing stabber to pieces; and at last the king's men, in the shape of t hangman's assistants, and divers journeymen butchers impress sed for the purpose from among the mob, were fain to come forward and with hatchets and knives, and chop the stubborn bones, and he wiew the refractory ligaments asunder. Even then Damiens would not go piecemeal in a proper manner; and they made haste to burn body, and 'take him as quartered,' as some parliamentary documer ats are 'taken as read.' It is true that there were no railways in the days, else, by the judicious use of an 'accident,' François Damie ns might have been made mincement of in the completest manner.

Thus I say that it was not only within the possibilities, but probabilities likewise, that when the German troops effected their trance into distracted, starved, and bombarded Paris, they might have discovered, languishing in some miserable garret or some filthy c to lar, an old, old man, who, after murmuring many aliases, answered he the name of Maubreuil. The deplorable creature might, during t siege, have sustained existence by infinitesimal rations of cat a dog and wolf, with the peel of a potato on gala-days, and a spliton Sundays. Did not a sanitory inspector in the Thames Police court district unearth the other day, in a dreadful kennel quite be of furniture, an old Frenchman of ninety-eight? He was naked, was destitute, he was imbecile; and he cowered continually in froof a large fire, into which it was feared that he would fall and ros himself. But he was alive. Petit bonhomme vivait encore; and

might Maubreuil have been found vegetating.

To narrate so much as is known of the mystery of his life, must ask of you, if you please, to recall the wonderfully graphic d scription given by Victor Hugo, in the penultimate chapter of Not Dame, of the agony of Claude Frollo when he was hurled by Quisimodo from the tower of the cathedral. Having re-read, either a book or in the library of your mind, that terrible story, you wibe better able to realise the idea of a spectacle which was visible one forenoon, towards the end of September 1867, in one of the most fashionable streets of Paris. A young, beautiful, and richlattired woman was seen hanging by her hands from the stone ledge of a window on the second floor. Blood flowed in profusion from ther face and neck, and she was shricking appallingly. Fortunatel

adder was at hand, and a sergent de ville ascended and rescued lady, just as her numbed fingers were loosening hold on the ge. When she recovered consciousness, she had a terrible tale to l. She had been the victim of a determined attempt at assasation. A man had entered her apartment, and discharged three tol-shots in her face. She seized a cushion from the sofa, and ng it in the guise of a shield, succeeded in escaping by a sideor. But the murderer followed her, and in the frenzy of despair cast herself from the window, but hung on by the ledge until was well-nigh miraculously saved. Being farther questioned, it assassin was her own brother.

What motive had led him to the commission of this bloodthirsty ed? What dark chain of events had pushed his arm towards an tempt at sororicide? It was discovered that the young man, on som the police very speedily laid hands, was in a state of extreme verty, and that his sister lived in affluence. Was cupidity his centive? Was he anxious to avenge the tarnished honour of his mily? These are questions which can only be solved by investiting the personal history of the Marquis d'Orvault, the husband the lady who had so narrowly escaped death. The Marquis was herwise hight Marie-Armand Guerry de Maubreuil.

Vivant, et bien vivant, in 1867, this distinguished nobleman d published, not less than forty-four years previously, an autobiosphical sketch of a career which even in 1826 had been full of ents sufficient to furnish forth plots for half a dozen sensational vels: and to this memoir, which I have now before me, he gave strange title of 'The History of a Box on the Ear given to M. de lleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Benevento and Grand Chamberlain Louis XVIII.' According to his own account, Marie-Armand, unt de Guerry-Maubreuil and Marquis d'Orvault, belonged to one the noblest families of Brittany and Poiton. His mother died giving him birth, his father a few months afterwards, and he verited a considerable fortune. It is remarkable that the man ald never, at any time, specify the exact year in which he was He stated, however, that when he was 'quite young' he ran ay from his grandmother, Madame de Messardeau-Maubreuil, who s his guardian, and crossing the Loire, joined the ranks of the surgents, who were in arms against the authority of the Republic La Vendée. That may have been about 1795. General Chatila commanded the Chouan forces, who were at last thoroughly uted by the republican leaders, and young Maubreuil went back to s grandmother. He spent two years at home, and was then sent some provincial college to complete his studies. By this time Directory had merged into the Consulate, and the Consulate to the Empire, and the new Emperor had shown himself eager to

conciliate the old royalist families. So young M. de Maubreum il, furnished with recommendations to Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicen == a, obtained an appointment as equerry and capitaine de chasses the service of that 'Roi Polichinelle' and precious scoundrel Jero ne Bonaparte, king of Westphalia. He was remarkable, Maubre- uil says of himself, at the court of Cassel, for 'his elegance, his luxu v, and his horses.' He managed to get a commission as lieutenant in a regiment of light horse commanded by Colonel Hammerstein, and went through a campaign in Spain in the cavalry division of Gene al Lassalle. He appears to have conducted himself with some bray in the Peninsula; and at Toralva de Calatrava he saved his colone -1's He likewise boasted that in an engagement at Brozas n ar Alcantara he was within an ace of taking prisoner no less a personage than Sir Robert Wilson, commandant of the Anglo-Lusitan I an legion. He had a horse killed under him in this affair; and it undeniable that not only was he promoted on the spot, but I ant Napoleon nominated him soon afterwards a knight of the Legion Honour. He was recalled to Cassel, and served as a captain in the scampish Jerome's bodyguard; but being suspected of an intriguate with one of the king's multitudinous mistresses, he was summar ily disgraced. After this Maubreuil, with the natural gravitation of adventurer, repaired to Paris, and appears to have entered int cloudy commercial partnership with two gentlemen with great names but small means, named De Vanteaux and De Gestin. The no Tale firm obtained a sub-contract from M. de Cessare, minister of w sr, for furnishing bullocks to the army. 'The association,' says Manubreuil, 'did not last long;' and he follows the statement with a significant line of asterisks, from which it may fairly be conjectured that the firm of Maubreuil, De Vanteaux, and De Gestin went to sy ift and irremediable smash. He essayed another venture in supply the imperial cavalry with remounts; but this speculation does seem to have been more successful than the first one. He had this time, he stated, lost the major part of his fortune, and government, with a kindly view of setting him on his legs againwe have only Manbreuil's word for it, however-offered him famous 'Barcelona contract,' in virtue of which he was to vict the fortress of Barcelona and all other fortified towns in Spain occ pied by the French. It was a 'big thing' this contract-a matof some seventy-two millions of francs; and Maubreuil thought he was in possession of all kinds of guarantees against failure. he had reckoned without his host; and the disastrous collapse the expedition to Russia scattered all his hopes to the winds. connection there was between the fire of Moscow and the passa of the Beresina, and the provisioning of the fortress of Barcelowith salt beef and biscuit, Maubreuil does not inform us; but wh you come to grief, it is as well to lay the cause of your rain at son

body's door. The Russian expedition, the Peruvian mines, the cholera morbus, or the Irish Church bill: anything will serve at a pinch. Napoleon ordered the Barcelona contract to be rescinded, observing that 'it was magnificent, but impossible;' and M. de Guerry-Maubreuil awoke one morning and found himself bankrupt. He was for a time in a terrible rage with the government; but in 1814, when the allies were in France and the Empire at its last gasp, he was magnanimous enough to allow bygones to be bygones, and to offer to raise two corps of francs-tireurs among the peasantry of La Vendée for the defence of the country. This chivalrous offer was made to Napoleon on the part of Maubreuil by M. Desmarets, chief of the secret police, but was strongly opposed by the Duc de Feltre, minister of war; and the Emperor declined to encourage it. Perhaps his majesty thought that, like the Barcelona contract, it was 'magnificent, but impossible.' It is worth while remarking, in connection with the name of M. Desmarets, that Maubreuil appears his whole life through to have been on terms of suspicious intimacy with the officials of the Rue de Jérusalem—the French Scotland-Fard.

After this it occurred to M. de Maubreuil to remember that he was a member of a family traditionally renowned for their attachment to the altar and the throne; and he accordingly began to 'sym-Pathise' with the Bourbons, and to conspire very actively in their interest. He was employed in some occult manner by Talleyrand, who was busily conspiring on his own account, and by his secretary M. Roux-Laborie. On the 31st of March 1814 Maubreuil turned up in Paris under the very strangest circumstances. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia entered the vanquished capital at the head of their troops. Maubreuil and Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld (who, as gentilhomme de la chambre charged with the direction of the royal theatres, made himself famous by an edict lengthening the Petticoats of the corps de ballet) had been struck by the bright idea that a very delicate way of signalising the triumphal entry of the allied sovereigns would be to pull down the statue of Napoleon from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme. The ex-contractor and the descendant of the author of the 'Maxims' got a mob together, including some bricklayers' labourers and some débardeurs and Pavageurs—lightermen and 'waterside characters' from the Seine. Ropes were passed round the bronze Emperor's neck, Maubreuil and his friends tugging at them with a will, and distributing five-franc Dieces to any among the blackguard bystanders who would help them. But Humpty Dumpty was not to be so easily moved. The loyalist gentlemen then tried what horse-power would do; and it was remarked that Maubreuil's own saddle-horse, to whose neck he adapted a rope and collar, had tied to its tail the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The day was miry, and the star of the brave dangled in the mud. Still Humpty Dumpty would not come down, although the 'gentlemen' had ascended to the top of the column and filthrough one of the legs of the statue. The Grand Duke Constatine, on being applied to for a fatigue party of Russian soldiers aid in the work of desecration, replied with a big oath that it we no concern of his; and let us hope that that oath may have be pardoned to Constantine Alexandrovitch. On a similar application being made to General Osten-Sacken, he flatly refused to have anothing to do with the discreditable proceeding; but Maubreuil and Sosthène de la Rochechouart and Pasquier, the new prefect police, they bullied Launay the brassfounder, who had cast the statute into employing a band of his own workmen to take down his handiwork. By the 8th of April Humpty Dumpty had come to the ground

with a very great fall indeed.

If we are to believe Maubreuil, his talents as a conspirator were so highly appreciated by Talleyrand, that the wily diplomatist thought that he might be still farther utilised in the capacity of an assassin: the person to be murdered being no other than Napoleon himself. The audacious and desperate character of the man, and his furious hatred to the ex-Emperor, springing from the repudiation of the Barcelona contract, rendered him an obviously eligible instrument for carrying out such a dark project. Very likely Maubreuil was not averse to the idea of murdering Napoleon on his own account; first in order to gratify his own private vendetta; and next, because he dreamed, with the short-sightedness common to murderous minds, that the atrocious act might serve to ingratiate him with the Bourbons. By the adventurer's own showing, Roux-Laborie took him to Talleyrand, and the Prince of Benevento gave him categorical instructions to debarrasser France of Bonaparte. He was to take a hundred armed men, to mingle with them among the troops at Fontainebleau, and to bring about, somehow or another, the slaughter of the abdicated sovereign. Maubreuil (so he says) pretended to give his consent to the project. Roux-Laborie engaged to supply him with horses, and even went so far as to promise him, in the name of the Emperor Alexander, and for his own special riding, the charger of General Rapertel, who had been recently killed at the battle of La Ferté-Champénoise. Maubreuil also darkly hints that the abduction of the little King of Rome formed part of the plot.

He asked for time to make up his mind, and went straight from Talleyrand's hotel to consult MM. de Caulaincourt and St. Aignan, to both of whom he was related. These gentlemen, he states, advised him to persist in his pretended acquiescence in the proposal, lest, should he refuse, the task might be given to some less scrupulous bravo. He repaired again to Talleyrand's; and it was arranged that he should kill Napoleon as he was driving through the park of

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Fontainebleau on his way to the Isle of Elba, and that the little ling should be kidnapped on his return from Rambouillet. How the very strong Austrian escort which usually accompanied him was to be overcome was not stated. At this stage of the drama the idea of a robbery becomes mingled with that of a murder. At the Count of Semalli's Maubreuil found a certain M. Delagrange, who had been instrumental in seizing and in restoring to the public treasury certain securities which Napoleon was carrying off to Elba, and the value of which was estimated at twenty-eight millions of francs. Delagrange. in conversation with Maubreuil, happened to remark that the crown lewels had not yet been traced; notably the caskets numbered 'Two' and 'Three,' which the Mameluke Roustan had obtained from the imperial treasurer, and which it was believed he still retained. A confederate of Maubreuil, by the name of Dasies, undertook to disover Roustan, and succeeded in his mission. Maubreuil then offered M. de Semalli to procure the two jewel-caskets from the Mameluke; but was met by a refusal. He then, with Dasies, waited on General Dupont, the minister of war, and on Count Angles, the directorgeneral of the police. From these functionaries he obtained a warrant authorising him to seize the jewels wherever they could be found. Anxiliary warrants were also given him by Bourrienne, the postmaster-general, by General Osten-Sacken, and by the chief of the staff of the allied armies, Baron von Broctenhausen.

Maubreuil, thus duly furnished with credentials, set about finding the missing jewels in a very odd way. He did not look for them the fourgons of Napoleon, or of his brothers Joseph or Jerome. His plan was simply to waylay the travelling carriage of the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, ex-Queen of Westphalia, whose equerry he had once been. Madame Jerome (there was another Madame J. at Baltimore in Maryland, whose maiden name was Patterson) was about to leave the palace of Cardinal Fesch, in the Rue du Mont Blanc, for Orleans; and Maubreuil and Dasies watched the cardinalitian porte-cochère night and day till the Princess was ready to start. It was now the 17th of April, and the two rascals had taken into their confidence another rogue named Colleville, who had formerly been a garde du corps. On the 18th April, at three in the inoming, the Princess Catherine left Paris en route for Orleans; and at noon on the same day Maubreuil and Dasies followed in a calliche de voyage. At Pithiviers they learnt from the mayor that the royal carriages and fourgons would pass by Nemours. They hastened on in advance, arrived at Nemours that night, and early next morning were at Fossard. They then left for Montereau, and put up at an inn, when Maubreuil, who had worn mufti when he left Paris, put on the uniform of a colonel of hussars. Dasies donned the dress of a national guard. There was a small detachment of troops quartered in the town; and Maubreuil and his accomplice had the impudence to wait on the officer in command to 'requisition eight mamelukes and chasseurs of the guard, who were duly placat their disposal. At ten o'clock in the evening, leaving their ca riage at Montereau, they got on horseback and returned to Fossan followed by the detachment they had 'requisitioned.' So, arrivi at Fossard, they swaggered into the village inn, Dasies calling Ma breuil 'M. le Commissaire;' and the latter posting sentries at doors, and vedettes on all the roads leading to Fossard. At seve o'clock next morning they were on horseback again, just as a cour ic rode in hot haste up to the door of the auberge to order a relay twenty-seven horses for the Princess. Half an hour afterwards the august traveller, in a coach-and-six, and attended by the Count Countess Furstenberg, came in sight. Within a gunshot of the vill age, Maubreuil and his lieutenant rode up with his troopers and arrested the whole cortege, stating that they were authorised search the Princess's trunks on the ground of some of the cro-

jewels of France being concealed therein.

There was, of course, a terrible to-do. The Princess we screamed, and threatened to faint. Count Furstenberg demande to see the spoiler's warrant. Maubreuil flourished his papers in respectable face of the Herr Graf, but of course did not allow last to read them, since they contained no kind of permission to arr or molest the ex-Queen of Westphalia. The carriages and fourge were conducted under escort to Fossard. Maubreuil forbad the livery of horses to whomsoever should apply for them, and, to ma assurance doubly sure, locked up the postmaster in his own cells The poor Princess was taken into a kind of barn, and in vain hibited the passports and safe-conducts with which she had befurnished by the Austrian and Russian ambassadors in Paris. T fourgons were then unloaded, and the Princess was forced to ord her servants to bring her trunks, to the number of eleven, into the barn. She gave up her keys, and in seven boxes were found jewel especially diamonds; the eighth belonged to Jerome, who still retained the key; the ninth was a little square casket, containing 84,000 francs in gold, which the Princess declared were intended to defray her travelling expenses; and the two remaining coffer were full of wearing-apparel. The Princess all the while proteste that every object in her luggage was her own personal property, and that she knew nothing about the crown jewels of France. Many breuil appeared to be satisfied with the scrutiny and the explanation. No single article was seized, but he kept the keys of the trunks, and put them in the pockets of his hussar pantaloons. He and Dasies (who had meanwhile sent to Montereau for twelve more soldiers) then sat down to breakfast, insolently inviting the Princess and Count Furstenberg to join them; but the Lady Catherine indignantly refused their hospitality, and remained in dudgeon in the

stable-yard, whither a servant-maid brought her a chair. While the rapparees were at breakfast, a lieutenant with twelve additional dragoons arrived from Montereau; and then Maubreuil, who was gifted with quite a Prussian prescience for plunder, proceeded to 'requisition' from a harmless farmer hailing from Sens a long low wagon, called a patache, drawn by two stout horses. He then very coolly ordered all the trunks belonging to the Princess, excepting those only which contained articles of the toilette, to be taken down again from the fourgons in which they had been reloaded, and forthwith placed in the wagon. In vain did the Princess supplicate. In vain did Count and Countess Furstenberg remonstrate and protest. By this time Madame Jerome had recognised in Maubreuil her old equerry. and very bitterly reproached him with his ingratitude, telling him that 'after eating people's bread, it was an abominable action to undertake such an errand.' Maubreuil bowed and expressed his regret, but added that his orders were imperative; and as he spoke, happening to catch sight of the little casket which held the 84,000 francs in gold, he said that he was very sorry, but that he really must take that too. The Princess, sobbing, like Queen Dido,

> ' in manner ampler Than girl new whipt for losing sampler,'

declared that this was all the money she had to enable her to reach her native home in Würtemberg. Upon which Maubreuil—I can't refrain, after this, from calling him Robert Macaire—with a great affectation of generosity took off the belt he wore, and which he declared contained a hundred louis d'ors, and offered them to his Victim. to help her on her way. The Princess at first refused to accept the dole; but being persuaded by Count Furstenberg, she relented and took the belt, which, upon examination, however, was found contain only forty-four pieces of gold instead of a hundred. went down upon her knees to Macaire-Maubreuil, and entreated him to restore her jewels and gold; she declared, on the word of an ex-queen, that she knew nothing about the crown jewels; but all Was in vain. Then she fainted away. Then M. le Comte de Guerry-Manbreuil-Macaire bade her good-morning; and seeing the royal trunks well packed in straw in his patache wagon, sent them off, under escort of a few chasseurs, in the direction of Fontainebleau, While he proceeded to remove the embargo from the post-town, and ordered relays to enable the Princess to reach Villeneuve-le-Guyard. Thither, much against her will—for she begged and prayed to be allowed to accompany her beloved diamonds to Paris - she was driven, guarded by some mamelukes, who, however, timeously galloped away on beholding a detachment of Würtemberg cavalry advancing.

From the 21st of April 1814 to this present day in 1871 the great bulk of the property stolen by Maubreuil and his associate at

Fossard has never been discovered. The entire value of the plux der is said to have exceeded one million sterling. wagon arrived in due course in Paris, at the house of M. de Var teaux, Maubreuil's former partner, guarded by a single chassew It was found to contain a number of packing-cases and leather sacks, which, being opened, disgorged only a mass of copper money with a few ten- and twenty-sous pieces. In the little coffer which had held 84,000 francs, only 2000 francs remained. At differen intervals, a few jewels without settings, and bracelets from which the jewels had been removed, were found at the lodging of or Prosper, a friend of Maubreuil's; and these were identified as having belonged to the Princess Catherine. On the 3d of July, a man fisl ing in the Seine found in the mud of the foreshore a comb, which he offered to sell to a passing soldier for six francs, but the soldier refused to give more than three for it. The comb was ultimate taken to a jeweller, and was found to be enriched with brilliant and worth at least 10,000 francs. The bed of the river was dragge for a considerable distance, and divers were employed, and different articles of jewelry, worth in all about a thousand pounds sterling were brought to light; but that was all. What became of the re has never been known.

The Princess Catherine had meanwhile poured the recital her woes into the sympathising ears of the Emperor Alexander, h kinsman. The Czar, mightily indignant at the outrage she has suffered, suggested that perhaps the most practical course to ado would be to try Maubreuil by court-martial, and shoot him out hand in the Plain of Grenelle; but French justice, more caution thought that the employment of different means might force t robber to confess where the bulk of his plunder was concealed. 1 was consequently arrested, and arraigned before the Correction Tribunal of the Seine, for having unfaithfully executed the orde with which he had been intrusted by the military authorities, as for having committed a robbery on the highway. Maubreuil pr duced his credentials, which appeared to be of so very important nature, that the tribunal declared itself incompetent to take a cognisance of the accusation against him. He was not, however set at liberty, but, being put 'at the disposition' of the Gover ment, was removed to the military prison of the Abbaye, where was kept for many months in the most rigorous solitary confin ment. Strange to say, on the 10th of March 1815 he was set liberty. Napoleon was coming back from Elba, on his way Waterloo and St. Helena. Stranger still, Dasies, the accompli of Maubreuil, hastened to meet the exile of Elba at Auxerre, as received from his hands a commission as colonel, and the Cross the Legion. Maubreuil, however, was not so lucky. The restor Emperor knew him very well; and so soon as he arrived in Par

Manbreuil was again arrested, and confined in the prison of the Prefecture of Police. On the 28th of March he was brought to trial before a court-martial, which, however, declared its incompetence to deal with him; indeed, it was not made very clear whether he was accused of robbing the Queen of Westphalia of her jewels, or of plotting the assassination of Napoleon, or of both crimes, or neither. Pursuant to a requisitory from the Procureur-Général, Merlin de Douay, he was sent for trial before the assize court of the Department of the Seine; and there was some talk of an imperial decree, declaring that Maubreuil and his accomplices had incurred the penalty of death for the crimes of high treason and violation of the treaty of Fontaineblean. The decree, however, was never signed; and just before Waterloo, Maubreuil, through the assistance of the young Marquis de Brosses, an officer in the Mous-Quetaires, who was hiding in Paris as an agent of the Bourbons, contrived to escape from prison. He went to Brussels, where he Waited on his old friend M. de Semalli, who, deeming that he had compromised the good name of the Bourbon government by his Scandalous raid on the Queen of Westphalia's jewel-boxes, was exceedingly anxious to send him to Ghent, and place him at the disposition' of Louis XVIII. He was placed in the custody of The Baron d'Eckstein, who caused him to be locked up in a dun-Seon of the Hotel de Ville at Ghent, and there Maubreuil (he was alive In 1867, and a marquis to boot, and may be alive now) slashed Open the four chief veins of his body with a piece of broken glass. But he recovered, and wrote a mad-cap letter to Louis XVIII., re-Peating that he had been employed by Talleyrand to assassinate Napoleon. By an arrangement with the King of the Netherlands, he was to be transferred to the citadel of Wesel; but on his road thither, escorted by two gendarmes, he was rescued by half-a-dozen armed men masked. It has never been known through whose agency this rescue was effected.

Maubreuil returned to Paris, and remained in obscurity until late in 1816, when he was denounced to the police of complicity in a Bonapartist conspiracy to kidnap the Duc d'Angoulème, the Duc de Berri, and the Comte d'Artois, in the forest of St. Cloud. The old indictment, bearing on the robbery of the Queen of West-Phalia's jewels, was revived; but on the eve of his trial the bars of his dungeon were once more removed by a mysterious hand, and Maubreuil was at liberty again. However, a sop had to be thrown to Cerberus justice, and on the 6th May 1818 Maubreuil was condemned in contumaciam, by the Court of Assize of Douay, to five years' imprisonment, ten years' deprivation of civil rights, and five hundred francs fine (!) for stealing the jewels of the Queen of West-Phalia. He got clear off to Belgium, and thence to England, whence, with his customary and consummate impudence, he drew

up a memorial, and addressed it 'To the Sovereigns assembled in Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, from Marie-Armand de Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvault, concerning the assassination of Napoleon and the abduction of his son, as devised by Russia, Prussia, and the ——.' The blank, I surmise, should be filled up with Bourbons. Notwithstanding this outrageous libel, he ventured to return to France, and even to present himself at the familiar Prefecture of Police. They forbore at the time to lock him up; but a few days afterwards, having fallen sick, he was constrained to enter the Hospital of St. Louis. Thence he was violently removed by the police, and imprisoned in the Conciergerie; again he was set at liberty, and this time with a small government pension, on pro-

mising to leave France.

When Maubreuil was taken from the hospital he was utterly destitute. What had become of the nine hundred thousand pounds' balance of Madame Jerome's jewels and ready cash? According to some accounts, the crown jewels of France, worth four millions sterling more, were really in the locked box, of which Jerome had retained the key. Nobody knows what became of the box, or of the casket of valuables which the Mameluke Rustan obtained from the caissier of the Impérial Garde Meuble. Was Maubreuil really a Bonapartist or a Bourbon agent? Did he despoil the ex-Majesty of Westphalia in order to fill the depleted coffers of the ex-Emperor? There was, between 1815 and 1820, a mysterious 'party' dwelling in Lyonsinn, Strand-that same Lyons-inn where dwelt Mr. William Weare, murdered by Mr. John Thurtell-on whom Napoleon at St. Helena drew when he wanted money; and the 'party' always honoured the ex-imperial drafts. I wonder whether the 'party' was a bachelor, alone in the world, and keeping himself so snugly to himself that only the charwoman and the beadle were aware of his death and interment in the neighbouring church of St. Clement Danes? What a strange thing it would be if the imperial balances were still lying in strong-boxes somewhere under the foundations of the Globe Theatre!

THE IRISH POPLIN TRADE

THE rise, progress, and present aspect of the poplin trade of Ireland must possess interest for all who consider the development of Irish manufacturing enterprise as a tangible means for the regeneration of Ireland. It is not, however, imperative to enter into a disquisition on the general effects on the civilisation of the world of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But it is necessary to refer to the results of that measure, which indirectly led to the establishment of the poplin trade of Ireland. When the blind state policy of Louis XIV. demanded that a decree of expulsion should be promulgated against those of his subjects who had suffered persecution for justice' sake, 50,000 of these men-the skilled art-workmen of the land—sought refuge in England, and founded that colony of silk-weavers in Spitalfields in which, even to this day, we find the descendants of those who gave 'glory to the Lord of Hosts and King Henry of Navarre.' There we hear the names of those men with whom are associated - not to their infamy, but their glorysome of the saddest episodes in the history of France, when religions bigotry and political intolerance bore the mastery over right, and often 'turned awry' the most artful counsels of the most wily There are still preserved the traditions of the race which, 'exiled by fate' from the shores of sunny France, found liberty of thought under the gloomy skies of England. There, even now, there is scarcely a room in which, above the silent loom—the cage often hanging on a wall from which the moist mortar falls in blackened flakes-some little bird does not sing out its cheery notes in saddening contrast to the other sounds which break upon the ear in that dismal region. Outside the diamond-shaped windows, such as one sees across the vineyards on the plains of France, sickly flowers and grimy plants struggle to make their growth. Finding, after a time, that the colony was growing too numerous, and influenced, doubtless, by the opportunities afforded them by the political circumstances of the time, some of the Huguenot exiles made their way over to Dublin, where they set up their looms in the year 1693. Previous to this, silk was very scarce in England. marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and James IV. of Scotland-we state this to lead up to our subject-one thousand English knights appeared in cointises of silk. Bluff King Hal was compelled to incase his sturdy calves in cloth hose, except when some Spanish courtier sent his majesty a pair of silk stockings; and even in the time of Edward VI., when Sir Thomas Gresham presented the prince with a similar gift, the event attracted so much attentic that if the Morning Post had existed, its occurrence would have be duly recorded in the fasionable column under the magic harp pipe which attract so many bright eyes every morning over B gravian breakfasts. When good Queen Bess had entered on third year of her reign, one Mrs. Montague presented her with pair of knit black-silk stockings; and so gratified was the royal la with the accession to her hosiery, that she never after condescen to wear any meaner integuments for her nether limbs. She new however, encouraged in any way the cultivation of silk in Englaz probably for the reason that the legs of her maids-of-honour mig not be so picturesquely displayed as her own regal ankles. James endeavoured to extend the cultivation of the silkworm in England and during his reign some two thousand mulberry-trees were plante in Chelsea Park. The royal pedant shortly after addressed a lette to the American colonists, and urged the Virginia Company to promote the cultivation of mulberry-trees and the breeding of silkworms He advised them to bestow their labours rather on the production of this rich commodity than to the growth of 'that pernicious an offensive weed tobacco.' So rapidly had the manufacture of sil progressed in England, that before the middle of the last century Keyslar, in his Travels through Europe, remarks, 'that at Naples when a tradesman would highly recommend his silk stockings, h protests they are right English.' Such in brief is the story of the rise of the silk trade in England and Ireland, which has found i development in the poplin manufacture—the only agency by which the manufacture of silk has been perpetuated in the sister island.

In sketching the history of the trade in Ireland, it will be necessary to indicate the vicissitudes through which it passed, and to poin out some of the legislative measures by which its extension was in peded. It will be seen that its history in Ireland has been, as it has been in England, the record of the fatuous conduct of men who, wit a want of forethought which would be only ridiculous in our time endeavoured by the most clamorous demands to prevent the growt of commercial activity. Without tiring our readers with tedious recapitulation, we may state that the woollen trade of Ireland, once a prosperous and promising, was destroyed by the imposition of the most oppressive prohibitory duties. By an opposite course of action was the progress of the silk trade obstructed; for it was almost killed with kindness' by that system of commercial baby-farming known under the name of protection.

Having passed through many changes, most of them certain not for the better, the trade was placed under the direction of the Royal Dublin Society. An emporium was established in Parliament street, and a 10l. premium was offered 'to all manufacturers who would deposit for sale in the warehouse silk goods manufactured in the country after June 1764.' The results effected by this system were those which usually follow such prohibitory conditions—namely, fraud and the prevention of extended enterprise. A spirit of dependence began to prevail amongst men who might have depended upon themselves, and when anything like reverse occurred, they appealed for help to the British Government. The fraud in the case under consideration was committed by the manufacturers depositing the same goods as many times as they could get the premium without detection. In 1765 an oath was prescribed, with a view to prevent the abuse indicated; but nothing resulted from it but increased embarrassment and clamour for relief. The decadence of the trade will be understood from the statement, that the amount of the sales in the warehouse, which had been worth 44,000l. in 1776, had declined to 25,000l. in 1783. We have said that one of the results of the prohibitory measures passed to regulate the silk trade was to prevent the extension of enterprise. In 1801 the Jacquart loom, by which patterns are worked in the fabric at an enormous saving of time and labour, was introduced into England, but its use was not adopted in Ireland, on account of the prohibitions which existed. The prohibitory system which existed in England was repealed in 1824, and two years afterwards the Irish weavers demanded wages equal to those of the London workmen. Thus, through the turmoil and strife of a bitter contention between masters and men, did the silk trade struggle on until the end of the first half of the present century. When the woollen wefts were first mixed with the silken warps in Ireland is uncertain, but it is probable that the irregularity of the supply of silk led the manufacturers to arrange those combinations of both which were afterwards found to comprise qualities which even materials of spun silk alone did not possess.

The enunciation of the proposition that luxuries are produced by much misery is trite, and would be superfluous if an opportunity did not arise for its illustration. The part of Dublin in which the weavers live, or used to live, is situated near the grand old cathedral, which has been restored by the patriotic benevolence of one of the greatest benefactors of the city. In 'the place, and all around it,' may still be heard stories-apocryphal mayhap, but still witty and interesting-illustrating the life of the great Dean of St. Patrick's, and in a far different aspect from that in which it is received by Thackeray. If any one interested in the welfare of the Working classes - to use the cant of the period - gave a pennyreading in this neighbourhood, and were bold enough to read the character of Swift as given in the English Humorists, it is to be seriously apprehended that his discourse would be punctuated by interruptions more vigorous than those prescribed by grammarians, and the damage done to the furniture could scarcely be repaired by the money taken at the door.' In the Coombe, as the scalled—because it was there, at one time, that wool was when it was the staple trade of Ireland—is situated the WHall, in which the little parliament met to legislate for the which it may be said it did with a reckless indiscretion was more pretentious assembly. In a niche on the outside sfull-size statue of George II., in whose reign it was built. assembly-room an excellent likeness, in tapestry, of the satriotic monarch formerly decorated one of the walls. Ber was the quaint inscription, significant as showing the foreign of the author:

'The workmanship of John Vanheaver, The famous tapestry weaver.'

The present destination of this really excellent work we h been able to discover, but it is not in the Weavers' Hall. the trade declined-we should rather say, when the delibera the assembly to which we have referred had effected its declin building was utilised for a purpose to which buildings are g devoted when they are available for nothing else-it became gious meeting-house. Even the cause of Methodism does n to have succeeded under the immediate patronage of the se 'the fools and oppressors called George;' and so the Weave fell into decay, until an enterprising ironmonger converted i storehouse, in which he has 'now on view a choice assorts fire-grates and other cognate works of art. The structure constitute a melancholy testimony to the destruction of a br industry which may almost be called national, if it were I the trade at present is, if not flourishing, at least prospero the immediate vicinity is the historic locality, called by the sively solemn name of Skinners - alley(!), where the alder Dublin took refuge when threatened with pains and penal account of their religion, by James II. Here and there locality houses of many stories in height, in a state of mel ruin, indicate that once upon a time the well-to-do people of resided in 'the liberty;' but now the character of the residence indicated by the long poles stretching out from the windo unsightly burdens of clothes hanging out to dry. refugees who went over from England to Ireland, at the have mentioned, was not so considerable that the foreigners have left any conspicuous marks of their influence on the l but still we have a faint reflection of Spitalfields in the birdshops we see almost under the shadow of St. Patrick's. trial glory too is gone, like that of the corresponding region don, and one solitary loom is all that is at work within the l the locality in which the children of France had laid the for of the most elegant branch of modern commerce.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century we find the name of La Touche amongst those of the men who were then developing the textile fabrics of Ireland. It is to the confidence which his fellow-countrymen at that time intrusted to him that we may assign the rise and progress of the well-known banking-house in Dublin which still bears his name. In 1745 the Weavers' Hall was established in the Coombe, and on its exterior are inscribed the names of the three most prominent silk merchants of the time—La Touche, Gradwell, and Andrews.

The present aspect of the poplin trade now claims our attention. It is gratifying to know that the trade is prosperous; but it would be hazardous to say that it is flourishing. If one makes inquiries, he hears that 'the trade was never better;' but that is very negative evidence of its advancing condition. It must not be forgotten that there never was a period when the trade could have been said to have been 'flourishing.' It has been shown that its progress was retarded by the system of legislation promoted by those most interested in its advancement; and there was no period at which the baneful effects of the measures referred to, as well as the spirit of those engaged immediately in the manufacture, were not deeply and painfully experienced. Even still the old spirit of blind and cruel despotism survives. Perhaps there is not a more shocking instance of the despotism of trade-unions than that afforded by a recent case in Ireland. A man, whose daughter worked with him and earned a considerable salary, died, and then the rule of the trade was exercised with terrible severity. That rule commands—and commands with learful rigour—that no daughter of a deceased weaver can be a legitimate member of the trade. The girl, who was earning as much as 21. and 31. a week some short time ago, is now on the verge of destitution.

Even when prosperity appeared to dawn on the poplin manufacture, the signs of it were deceptive, for it might have been said to have been supported by voluntary contributions. As Mr. Otway said in 1840 in reporting on the subject, 'people bought the goods for charity's sake.' Though it would not be desirable that trade should be fostered, or appear to be fostered, by such a system, it would be well if in the case of other classes of manufacture the charity of Irish people should begin at home. When the Spitalfield weavers were in distress, the good Queen Adelaide was in the habit of giving balls at which the dresses of the ladies were composed of home-made silk exclusively. The ladies who dispensed the hospitalities of Dublin Castle in former times adopted a similarly generous course regarding the Irish weavers; but happily there is no necessity for such an indirect appeal to benevolence at present. It would be ungracious in this place to omit to mention, that the amiable and popular lady who now leads Dublin fashionable life is one of the most generous patrons of the Irish poplin trade.

That there is no necessity for any solicitude on account of the weavers in Ireland will be understood from the announcement, the if their services could be obtained; but the old spirit of prohibit still pervades the body of workmen, who prevent the importation additional labour through the almost despotic ordinances of a tra society. It cannot be said that an industry is flourishing when i bounded by the limits which circumscribe the Irish poplin trace: and if it be said that the trade is prosperous, the proposition must be stated with certain qualifications. The cause of the smallnes of the wholesale trade is, that the price of Irish poplins is greater t that of the similar English goods; and though it cannot be questioned that no similar material presents the same exquisitely texture as the Irish poplins, it must also be remembered that change of fashion is so frequent in our time, that even this quality is but little regarded when the same dress may in many cases be worn more than a few days. Some evidence of this has been ready adduced, and the facts which will be found below will re-tify that opinion. In 1850 there were not 100 looms in Dublin; there are nearly 500, and there is room for many more. The number of manufacturers engaged immediately in the trade is not much naore than half-a-dozen, and the part each takes in its development tion be learned from the figures which will be found in the later por of this article.

First in order of poplin houses, for reasons to be presently specified, may be placed the firm of O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co., the façad the whose tasteful new premises in College-green adds considerably torich decorative aspect of a junction of noble thoroughfares already in architectural ornamentation. Not only has this firm the first cl =ons to our attention on account of its antiquity, but for other reas nt of which will be specified forthwith. From the goods of this firm for O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co. her present Majesty selected articles the her wardrobe whilst she was still the Princess Victoria; and need royal children were so often attired in Irish poplin, that a redu pattern of the Stuart tartan was arranged for the dresses of junior members of the royal family whilst they had their sum mer home in the Highlands. The appointments which they hold have held, constitute an effective testimony to the energy and skill with which they have developed the industry with which the name of their house is associated. In their manufactory, which is situated on Merchants-quay, nearly directly opposite the Four Courts-of the historic associations connected with which it is unnecessary to anything, though the temptation is dangerous—the visitor can most of the processes through which the constituent parts of the fabric pass before they reach the hands of the artistic milliner. Ozne room contains the raw silk, as it is called, and the fine yarn from

nich the poplin is constructed. Most of the silk comes from China, hich is the most favoured home of the silkworm; and few other untries are largely represented, inasmuch as the manufacturers of ish poplin use only the very finest materials. The raw silk is given the dyer, by whom it is coloured. Most assuredly there is no ountry in the world in which such exquisitely bright rich colours in be imparted to material. This may be attributed to several cuses: the climate, of course, affects the goods considerably; but he rich bright liquid colours of the Irish poplins are said to be roduced by the quality of the water used in the process of dyeing. n this operation the silk loses about twenty-five per cent of its reight. The dyed silk is returned from the workshop in bunches esembling the chignon with ringlets. It is then wound on spools nd given to the warper, who, taking it off the spools, puts it n a cylindrical frame called the warping mill, on which a certain number of threads of equal lengths are placed at equal distances rom each other, the thread being drawn off as many as fifty spools t the same time. The threads are then put on a roller, whence hey are drawn through a sort of comb, in order that a surface may e arranged through which the weft—that is to say, the woollen arn-may pass in the process in which the two constituents of popin-silk and wool-are united. The operation of weaving is simple; out, like all such processes, explanation is unsatisfactory unless an pportunity is given for practical illustration. It will suffice thereore in this place to say that the woollen yarn is thrown across the ilk, into which it is worked by means of what is called 'harness,' which consists of six parallel lathes, a number of which move upvards, whilst an equal number work downwards. This is the proess employed in the case of plain goods, on which no pattern is eing worked. When patterns are to be worked on the fabric, the acquart loom is used. This machine, which was invented in 1800 y a weaver of Lyons, whose name it bears, supersedes the employnent of draw-boys, as they were called, who were employed in raisng the threads which had to be worked into the fabric to produce he pattern required. In a little book published by Atkinson and Co., of College-green, we find the following concise remarks on this pparatus: 'Independently of the ordinary play of the warp-threads or the formation of the ground of such a web, all these threads, which should rise simultaneously to produce the figure, have their ppropriate healds, which a child formerly raised by means of cords hat grouped them together into a system, in the order and at the ime desired by the weaver. This plan evidently occasioned no little omplication in the machine when the design was richly figured; at the apparatus of Jacquart subjects the manœuvre to a regular nechanical operation, and it derives its motion from a simple pedal nt in action by the weaver's feet.' The yarn is wound on spinningwheels, on the little bobbins which are placed in the shuttle, and thrown across the silk. This operation is performed by women, who are generally paid by the men. The work requires a good deal of care; and an inspection of one of the factories will show how finely the sense of touch must be exercised in arranging the sizes of the little bobbins, and in making the lengths of thread they hold a

nearly as possible equal.

Next door to O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co.'s is the establishmen with which for many years the respected name of the late Mr. R Atkinson was associated. This house employs thirty-six looms but the trade it carries on is almost entirely retail. To indicate however, how lucrative a business the sale of poplins constitutes, i may be stated that the head of the house was twice lord mayor o Dublin, and contributed generously to every benevolent object pro moted in the city. The following passage, from a little book to which we have referred before, will illustrate the character of the man, and will show the respect in which he was held by his fellow citizens: 'The perfection to which we have brought the products of our looms is due to the untiring industry of our late senior partner Mr. R. Atkinson, who, throughout a long life, brought talent an taste of no mean order to bear on his business: his judgment is colours has seldom been equalled, never surpassed. Towards th evening of his life, when he could partially retire from his forme more active employment, he gave his assistance in the civic affair of his native city, and had the honour of being twice chief magistrat of Dublin.' Next door to Atkinson and Co.'s, Mr. John Judge offer similar goods for sale; so that three poplin manufacturers in a grou appeal, as it were, to public support in generous emulation.

William Fry and Co. of No. 31 Westmoreland-street, Dublin have for about fifty years carried on the manufacture of dress poplins and have exhibited at all the great Exhibitions that have been hel in London, Paris, and Dublin. Sixteen prize medals have bee awarded to them, and they hold special appointments as popli manufacturers to her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales the Empress of the French, the Queen of Denmark, and the Iris

Court.

A great stimulus was given to the Irish poplin trade by he Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wearing a poplin which was pecially manufactured for her by William Fry and Co., for the occasion of her entry into London. The good effects produced by this graceful act of consideration have ever since been experience in a very gratifying way. It is the fact that for years there has no been an Irish poplin weaver unemployed.

William Fry and Co.'s factory is in Lower Kevin-street, an stands on about three acres of ground, where between three hur dred and four hundred hands are constantly employed. They are

at present erecting a large addition to their factory for weaving, as well as a new dye-house, which have become necessary through the large increase of their trade. Besides dress poplins, William Fry and Co. are largely engaged in the manufacture of silk terries, which are made of silk and wool, and of all silk damasks for curtains and upholstery purposes. Both of these fabrics are capable of receiving the highest classes of artistic designs, and by producing these goods only in designs of great merit and in the various new colours which have of late years so completely superseded the old shades, they have been able to supply these goods in large quantities, not alone to all the leading upholsterers through the kingdom, but also to the principal upholsterers in France, Prussia, Belgium, Holland, America—indeed, we are informed that it would be difficult to find any upholsterer of standing who has not purchased these goods from the firm. Their show-rooms at 31 Westmoreland-street would astonish many English visitors, not only on account of their Size, but also by reason of the varied and valuable collection of articles they display.

Separated from this only by a few doors is the establishment of Fry and Fielding, in No. 26 in the same thoroughfare. The façade of this house-which, we may add, is called after her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales—is one of the most tasteful and brilliant amongst the many handsome additions which have been recently made to the street architecture of Dublin. The senior member of the firm, Mr. Thomas Fry, is the eldest son of the late Alderman Fry, and was for many years engaged in the supervision of the factory of the other firm of the same name to which we have already briefly referred. Mr. Fielding was also connected with the older Though 'Fry and Fielding' do not employ many establishment. looms, the poplins they manufacture are of the finest texture. Some of the most exquisite specimens of their workmanship were recently manufactured for the trousseau of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. We may observe that the other houses we have named Were also honoured with similar marks of royal appreciation.

The largest poplin factory in Dublin is in William-street, and is the property of Messrs. Pim and Co., the head of which firm worthily represents the capital of Ireland in Parliament. We have postponed the mention of this house, as its trade is for the greater part wholesale. The business done by it is very considerable, and it is to the enterprise of its proprietors that the recovery of the trade from a state of rapid decadence is mainly attributable. Two hundred and lifty weavers are constantly at work, as well as fifty-six silk-winders, fourteen warpers, several assistants, and four finishers. The dyeing Process is carried on in 'the liberty,' which has been already described, and thirty men are constantly employed in colouring the silk used in Messrs. Pim's manufactory establishment in William-street.

Geoghegan and Co. of Francis-street employ sixteen looms, Mrs.

Moran six, Mrs. Judge one, and another firm six. The firm of Arnott employed until recently fourteen looms, but we understand that these are about to be added to the stock of Fry and Fielding.

The export trade carried on by Fry and Fielding, and Atkinson and Co. is, for the most part, with English houses; whilst the business of Messrs. Pim, and O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co., and Fry and Co. extends also to America, France, and other countries.

It may seem a surprising consideration to think that there is is only one house in London whose business is exclusively concerned and with the sale of Irish poplins, namely, Messrs. Inglis and Tinckle - er of 147 Regent-street. If any of our fair readers want to recruit thei wardrobes for the autumn or winter, we should advise them to give Irish poplins a trial. They are equally elegant and serviceable for morning or evening wear, for casaques, and for aprons, which magazy be made very pretty by a trimming of point lace, and for sashe ses to be worn over black or white dresses. A yard and a quarter Irish poplin-we quote excellent authority-will make a nice sas ash and leave enough for a hair-bow or necktie to match. Those wh wish to see what graceful forms the fabric can assume, will be amply repaid by a visit to the establishment of Alderman Manning sig, at 102 and 103 Grafton-street — the Worth's of Dublin — wher poplin is turned to the most exquisite shapes by the dainty artist under the direction of his accomplished wife. The Princess Louis received part of her trousseau from this celebrated house; and we ar are not violating confidence when we say that her Royal Highness's appre ciation of Mrs. Manning's elegant skill was so flattering as to justif the anticipation that the Princess will become one of the most active patronesses of Irish poplin. Beyond doubt, there are few material I saials so thoroughly becoming to a woman as Irish poplin. It falls in soft soft massive folds, and has no disagreeable rustle; but rather that soft soft frou-frou about which the French novelist goes into raptures when he describes the gracious movements of his heroine. The brillian colours are varied and numerous as the tints on a painter's palette and afford a choice of hues so extended, that every complexion ma find its most becoming colour. There are tender spring-like green: for the too florid cheek of the matron, turquoise blue for the rose bloom of girlhood, delicious French grays and pearly shades of ever degree for the bride of mature years or the young bride's mother and a sliding scale of the rubies, amethysts, and maroons which are just now so fashionable; while for those who desire to exhibit their loyalty or nationality, there are tartans of every clan. Of the economy of the fabric it is almost needless to speak. It is alike or both sides, has none of that 'up and down' about which dressmaker e complain when making-up figured silks, and will look bright to the last hour of its wear. For the interests of the manufacturer, Irish

poplins wear too well: they outlast every other material used for ladies' dresses, and are a real boon to the economic.

In conclusion, we venture to say a word for the future. If the plea seems extravagant, it may be remembered that parliamentary reform was refused in 1865 and granted in 1867. A man who has devoted half his life to the study of the best means for promoting the culture of the silkworm tells us, regarding the conditions of Ireland as a silk-growing country, that it is necessary to supply the Young worms with tender succulent leaves; that they will bear a moderate amount of cold for brief periods with impunity; that they avoid the direct sunshine, but like its warmth diffused through the natural leafy shade; and that moisture is grateful to them at all times, and is necessary to their existence. Where are the conditions implied more fully supplied than in the island 'contiguous to the melancholy ocean'? But our author has added the significant evidence that dry hot weather is prejudicial to the worms; and 'for this reason Ireland would probably prove highly favourable to the Cultivation of the species.' Doubtless many who glance at these Pages will set us down as fanatical enthusiasts; but we beg to tell Our sceptical friends, that a measure for the extension of the growth of silk in Ireland would do more good in fifty years than half the acts of parliament which are showered with such profusion into that Country.

We are not suggesting a Utopian scheme or an idle experiment. Within the memory of living men, 400,000 of the white mulberry-Trees on which the silkworms feed have been transplanted on the estate of the Earl of Kingston, near Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. But few of the trees died, and some of them in the first Years of their transplantation put forth shoots twenty inches long. But Malta presented a more favourable field; and so a branch of commerce which might have rivalled the linen trade of the North, If directed by perseverance and prudence, was withdrawn from Ireand. At present, an acre of land in Ireland exhausts the strength of its unfortunate tenant, and returns a sorry pittance for his labour. The same space would, if planted with good mulberry-trees, prosluce 1001. worth of silk. From that sum would be deducted the cost of production; but the labour of two or three children for a few weeks in the year would be sufficient to produce a pound of silk worth about forty shillings.

In that part of the great Italian work on silkworms by Count Dandolo, which has never yet been superseded, in which that learned savant speaks of Ireland, he says that that country, from many circumstances, appears peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of silk. We make no apology for quoting the following passage from the writings of probably the greatest authority on the subject of which we are speaking who has ever lived :

'The climate of Ireland is temperate; the Irish are an agricultural people, and much of the proposed plan' (the reference being to a scheme for rearing silkworms in Great Britain and the colonies) 'is strictly agricultural. One of the objections raised to its success has been the value of labour. In Ireland labour is lower than on the Continent; consequently, were this objection ever so solid, there it cannot exist. Ireland possesses an enormous population' (these words were written long before the famine of 1846 and 1847) 'of twomen and children; it is they who must perform those delicate operations of reeling which the more clumsy hands of the other sex are incapable of performing.'

Then follows an advice which we would respectfully recommend to those who are exhausting their wits to promote the welfare of

their tenants:

'The Irish proprietor must, then, view this attempt' (the project referred to above) 'with the most intense interest—must wish the fullest success to the company. Nor is it out of his power to aid them. Let each proprietor, following the example of the noble and distinguished Irish characters who patronise this company, devote some part of his estate to the cultivation of the white mulberry-tree and let him feel assured, that by doing so he is conferring on his country a source of inexhaustible future comfort and prosperity.'

Few who saw the Lord of Lorn and his royal bride will forget the honest enthusiasm by which they were greeted. Even the Cinderella of the British family, poor Ireland, was let throw a white slipper after 'the happy pair,' and her saddened eyes grew brighter when she saw that the princess wore a shining robe which was woven by Irish hands on the banks of the Liffey.* It was not her wedding garment; it was her 'going away' dress-the robe in which she passed from amongst the people who had loved her as a maiden and wished her happiness as a wife. Her royal highness by that graceful act has made still more fervent the aspiration for her happiness from the national heart of Ireland. It is unnecessary in this place to dwell upon the characteristics of the Irish race, but it may be said that there is no people on whom a concession to feeling makes so deep and permanent an impression. Ireland has wafted an earnest prayer for the welfare of the amiable girl whose marriage has made an epoch in the history of England. Erin may be jealous of her Northern sister in taking away one of the best beloved of England's daughters, but her jealousy is neither sordid nor unworthy-it is the child's solicitude for the affection of a mother. She hopes that 'Louise,' who has shown in the recent events how deeply she can sympathise with suffering, will sometimes think 'in her own Highland home' of Ireland now 'smiling through her tears.'

^{*} This dress, we understand, was supplied by O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co.

GERMAN BATHS AND PLAY-HOUSES

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BY FELIX M. WHITEHURST

Ischl, August 12.

Two passions are very strongly developed in the Englishman—the love of the bath and the love of the table: not the dinner-table—the German, the Frenchman, the Italian are more devoted to that than we are-but the table which often only affords a Barmecide feast, the 'Board of Green-cloth.' The bold Briton confesses to the former openly, 'erect, and looking to the stars;' but denies the latter, or palliates it by saying, 'Only just a few napoleons to pass the time at Trink-Baden-Hölle;' but inwardly he knows that he likes the one as well as the other. It has been a good thing for the Continent that such is the case; for since the end of the wars of the first Napoleon it has only been necessary for a small village to find a Warm spring, and get a concession, to make its own fortune and that of all the neighbourhood. Some places, as for example Aix-la-Chapelle, have already lived their allotted space; others are now Setting their last stake, knowing that the chances are dead against them, and that in a few years, perhaps months, their table will be as innocent as the frugal board of the recluse whose 'food was herbs, his drink the running brook.' But nobody can deny that water and Play called them into existence, and gave them a career which has ended in a retirement on a large fortune.

No doubt the waters of Ems are very good; but who would live in the continued vapour-bath of that picturesque but depressing valley, if it was not for the play, mild as it is? Again, who goes Aix now that it is all waters, and there are no more cakes and ale? But bathing is such a good excuse, and so English! I believe that baths and waters are really excellent things, and that many people who visit the German spas leave them better than when they came; but as a rule they are self-made invalids, over-worked or over-dissipated, and are as much 'picked-up' by the tonics of fresh air and rest as by any water taken inwardly or outwardly. The love of an Englishman for cold water-a system of 'plunging' much more conducive to health and happiness than that played on the turf-is quite extraordinary. On the Continent, baths are taken as medicine; in England they are as much a matter of course as the breakfast which follows them. The first questions an Englishman asks when he goes to a fresh place are, 'What sort of hunting, shooting, fishing' (according to the season) 'is there here? Is there any bathing? and when does the post come in?' Mineral Waters too are considered by the English to be very nice, especially if

they are mixed with 'American ice, foreign fruits, and German wines;' but I do not think that many Britons would leave their island home to take either of them in a dull German petty town or village; and as for the women, they always go where the men go; and depend on it the number of female patients will always be less at a place which the other sex calls 'dead slow' than at another which is pronounced to be 'awfully jolly,' or 'the best place out!'

I almost fear there must be some very close affinity between baths and gambling-the Romans, for instance, when they were not in hot water were at 'hazard,' in spite of the Romanis vetita legibus 3 348 alea—and I fear these two necessaries of British human nature are re old Roman remains. I do not mean to run down the 'water in the autumn,' the aux eaux of the French-nay, I think it very good od fun; but then I confess that a little 'play' does give les eaux = a flavour which some vitiated tastes think they require. But on this I will say no more at present, as it seems as if the momentous ques tion, of which is the greater attraction, the Kursaal or the Trink halle, is about to be solved. Bismarck et Imperator meus are, - - - , I am assured, in favour of continuing the tables, finding the revenue come in very handy after a war the expenses of which even the crush shing fine levied on France will not nearly pay; but the Empres = -ess Augusta has long been opposed to the roulette and rouge-et-noir system of taxation, the which she has no doubt studied during hear her annual visits to Baden-Baden, where she always dwells next door to go to the 'tables,' and within earshot of the click of the wheel of forces for tune. This year the war seems to have upset all the holiday makers and the holiday places, and as far as I have seen, the drinkers ske (chiefly Germans, as a rule old and ugly) much exceed the players rer At Ems and Wiesbaden there are few English, and indeed through I and out the Fatherland-or rather I should say the Waterland-there are very few tourists save those in the care of Cook, from whose neight sieig bourhood it should be the prayer of every traveller to be delivered Doore their appetites are large, they require many rooms, and are rapidl Is ign instructing the continental cooks in their own 'beefsteak and onions 100 (not that I have a word to say against that dish) school of cookery and this will lead to a mixed medley of nastiness which is neither English, French, nor German, but uniting the tough solidity of the first with the staminaless frivolity of the second, and blending both in the horrible grease of the last. Result : Indigesta moles, and a dyspeptic chaos.

I know no more curious and instructive sight than to watch from your bedroom-window—or perhaps, indeed, your bed, in which you are taking your coffee and a novel just heavy enough to promot sleep—the early birds going out to pick up health and drink toast to Hygeia in tumblers (the private property of the bearer) of the Elizabeth' or the Filthybrunnen, and so get sick and make reservoir

of themselves to the sound of martial music. But the worst of all water-cures seems to me to be that they are not cures at all-only patting off the evil day. Once he or she takes to baths and waters, he or she must annually devote six weeks to the pursuit. The fact is, they are all mere palliatives. The bill of health is not taken up; it is only renewed for twelve months. I don't wish to write down any spring, pump, or bath, but I confess that I saw a friend the other day who assured us all that the waters of the German spas were his salvation, and that he always took them early in the morning when 'you dissipated dogs are asleep in bed.' Doubting this, we bribed his Swiss valet (with kümmel), and found out that the only water his master ever took was seltzer-water, and that never without 'Marcobrunner' in it. A curious spectacle is the procession of a long line of water-martyrs from the pump to the post-office; every one has his own glass, and looks as if he was going to liquidate his letters. So much for our 'baths;' now for our 'playhouses.'

When I express my opinion, virtuous Indignation will tell John to say 'Not at home' when I next call in Propriety Gardens, and Paterfamilias will cut me at the Minerva. I am not the least glad play is going to be stopped, and do not think for a minute that the Prohibition will 'serve the cause of morality,' so seriously tried in these terrible times, or benefit anybody at all. In the first place, the love of play is innate in the human breast, and you might as Well try to put down thirst by breaking the pump-handle as play by closing certain tables. Men will speculate—gamble, if you prefer it and you cannot stop them. It has been tried often enough, Heaven knows, since the Roman ædile 'looked the other way' during an after-dinner 'chicken' because it was August, and has ever failed. Stop public play, and private gambling, with its inevitable and reckless ruin, its destruction of friendships, its annihilation of Intimate circles, begins at once, and all the great ruin has come from the jeu à huis clos. Many more people were 'counted out' at Waitier's than at Crockford's, and the highest stakes I ever saw Were set by two friends at a hell in St. James's-street after public play was over, because the proprietor said the night had been too hot and too heavy for all but the bank. Poor proprietor, his career was singular: he kept a hell in St. James's-street, and died at the Angel at Islington. Truly les extrêmes se touchent. Apropos of the innate love of gaming, this man told me that when he was crou-Pier at Crockford's, and had the fatal odds against the player (five Per cent per minute at the royal game of hazard) ever before his green-shaded eyes, and knowing all, when he got an hour off duty he went next door, played and lost his money at Bond's. It is this Mr. Bond of whom the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli speaks so flatteringly in the Young Duke. When Crockford's was closed, what

was the result? Dozens of minor 'hells' sprang up, and those who could not from their position risk a visit to Jermyn-street or Arling ton-street took to City speculations. Whether gambling did exis in the railway times or did not exist, let those who are old enough to remember tell their children. Betting-that is, excessive wager ing, the 'plunging' to which the Romeo Lords at a later period stood godfathers—was caused by the suppression of public play. It the days which are so graphically described in the first chapter o Sibyl—perhaps the best description of such a scene which ever was drawn with a pen-plunging was unknown. True, men lost their money at Crocky's, but there was a limit—that limit was ready money. Now there is no limit to the IOUs and credit at private play. For my part I always think it was a pity when Fishmongers Hall was broken up by the stupidity 'of some obstinate fellow who would pay his subscription and supper bills.' But you will think have changed my venue, and left Rouletteville for London: it is no I only mean to illustrate my present argument by example drawn from the past. I say that nobody will be benefited when ' nothing goes more' at the continental tables. M. Blanc will be or the winning side, for he will enlarge the establishment at Monaco where the Clown-Prince Grimaldi will gladly receive a bigge stake, i.e. more rent. A company will start in the Val d'Andorie and it is even whispered that France is seriously thinking of going back to the days of 'Fiescati' and No. '36.' So Germany would lose an income, and the cause of virtue (which is, of course, the be all and end-all of the play-suppression movement) will be in no way advanced. For my part, as I much frequent Paris, I hope to see Mr. A. open a 'Berkeley' No. '43' at Paris or St. Cloud; and am persuaded that the play there will do infinitely less harm that the baccarat, chemin de fer, and écarté of the Rue Royale and the Boissy d'Anglais.

Let us just look at the expiring play-places, and ask ourselves if we have many unhappy remembrances connected with them, of whether their kursaals are peopled with the ghosts of friends who have perished victims to the 'zero' or the 'après.' I think our memory will rather point to pleasant hours and a society as undisturbed by its losses as it would have been unclated by its winnings. The fact is, few men go to these places with the hope of winning of course they know there is the off-chance of their performing that difficult operation called breaking the bank, and 'wintering on 80001 in the shares,' like Mr. B. But in default of that, they go home with emptier pockets perhaps, but quite content to put the loss down to the 'annual autumn-tour expenses;' in a word, they are quite willing to win anything, and quite prepared to lose a limited sum.

Spa is the mildest of these hells upon earth. When it is fine enough (for it usually rains) to ride donkeys and flirt before, at, and

after balls, Spa is very nice, and the country is pretty; but the play I always consider a second-rate business, the rooms are close and the tables crowded. Yet I have passed very pleasant weeks at Spa. and shall always approach Pepinster with pleasure. Spa, too, has the recommendation of having been the only place open during the great war, and of so having been dear to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. George Selwyn's letters are full of scandal from Spa; Lord Carlisle, whom even Thackeray praised, was wont to come over to Spa in garments of home-made sackcloth and ashes, and play innocent games of cricket till he became virtuous, domestic, and, I fancy, a little bored. Thackeray, too, has sent us to Spa with an Irish adventurer; and Guy Livingstone, in Maurice Dering, carries us over, bon gré mal gré, to assist at one of the most dramatic scenes has ever conceived. Upon my word, I think we must be good to poor little Spa, and let her play out her game for the sake of bygone memories.

Ems is next on the list. 'You go to Ems for health, to Baden r amusement,' says the proverb. True; and so it is that for one erson who goes to the Nassau Valley, twenty hurry to the Black orest; and then, how many, save inveterate water-drinkers and ansirmed cripples, would go there at all but for the wheel which ells and the card which is turned? It is very pretty is Ems, but is very hot, dull, and now (like the rest of Europe) swaggered ver and sat upon by Prussians. Add to this that the Ems cuisine a curiosity of coarseness, and the hotels a striking instance of ow dear bad living can be. Altogether, I think Ems requires all he attractions which games of chance can offer, and if I was an emsite shopkeeper I should subscribe for another roulette-table.

Wiesbaden also is a time-honoured place. I just remember, before the 'everywhere and back again in half an hour' railway days, that it was rather 'the thing' to go there. The first time I ever was there I made the acquaintance of a very lovely person; scandalised (unintentionally, of course) several respectable families by dancing with a French actress-'clever and engaging, as all French actresses are'-whom in my youthful inexperience I thought quite as good as Mrs. Jones-Browne, who flirted at home with a Greek count, or Lady Topsawyer, who was 'talked about' at clubs. I also had eight zeros en plein the hour before my departure, to the delight of myself and relief of my banker. So I, at least, ought to love Wiesbaden; and I confess it is very amusing, though this year it is, like every other place, overpowered by the German element. Still Wiesbaden only runs an indifferent second in the pleasure race in which all the German spas enter, the prize being the plunder of the confiding stranger. I would certainly shield the green tables of Wiesbaden; for it is a place dear to native and foreigner, but which has not sufficient hold on the present generation to make its material beauty and its health-bearing springs strong enough to compensate, even with the aid of lakes, flowers, rising fish and diving swans, for the 'pleasures of the tables.' Still, I say, spare Wiesbaden its mystic green cloth. If you do not, Wiesbaden may wash her millions of towels, 'rough-dry' them, and put them away till a less virtuous era dawns on us. I have spoken of a 'race,' and placed Wiesbaden second. The fact is, Baden-Baden is facile princeps in the cities of chance, Eclipse in a walk!

At Spa you must ride donkeys to eat craw-fish in a valley, and come back with an indigestion; and no man with indigestion can play. You must flirt, too; and widows frequent and intriguing mothers take their daughters to Spa. A word to the wise: at Ems you must take the waters. Faugh! lukewarm broth in a wineglass! Who could play upon that? Wiesbaden-bands, gardens, and tables-d'hôte at impossible hours. But, halte-là! I have forgotten Hombourg, the land of the one zero and the rare après. For once the decision of the judge is reversed; and I beg your pardon, Wiesbaden, but you are third! Hombourg is a 'stayer,' and runs on winter and summer. Play is heavy there too, and society plentiful. Hospitable people give incessant dinners, the music is good, and there is a glass house to keep off the rain. They talk of fishing and shooting. I apply the Indian word 'Bosh!' to those vague ideas. I like Hombourg; but I love Baden. Play is incessant, the rooms large and airy, capital music all day; and from concerts to grandes chasses there is nothing that the administration is not ready to offer you. Baden itself is so pretty that nobody wants to go out of it; but if they do, it is imbedded in such lovely scenery that any walk or drive, any outing to breakfast or picnic, is sure of scenery and decorations worthy of Gye. You never need go near the tables. Unlike Potsdam, jamais nous ne conjugaissons pas le même verbe ennui. Ennui is unknown at Baden, even when your valet sounds the reveille after a bad night. Every one goes his own way and has his own amusement. Play comes with the night (if you wish it), and repentance in the morning, but only very slightly even if you lose, as you are engaged to fish, or shoot, or picnic, or kill the hours pleasantly. Kill Baden-Baden, and you destroy the 'innocent joys' of Europe for six weeks. Pause, moral Virtue, I beseech you, and do not be over-ridden by Propriety or frightened out of your senses by the demon of Play-that rouge-et-noir spectre. Close the tables, and you close German spas to a large moneyspending class, who, being very much bored, will, on the Continent, introduce private play into châteaux and circles by the sea-side; while in England grouse-lodges will echo with '7's the main, 7!' and the click of the roulette-wheel irritate the fathers and mothers of respectable English country-houses. Man will play; don't let him play on his friend.





ONLY A DREAM

Only a summer dream,
Sport of an idle day,
A meadow range, a word beside the stream,
A parting and—away!

Only a dream of Love,
Of heart inclined to heart,—
As clouds that in the blue of heaven meet,
As white clouds cling and part.

We dream'd and we awoke;
No more! But ah, for dreams
Engender'd of the subtle light of Love,
Bright with its iris gleams!

Again the meadow flowers,

The waters rippling speed,

The willows wave as in the dream; but I,

Why should I, waking, heed?

Shadows of leaf and bird
Fall on the sunny grass,
But over it the shadow that I love
Never again shall pass.

The summer voices blend
In music as of yore,
But from the melody has dropt a note:
There will be song no more.

The glory and the wealth
Of Nature all things share,
But in my heart is no responsive throb
That tells me it is fair.

Back on the sunny dream
I turn an aching gaze,
But the clear splendour of its glory throws
A shadow on my days.

WILLIAM BAWYER.

ONE SUMMER MONTH

BY MARK HARDCASTLE, AUTHOR OF 'THE ARRANDEL MOTTO'

IN Two PARTS:-PART II.

THEY were playing 'In sweetest harmony' when we went into church this morning; and while I was wondering whether Handel would have recognised it, the pew-openeress came to select us from the flock (and herd) within the door, and take us softly up the matted There had come into the assembly a man in a gold ring ar and goodly apparel, and he must be led to the uppermost seats. I for lowed him respectfully, Dick followed me (the two old ladies had be sitting for full forty minutes in that seat close to the pulpit). woman stopped, and laid a benign hand on the open door of uppermost seat, holding her head high and her eyes afar off while we passed in, as is the manner of pew-openers. The harmonium gasped a little, 'In sweetest harmony' subsiding into sweeter silence and what Captain Arthur calls the involuntary was over. Standin up then, my eyes straying a little, I noticed near the door of the pew in front of me a shining mass of bright fair hair, and caught sight too of a small sweet face under the veriest little mockery of bonnet. I tried to look away from it : I tried to follow the word of the service; I tried to glance down at Captain Arthur, who stooso tall and still close to the door of our pew, exactly behind he But I could not do either. The pure little face haunted me. The words sighed round the building without entering my heart, and had not courage to meet Captain Arthur's look.

'A good sermon, I should fancy,' said Mrs. Cortley, in her so —ft hushed voice, as Captain Arthur helped her to her chair; 'but I d

not manage to hear it very well.'

Poor old lady! it is years and years since she managed to he a sermon very well; yet she is always there, and who knows what speechless good her heart receives?

'No wonder you did not hear, Mrs. Cortley,' I said, prompt ly

and truthfully to-day. 'I did not hear a single word.'

'Didn't you?' asked Dick. 'O, I heard "Jacob" quite plain.

'Did you really, Dick?' inquired Captain Arthur, laughing heartily. 'What a little pitcher you must be! I heard nothing distinctly except the harmonium, and I felt inclined to offer earthly all for permission to groan aloud, or put in the stops.' seyes turned away suddenly. 'Dick, there is a seal down the Come and see. We won't be a couple of minutes.'

They went off together; the Bath-chair rolled slowly away; down the churchyard walked Eunice Ivin with two other girls, who left her at the gate. This was the chance I wanted. I walked down the street exactly before her, and presently my little crimson Prayer-book fell in the dusty road.

'Excuse me!' a young pleasant voice was speaking to me, 'you have dropped your book, I think.'

'Mine? No, surely not mine?'

I asked it very coolly, but my hand shook stupidly when I took it from her and slowly opened it, seeking the name.

'Will you wait one moment, while I look if it is mine?'

She was walking on beside me, as I had intended she should, and I talked on as I turned the leaves. Yes, it was mine I discovered, after some little research; and I was so glad she had happened to see it. I had dropped it once before, but fortunately Dick had found it. It was certainly not doomed to be lost. Was she coming my way? She had no choice left her then, and we two walked on together. I do not know what we said; I only felt that my end was gained. We can never again meet as utter strangers. As I turned from bidding her good-bye, Captain Arthur came up with Dick; but he passed us without a word, and went into the house. Since then, though, I think he has been even more kind and loving than before.

Captain Arthur is gone for a day's fishing at Bundrowse, but before he went he ordered a jaunting-car to take Dick and me to the landslip. I hardly know how it happens, except that I am so determined about it, but I get Eunice to come with us. I tell her I am timid about taking Dick alone to the mountains. I tell her I have no friend whom I can ask to go with me. I entreat her with painful earnestness, and at last, half laughing at me, she consents.

I leave word for the car to follow us, and walk on with Eunice and Dick. Now that my aim is achieved, I feel timid and nervous; more so the more I try to shake it off. It is a beautiful morning; 'too beautiful to last,' Eunice says, as we look up into the unfathomable blue. We have an hour's start of the car; so we walk leisurely, in no hurry for its arrival, it is so pleasant to walk against this soft caressing wind.

Dick carries a parcel in his hand, on the contents of which we intend to regale later on. Suddenly comes from him a pathetic little cry.

'O, Jean, look there!'

Looking there, I find that a juvenile Paddy has dexterously abstracted the parcel of cakes from Dick's hand, and is whistling deliberately as he saunters down the street. I turn, and reach him panting.

'Mebbe ye'r ladyship's looking for a lad as stole the little un' tarts? Ah, sure y'are. Well, he's running yonder. See him!'

The audacious little rascal points to an unoffender who is on his way harmlessly to the shore; but as I can see the broken pastry crammed into a filthy ragged pocket under my very eyes, and fee that it would be difficult for us to refresh ourselves on the dirt is which it is embedded, I return discomfited. The hearty laugh over this breaks the ice on my voice, and we go on cheerfully. The rive lies before us now, the broad, shallow, rippling river, which says a plainly as watery lips can speak, 'Come and wade.' We cross the dusty bridge, then seat ourselves upon a low stone wall on the road side to wait for the car.

'We had better not loiter,' the driver says, as we take our seates' In fact, though it is fine enough so furr, the clouds make for the Bray's face.'

'If we had been wise,' adds Eunice, 'we should have brough

our waterproofs; they would have been no trouble.'

We are such a light weight (if that isn't Irish), that the car jolt rather unpleasantly; yet we enjoy our six or seven miles' drive toc and are almost surprised to find it over so soon. We put ourselve under professional guidance, and ascend the mountain. How w enjoy it, all three of us! I don't know which is most eager anexcited; I know which is least so though, and that is Dick. At first it is only strolling lazily up a smooth green slope, beside which therlies the dry cradle of a little mountain stream. After we have lef this, and reached the rocks, I fancy it is like climbing in Switzerland; and Eunice says it is rather, and tells us some of her adventures there. And now the guide points out to us the (in this part of the world) celebrated Slip in the Mountains. We stand in the rent which is left by the severance of the rock: a narrow pass, on either side of which a wall of rock, smooth as glass, rises to a giddy height; the narrow opening in front framing a most perfect little picture. We stand entranced for so long, that when we turn to the opposite opening again, we see the clouds hang heavily a long way The coming down is best of all, I think, as we start. Climbing, except that one feels pleasantly excelsiorish, is rather slow and wearisome work, with one's back to the view, and one's breatle short. But the coming down is magnificent; the fresh mountain wind in one's face, the wide prospect before one, and the difficulties worth battling with. I hold Dick tightly by the hand, partly because he holds me, and partly because I am afraid to trust his little lingering feet. In one place the guide has to make stairs for us with his hands and shoulders. In one place he tries to frighten us by saving that because we walk so freelike on the Bray, he has brought us this way, where the view is best; but one false step here would be certain death.

We are in the safe part again now, and we stand a moment resting; taking our hats off to let the wind blow against our hot faces. I, with Dick in my hand, challenge Eunice to a race, but the guide interferes. There are odd stumbly places still, he says; it would not be safe to run. Dick's face is turned up to the sky, his hat in his hand.

'Jean, I felt one great big spot of rain,' he says.

Eunice puts on her hat hastily.

'A storm in these mountains is terrible,' she says. 'Come Quickly down.'

I raise my face incredulously, and a heavy drop falls on my lips.

long time after, as it seems, another drops lazily on my eyelid.

They seem to come singly, and so far apart, that I smile into Dick's axious face. But by the time my hat is on and his hand tight in time again, they are falling quick and straight, and the clouds are thering down upon us.

Shall he take the little gentleman in his arms? the guide asks;

but Dick clings the closer to me.

'Keep beside that young lady,' I entreat him; 'and let us see

You before us, that we may follow.'

They go on in front; but it is such slow and difficult work now that we are walking through the blinding clouds, that sometimes they leave us far behind, and sometimes, though they may be close us, we cannot see them at all. The thunder rolls among the rocks behind us; rolls down after us as we hurry on, and passing, its angry sound is lost in the distance.

'Jean,' shudders Dick, his two hands clutching my fingers, 'O, isn't it almighty?' And before I answer, he has let me go, and is kneeling in the soaked grass, his hands raised and folded. I cannot stop his involuntary prayer. I stand and wait until he rises. Then he takes my hand again, and we feel our way on against the blinding rain. The lightning flashes terribly across our path; Dick's breath comes heavily: but he does not answer me a word when I attempt to encourage him.

'The bottom cannot be far away now, Dick; and I can see the others in front.'

Among the rocks above us peals the thunder, crashing from corner to corner of the mountain with its mighty reverberation; and again Dick falls upon his knees. Again I cannot stop him, and stand helplessly gazing at the little wet rapt face, until he rises, and starts on again in nervous haste.

'It is better for us not to loiter here, Dick,' I say gently; 'and we shall be home all the sooner.'

The little hand in mine tightens, but no words come. I fancy the guide is calling to us, but my feeble answer is lost amid the mightier sounds. I think the rain is slackening a little, and I am

just going to tell Dick so, when it suddenly gathers all its strengt th, and comes down upon us in a solid sheet of water. In its first ruse is it blinds me, but I feel Dick's hand slip from mine; and then I can see the little saturated figure kneel again, with upturned head, from which the rain falls drearily.

O, Dick, my dear, my dear, you must not stay!

But I may as wisely speak to the quick lightning flash that dar—ts
before my eyes. I can only wait until he rises. Then once mor—c,
hand in hand, we grope our way. The flashes, following each oth—cr
quickly now, show me how the rain pours down the green hillsid—c,
like a shallow restless river. In the bed of the stream—which had
been dry as we went up—the water dashes with a low deep rush th
is plainly heard through all the grander sounds. I cry to Dick
keep his feet firm and sure, and hold me tightly; but no answeri
word comes back from him. Through all the storm I think I he
a faint and far-off cry. Perhaps the guide is shouting loudly to
but it comes up to me as a very whisper. The black clouds a
torn apart again, and the fire straight from heaven rolls down t
wet green way before us. One rapid thunder-clap seems to shiv
the rocks behind us.

'No, no!' I cry wildly and authoritatively, for Dick has dropp my hand again, and has his own locked high above his head. stoop and throw my wet arms round him, and the little face, whi as death, falls on my shoulder. In the quick fierce light some of springs up the slope and catches Dick in one arm. For a mome the other arm is thrown round me, but I draw back; and with little cry of relief and gratitude, I hurry down the hill at Capta Arthur's side.

I

In the shadow of the stormy mountain there nestles a comforless little cabin, and into this he goes with Dick in his arms. There is a smouldering turf fire on the ground, and the guide is tryinwith his mouth to blow it into a blaze. At the farther end of the desolate little kitchen Eunice stands at the window, looking at the murky sky through its patched panes. I join her slowly, my we dress trailing behind me over the uneven stones.

'Miss Ivin, what can I do to prevent your taking cold from

this? O, how I blame myself for bringing you!'

'I was mad, I think, to come,' she says; but I know she is no

thinking of the rain.

Captain Arthur in his mackintosh, Dick's head still lying of his shoulder, comes up to me. I am close to Eunice, but she need not be within a hundred miles, for all the notice that he takes of her.

'It seems that there is no woman belonging to this cottage - Miss Royes. There is no chance either of drying your dresses of of procuring others. I brought rugs and waterproofs on my ear -

which is waiting; for I felt a storm was coming. What do you say? Had we not better go back at once?'

'It would be far safer,' I say, looking at Dick; then I turn to Eunice, 'I am so very much afraid that Miss Ivin will catch cold.'

She had come in a muslin dress with nothing extra over it. Captain Arthur's eyes cannot help following mine, and when he sees her standing so, drearily soaked, her small face white and pained, a strange look flits across his eyes—a look of fearful yearning. Perhaps he feels it there, for he bends down and looks at Dick while he speaks again.

'It will be best and safest to make haste home. I dismissed your car, for the man was in a sorry plight and temper. You must

stop one moment, though, and take the dose I prescribe.'

The guide had brought out a chubby little stone bottle, and in two minutes we are all imbibing the great Irish nationality, whiskypunch. I have never tasted it before; I hope I need never taste it again.

The car comes round from somewhere under cover, and Captain Arthur draws the rugs and cloaks one by one out of the well of it, burying Dick in his own inverness, and fixing him in a corner of one seat. Then he holds a cloak for me. It is Mrs. Cortley's long blue waterproof, and I take it from his hand and wrap it round Eunice, enveloping her from top to toe. Moving a little, Captain Arthur turns half round to her.

'I must lift you up, Miss Ivin, I suppose. Here, beside Dick,

if you please.'

I come between them coolly, in my gray tweed, which does not half cover me—and no wonder, not having been bought this year, or the year before, or the year before that.

'I must sit by Dick, please. Would you object to the other

side, Miss Ivin ?'

I do not venture to look at Captain Arthur as I say it; but I see his outstretched hand shake a little. He ties a shawl over my head in an excessively unbecoming manner, and tucks a great rug well round me; then he smiles into my almost hidden face.

' Take care of yourself as well as of Dick.'

I do not turn when he is on the other side assisting Eunice; and when, after taking his seat beside her, he leans upon the well between us and tries to talk to me, I tell him I am too stiffly pinioned to turn an atom, and so keep my head away. I have again achieved what I wish. They surely cannot sit together there in silence all the way home, as they sit now. I watch the rain growing more and more gentle in its fall; I watch the trees rustle their brightened leaves delightedly; I count the cabins we pass; I guess whether we shall next meet a man or woman, and wait anxiously to see if I am right. I listen steadily while our driver, forgetting his

natural politeness in a desire to make himself as comfortable — as possible in unpleasantly moist circumstances, sings softly to himself. I learn the words without difficulty, and quietly sing the mem with him.

'O, I care not for the thistle,
And I care not for the rose;
For when the cold winds whistle
Neither down nor crimson shows.
But like hope to him that's friendless,
Where no gaudy flower is seen,
By our graves, with love that's endless,
Waves our own true-hearted green.'

That is all; and I should think I repeat it with him half-a-do zen times, hardly knowing what the words mean. Once or twice D ick speaks to me timidly, but I dare not trust myself to turn to him when I answer. I am closing my eyes upon the fading light and beauty of my life.

Crannigan is at the door, as we drive up to Brighton-terra-Captain Arthur's side of the car is next her, and she seizes Euni-

Come in at once,' she says; 'we have fires ready for your Come in, for this is most dangersome. I think Mrs. Ivin has be kept at some friend's house through the storm—at any rate she not at home—so you must come in. Don't stay out here, any you, unless you want your deaths.'

There is a good fire in my bedroom, and Eunice and I chan

of

our dresses there at once; I talking merrily, she very silent.

Crannigan is rather hurriedly putting Dick to bed; she does no care to be away from her mistress, even for this little time. have brought Eunice in a soft delicate pink dress, and when she puts it on, and brushes out her rich fair hair-leaving it dows because it has been so wet, only knotting back the locks on her temples-my eyes grow dim and aching. She is so pretty-so very, very pretty—and I am taking her up to Captain Arthur. in his evening dress, no sign of rain about him, stands looking out upon the brightening sky. I see him start a little when Eunice stops at the same window, but he does not speak while we describe our adventures. But when we sit down to our dinner-tea-Eunice on his right hand, I far away on the other side, beyond Cranniganhe rouses himself, and talks rather fast and nervously. We have what any one would call a gay meal, but the gaiety is solely kept up by Captain Arthur and myself; while in my heart I am longing to be beside Dick in my silent room.

'Where is your provokingly exacting appetite?' he asks quiz-

zically, looking at my plate.

He looks at me perpetually this evening; just as if he were afraid of looking otherwhere.

'Here,' I answer lightly, 'but satisfied for the present.'

'Yet you have tasted nothing since breakfast but mountain breezes and soft water.'

Tea is over, and I am glad to rise without answering. For a long time we stand about the windows doing and saying almost nothing. We are all getting very tired of it, when Mrs. Cortley, in her weak voice, asks Eunice to sing. A tired look creeps into the girl's eyes, but she goes to the piano at once; little guessing, I daresay, what a wretched one it is. Her breath comes so fast, as she draws out the stool, that I whisper to her not to mind. She takes no notice of this, and I can see that she has made up her mind to it. I always carry some capital voice-jujubes, and I pass her the box quietly; but she shakes her head with a smile, and begins to play. The pure true voice has a strange pathos, which I can hardly bear to hear; but I wait until the song is over, watching the change in Captain Arthur's half-hidden face. Then I creep from the room.

'Jean, Jean,' whispers Dick, as I bend over him in the shadowy twilight, 'I've so wanted you. Crannigan didn't let me say my prayers.'

I take him in my arms, but he shrinks away.

Draw down the blind, Jean; the top one.'

. Why, darling? The little blind is up; no one can see in.'

* Please to draw it down, Jean. I ought to have said them before, and the angels will be surprised. Please draw it down.'

Smiling at the shame in the innocent little face, I do so at once. No sound of singing comes down now from the windows above.

'Jean,' Dick whispers, as I kiss the little white cheeks on the pillow, 'we won't go to a mountain again, will we?'

' Not yet, dear.'

'O, but no, no, not at all. O, Jean, what a very, very wet place heaven must be!'

Leaning there beside him, I try to show him how little this is so; and the light creeps slowly from the room. I have heard Eunice leaving, and now that Dick is asleep I go upstairs. Mrs. Cortley and Crannigan must have gone to bed; for when I go into the drawing-room, Captain Arthur is there alone.

'Jean,' he says, holding both his hands to me as I go towards

him to say good-night, 'don't go yet.'

I lay my cold hands in his; I look up frankly and fully into his

'Why? Do you want to ask me something?'

'Yes; two things.'

'And may I ask you two things afterwards?'

'With pleasure, dear. I want to know why you acted so today. Why did you take Miss Ivin with you?' 'I wanted company. I had no idea that it would rain, and you yourself would come and fetch us.'

'I should have come any way. I always intended to. I never

stay away from you longer than I can help, Jean.'

My heart is beating wildly; the red is burning in my face. I try to keep the joy of love from rushing into my eyes, as he stands so looking down into them. I try to draw my hands away, but I can do neither.

'This is my other question, dear: will you never let any one come between you and me again? Will you be my dear, dear wife?'

The red has all left my face; my eyes grow wide and bewildered in their effort to look frankly and easily still into his kind brave face-

'Captain Arthur,' I say, and my voice is unsteady and unfamiliar, 'I cannot read my own heart yet. I want to read it, and I cannot. Will you wait for your answer?'

'How long, Jean? O, do not keep me long, my dear!'

'Until the last night we are here—the night before we leave.'

I try to think there is no hope in this request, only pity for myself.

'If you wish it so, dear, it shall be. I shall hope through my

waiting.

'On that last night I will tell you even without your asking me again. Now I may ask you my questions. Why did you—don't look angry at me; I will never speak of it again—why did you turn from your first love?'

Both his voice and his eyes are very angry when he answers:

'I told you I would answer what you asked, and I will. You do not spare me. She believed a lying calumny: she believed that I—could woo her for—her fortune's sake. Remember, you have promised never to speak of this again.'

'She never did believe that - she never could,' I say coolly.

'What makes you think she did?'

'I know it; she told me herself,' he answers with stern suppressed passion. 'A speech of my father's had been repeated to her as mine. The mistake was easily made, our names being the same; but she might have known. However, she believed it. What need to argue how she could?'

'And you parted bitterly?'

'Bitterly, of course. How else should we part?'

'And you have been strangers to each other ever since?'

'Strangers certainly; and shall be strangers for all time to come. It is better so.'

As he says that, a quick wild joy throbs in my pulses. Is it better so?

'There is another question,' I say very slowly. 'Shall you never ask her of this? never ask her if she meant what you think?

never give her the opportunity of telling you the truth—an opportunity she could hardly make for herself?'

'She has told the truth before. I have no desire for its repeti-

'Will you never speak to her again—not even once—as you must have spoken so many, many times?'

*Never! he returns, a quick hot passion in his eyes, which dies as quickly as it rises, and leaves them very sad and unsatisfied. 'I have sworn never to speak so to her again of my own accord; and she is not very likely to do it. Let her go, Jean. How can you—even you—dare to ask me these things? You cannot know what an old wound you touch.'

'Yes; I think I know,' I whisper in untold pain. 'Will you try to answer me once more? You think that the old love is quite, quite dead now?'

'Yes; O yes.'

There is a wonderful eagerness in his low reply—an eagerness that falls bitterly on my ears.

'I have asked all now,' I say wearily.

'And you will kindly and pitifully answer my one question at last?'

'Kindly and pitifully, yes.'

'On the last night?' he whispers.

'On the last night.'

He puts his hands gently on my shoulders, and looks at me with an odd look, that is almost apologetic.

'Dear Jeanie, I will try with all my heart to make you happy.'

The waves rush feverishly and impetuously upon the rocks tonight. As I bury my face on my pillow in the darkness, it seems
as if they are hurrying me with them. How long is it since I listened and fancied that they repeated in laughing scorn the Yorkshire
farmer's cry; 'Proputty, proputty!' There was a smaller word I
had said then, which had more power to sway our hearts than that
could ever have. To-night I feel its strength in other hearts than
my own; and I cannot battle with it there as I can battle with it
in my own. Let the pitiful sadly-bright old dream drift from me
on the hurrying tide. And yet—and yet—it tarries still, just here
below my hand.

Our last day in Bundoran. How quickly it is passing! One long, bright, sunny smile the sky has worn since sunrise. It is evening now, and Dick is come in to rest. He has not been quite well since our wetting at the Landslip, and is oddly nervous, always looking out for rain, and afraid of venturing beyond the reach of shelter. I have been sitting with him a long time, telling him story after story. Now, that he may rest quietly, I have given him a

needle and cotton and some scraps of silk; and he has promised to make me a pincushion. The bath-chair is coming over the bridge and Captain Arthur meets it, and walks back beside it. Crannigatis more fidgety to-day than usual; her rheumatism is threatening her, she says.

The chair stops at the door, and Captain Arthur speaks up me, without raising his voice. Will I have a little stroll before tea...?

'There will be no time,' Crannigan puts in; 'the tea is ordered early because of Dick' (tea is always ordered early when Crannig feels any threatening). 'Cannot you go after?'

"I think we can," Captain Arthur says, glancing comically me, as he joins us, and threads Dick's needle for him awkwardled to the says and threads Dick's needle for him awkwardled to the says and threads Dick's needle for him awkwardled to the says and the says are the says and the says are the says and the says are the says are

night.'

Ah, so it is. A soft caressing moonlight bathes the sea and shore as I rise from the tea-table, and give one swift eager glance and down the croquet-ground. There are several loitering figures there. One, very small and childish-looking, is standing apart no and alone; for the gentleman who has been talking with her is summoned to arrange a game.

'Where are you going, Jean?' Dick asks before he begins begins

work.

'To look my last upon the sea. I shall not be long, dear.'

Captain Arthur follows me from the room, and takes down his h

'I cannot look my last upon the sea if you come, Captain Arthu I say as lightly as I can; 'you are a distracting element.'

'This is our last night, Jean,' he whispers, looking anxious-ly

into my face. 'Do you forget what you are going to tell me?'

'Yes; this is our last night,' I answer, my lips trembling little, 'and I do not forget. I am going to the Downs; will y-come for me in half an hour?'

'If you would rather that, than that I come now.'

'Yes, I would.'

He looks at his watch, and I go out quietly, shutting the do behind me. Passing Eunice, I speak to her entreatingly.

'I am going to say good-bye to the Atlantic. Do come wi

at

me ; I am so solitary !'

I think she looks astonished; but she instantly drops the mall she holds, and turns with me. Side by side we walk up the terra and cross the Downs, each of us failing signally in all attempts conversation.

'You really leave town to-morrow, then?' Eunice says at lasst,

when we have passed a long silence.

'Really. And so I want a last pleasant look at the moon sea. I feel somehow as if I should never see this wild wester coast again.'

'Are you going eastward, then, for good?' Eunice asks, with the very faintest little laugh.

'I should like to go as far eastward as possible,' I say slowly;

I think it would be for good.'

'I fancy you will live within reach of Bundoran,' Eunice continues, glancing nervously at me.

I know what she means, and I say calmly that I suppose Omagh

would be considered within reach of Bundoran.

'I hope I may see you again some day,' she says kindly and sadly.

'I hope so. I hope you will some day come to Omagh.'

No; Eunice does not seem inclined to talk of this. I try another speech.

'We are breaking up our party as well as leaving here, I am sony to say. Captain Arthur goes to Dublin to-morrow.'

No answer.

'It will make a great difference to me.'

Because she does not answer, even yet, I have to speak again.

'We shall miss him sorely; he has made it so pleasant here; but I don't think he has been quite happy himself, do you?'

I make that speech a question, to oblige some reply.

'How can I know?'

There is such a thrill of deep-lying sorrow in her voice, that I dare not venture to look at her. We have reached the low stone wall that bounds the edge of the cliff, and both stand leaning against it, our faces turned to the sea, where the pure and holy smile of moonlight lies.

'I fancied you would know,' I say, with an odd calmness which

surprises even myself, 'because you have known him so long.'

But you know him best now.'

Her tiny fingers are locked together on the wall with a pained

clasp.

'Yes, I know him best now,' I answer, 'because I know, and Fou do not, how his heart has been sometimes torn by a girl's heedless words. And I know, and you do not, how impossible it is that any one except that girl herself can ever quite, quite heal it.'

A pair of frightened incredulous eyes, that have filled with a sudden awakening light, meet mine, and I smile as naturally as I

can into their questioning depths.

Just walking into sight now up to the Downs comes Captain Arthur, looking to the right and left. Eunice does not see him, and we stand quite still there at the wall. As he comes on quickly, looking very tall on the moonlit grass, he sees us both together, and starts and hesitates. I see him take out his watch, and hold it high to read the figures. Then he comes slowly on to my side.

'Are you ready?'

His gentle cold tone strikes me oddly; strikes Eunice oddly too, for the little clenched hands on the stones open and close again rapidly.

'Not quite ready, Captain Arthur,' I say, softly laying my hand on hers; 'I want to say good-bye to Miss Ivin, and I cannot bear

to do it.'

He turns half away from us, and waits.

Ah, if they turn from each other now, what glory may not this brilliant moonlight shed on my own life! That one quick bad thought lives only for a moment; a sudden quiet courage comes to me. I stand between them, feeling a great, great deal older than either of them.

'Eunice,' I say, 'I feel as if amongst us three there was something that might and ought to be explained—something that might and ought to be forgiven. Is it for you to do? or for me? or for Arthur?'

For a moment she looks at me half bewildered; then she raises her white quivering face to his with piteous earnestness.

'For me,' she whispers, 'for me; and I will say it here, if

Arthur will listen, before you go away together and leave me.'

'Yes, before we go away together. O, what is it, Eunice, dear? See how he listens!'

Once, a long time ago-it seems a long time ago to methey told me of a silly speech that had been made by Captain Arthur Cortley. I never really believed that it was you who said it, Arthur, even then when I pretended to. That you could love me for anything except my own poor self I never, never believed for one single moment. But having heard it as of you; having heard that you had said my fortune was my charm, I told you, and pretended that I thought it true, just to tease you, like the silly girl I am. I never fancied that in your heart you would believe, because in my own heart I never thought of doing so; and the more stern and angry you grew, the more I teased you, until I was really frightened of your wrath, and sent you away. I never fancied when you went that you had gone for ever. When I found it was so-when I really felt it was so-it made me proud and angry too, as well as sad-very sad. Now, before you go away together, I would like to ask you to forgive me, Arthur.'

One swift searching look he flashed into her face, then the crimson rushes to cheek and brow. When he speaks, his voice

sounds as I have never heard it sound before.

'Eunice, I believe now that those were careless, thoughtless words; not cruelly planned, as I fancied, to shatter my pride and faith in you and in myself. I understood them as they were never meant to be understood. I see it now; and very penitently I ask you to forgive me.'

He holds out his firm right hand, and she meets it with her little nervous fingers all trembling. Then, with a swift pained gesture, which I understand quite well, he turns to me:

'Now, Jeanie, can you bid good-bye to Eunice? I am waiting to take you. dear.'

'I can bid good-bye to Eunice now,' I say, standing close beside her, and softly touching her upon the shoulder, 'because she has her dear old friend again; and, having her dear old friend again, things are just as they used to be for him and for herself. One word, dear Eunice, now that you two are so much to each other—so near, so true—will you open your heart a little wider yet, and let me creep in too, and taste the sweetness of a sister's love?'

The little arms are thrown around me, and the fair bright head is sobbing on my breast. Over the clinging form, I look up at Arthur, crushing back the tears from my eyes.

'Even this is not all I long for, Captain Arthur. If I ask you to let me call you brother, because I have no brother in the world; and if you mean that I may, without caring to say it to me in words,—if you would like me to understand this, then show me so by taking my little sister from me—now, before my heart is broken by her tears!'

One moment more, and it is on his breast that she is sobbing; and he knows that the question which I had to answer is answered now.

We walk home together very slowly in the moonlight, Captain Arthur and I, for he is talking of Eunice. And while I listen to the tender passion of gladness in his voice, I know that it is better he should be talking so of her, than talking, as it used to be so good to hear him talk, to me. Their home is to be my home, he says, as he lingers with me; but I know that cannot be. him, smiling into his happy face, that I have a home with his grandmother immeasurably superior to that; and while I say it, my rebellious thoughts are hushed by the one sweet consciousness that there is another home to come—a home in which there are no unsatisfied desires—where every hope will have a full assurance. I say good-night to Captain Arthur at the door, and go and sit alone for a time in the empty drawing-room. Presently I open the window very softly, and lean out. No one is about. It is too late for loiterers even here; but surely I may lengthen to the full this last bright day of mine. The happy summer, I say to myself, with a Srim little smile, is gone like a pleasant dream at getting-up time; and the horizon is black and heavy with coming work. After to-mor-Tow I shall fall back again into the old routine. Ah! I think even mothers must sometimes grow a little weary of children's society, if they have it always and only. Not often, of course; but I think that sometimes even they must grow a little, little weary. The calm moon-brightened waves flow softly in upon the rocks, as if never since the Great Beginning have they been 'vext with waste dreams.' But are any of our dreams really waste? That question neither the sea nor my own heart can answer me, and resting my chin upon my hand, I gaze up into the far, far sky, where the pure moon rides slowly on her way. And there at last I find an answer.

I start back, my breath quickening; for, slowly walking from the place where he found us to-night, comes Captain Arthur. Suddenly my mind changes. Though it makes my cheeks burn, I lean forward again, and wait for him to come up. Then, coolly and

easily, I call down:

'Good-night, Captain Arthur!'

He looks up with a start.

'Good-night, Jean! What are you doing there?'
'Shutting the windows. Isn't it a splendid night?'

'Yes.'

'Almost too beautiful to shut out, or to shut oneself in from, isn't it?'

'Yes.'

'But one must do it, I suppose. There must come an end to every pleasant day. Haven't we had a pleasant one to-day?'

'Have you, Jean? Have you really had a pleasant day, dear?'
There is a real anxiety in both voice and face, which vanishes

as my light laughing answer comes.

'I always guessed my last would be a happy day, and my guesses are always right. But I must shut it out now. I believe actually that the hotel is locked up, and you will not be able to get to your room. If that is how it is to end for you, you will not think it such a pleasant day as I do. Good-night again.'

I think I may always keep the memory of the glad smile he

gives me as he answers me:

'God bless you, Jeanie dear! Good-night.'

I close the window now, and rise from my kneeling attitude with a great relief. Two dear, dear friends have been given me in one summer; and though their lives may be all spent far from me, I feel sure that in their hearts will rest a little constant, passionless love for their new sister.

'Perhaps to some a romance, such as this of mine has been, is given for a lifetime,' I say to myself, wandering down the silent stairs; 'but some have never known it even for a day. I am very thankful for my happy summer month.'

'There is a land of pure delight.'

Dick is sitting up in bed, singing to keep himself awake for me, he says, for the pincushion is in bed with him. 'I finished it in bed, Jean, all by myself here,' he tells me, in

calm, proud, expectant voice. 'Get a light and look.'

I get a light and look. Its glories are disclosed to me very radually, lest I might lose all mastery over myself. I am considerply impressed, not to say dazzled; but when at last I feel able to uise my eyes from it, I start back, staring oddly at Dick's small hite face.

- 'Oliver, what have you done to yourself?'
- 'Nothing.'
- 'Where is your hair?'
- 'My hair? O, in the pincushion.'
- I gasp feebly as I gaze. The front half of the child's head is s closely cropped as scissors can crop it.
 - 'O, Dick, Dick, what did you do it for?'
- 'You just put a pin in the pincushion, Jean, and see how easy goes,' he says, a great anxiety in his serious little shorn face, and then you'll know.'

ARISTOLOGY

Apr and keen was Sydney Smith's retort to the atheistic French man who bored him at the dinner-table by annihilating the Diving ity, and proving to his own satisfaction that this marvellous world come into existence without a Creator. Presently there came an entries so delicious that the Frenchman grew enthusiastic in reference to its merits. 'Surely,' exclaimed Sydney, 'you don't believe in a cook!'

I believe in cooks. Garrick's oft-quoted line-

'God sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks'-

is only a half-truth. Doubtless the devil sends all sorts of stupidity, being himself pater stultorum, and the easy victim of any moderately clever fellow, from St. Dunstan downwards; but there is no such treasure as a good cook, and it would be impious to maintain that a personage so useful is a diabolical gift. We boast of modern scientific discoveries, and laugh at Charles Lamb's famous essay on Roast Pig as purely mythical; but depend on it that the inventor of the application of fire to food (was it Professor Prometheus?) hit upon something much greater than any of our contemporary professors. Homer describes the cooking feats of his heroes, and their powers of eating and drinking, with just as much gusto as their prowess in arms and their achievements in council. And, to skip three thousand years or so, what says Byron to his publisher?

'Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The Art of Cookery and mine,
My Murray!'

Byron was right, I suspect: the publisher estimated books according to their sale, caring very little whether it was the amorous heat of giaours and corsairs, or the commonplace caloric of saucepans and bains-maries that warmed the public.

Aristology may be briefly defined as the science which provides for man his best meal in the best way. Now the very first question which occurs is—what time should this meal be eaten? Our ancestors dined at eleven, and there are still primitive folk in remote districts who dine at twelve. One has, however, become the recognised hour of labouring men and shopkeepers, and the like. But at such a time of day it can by no possibility be the noble meal which it ought to be; and my cordial wish for the man who is compelled to dine at one o'clock is, that he may have a cosy supper at eight or nine. Civilisation insists upon the late dinner, for rea-

sons which have been put with eloquent logic by De Quincey in his essay on the Casuistry of Roman Meals. 'When business,' he writes, 'was moderate, dinner was allowed to divide and bisect it. When it swelled into that vast strife and agony, as one may call it, that boils along the tortured streets of modern London or other capitals, men began to see the necessity of an adequate counter force to push against this overwhelming torrent, and thus maintain the equilibrium. Were it not for the soft relief of a six-o'clock dinner, the gentle demeanour succeeding to the boisterous hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass that in two years all nerves would sink before it. But for this periodic reaction, the modern business, which draws so cruelly on the brain and so little on the hands, would overthrow that organ in all but those of coarse organisation. Dinner it is—meaning by dinner the whole complexity of attendant circumstances—which saves the modern brain-working man from going mad.' Six o'clock was late when De Quincey wrote; it is now an early hour. But his theory is right. day's work, political, financial, literary, a man reaches that absolute senetum, his dressing-room. He shuts out critics, opponents, bulls and bears; he washes care away with his bath; he arrays himself in snowy linen, with mayhap a diamond or two on its surface, and Possibly a floral gem in the lappel of his coat. The day's turmoil is forgotten in the atmosphere of the dining-room. White cloth, delicate porcelain, bright glass and silver, a glow of flowers, a ruddy tinge of wine, above all the well-contented looks of his friends, make him cheerful at once. He is ready to dine. The meal, if properly conceived and arranged, comes upon him with the gradual beauty of a symphony, each step leading easily to the next, and the end being Perfection. Such a dinner demands the artistic accompaniment of charming conversation. In that colloquy there must be no argument; no politics, theology, Darwinism; only the play of intellect, the easy sparkle of wit, the best-natured gossip, the briefest anecdote, is permissible. Of course the ladies present are levely and lively, and understand that most delightful of arts, scientific flirtation. This being so, dinner will fulfil its mission—to recuperate the exhausted brain, and make a man ready, after a reasonable amount of sleep, to do his next day's battle with the world. he be wise, after a pleasant half hour amid the music and flowers of the drawing-room, he will eschew billiards, cigars, and cognac, and find his way to bed before midnight. The best 'nightcap,' save in the coldest weather, is something effervescent—say a pint of dry champagne.

The author of a pleasant little volume entitled A Visit to my discontented Cousin, lecturing upon dinner, makes these remarks: 'As to the eating and drinking part of it, I am comparatively, not

positively, indifferent; and would rather not dine at all the about or criticise my food; so that the edible be hot and to able be sound, I am content; although, to tell the truth, these requisites are of the rarest.' This is a very careless way of with a great question. But as there are

'Poets tune-deaf and painters colour-blind,'

so likewise there are men who imagine they like a good din have no sensitiveness of palate whatsoever. Hot meat and wine is all they profess to care about; and I don't often fin perfect judges of the soundness of wine: they are apt to esti by its price—a tendency that exists with regard to more thin wine in this money-loving island. However, the simple tr that a good dinner is a complex harmony; and men with une palates may just as well sit down to an ox whole-roasted and head of metheglin as attend a civilised and artistic table. have grand appetites, these fellows, and, I hope, are thankful blessing; but a man with an appetite and no taste is like a who hammers away at a piano without knowing a tune. To Macaulay's remark on Robert Montgomery's poetry, his di about as much like a real dinner as a Brussels carpet is like scape by Turner.

Extremes meet; here is the bill-of-fare of a little dinn posed to have been given by Alcibiades to Aristophanes and other gentlemen of Athens. If anybody objects that the at *The Birds* cut up Alcibiades rather savagely, and so they w likely to dine together, I can only ask him whether he had dined with his bitterest enemy. But here is the *menu*, c

translated from the choice Attic of the period:

Hors d'œuvres. Tunny with cucumber, Aphritis ancho olives.

Poisson. Mullet of Hymettus.

Entrée. A young puppy.

Relevés. Wild boar stuffed with thrushes, beccaficoes, and periwinkles; a two-livered Bisaltian hare.

Rôts. Birds of the river Phasio; a porphyrion that has

itself; attagen.

Entremêts. Cheesecake of milk, honey, and sesame; ass salad; Cydonian apples.

I regret to say there is no account of the wine.

And did those refined Athenians in the days of Pericles e pies? They did, and liked them. I suspect there are a goo edible things which we unwisely neglect. What can be m licious than the hind legs of frogs? With a glass of Chabli a nice light nutritive luncheon they would make on those he summer days, when eating seems scarcely practicable! In t

green walls of Silchester, or any other ruined Roman city, you may find lots of the big snails that the *domini terrarum* imported when they occupied this out-of-the-way island. Why does nobody eat them now?

However, as I have said, extremes meet: here is the bill-offare of a December diner de siège given by the Paris Jockey Club:

Hors d'œuvres. Radishes, herring mariné, onions à la Provençale, slightly salt butter, gherkins, and olives.

First course. Soup of slightly salted horse, with vegetables; assflesh cutlets, with carrots; mule's liver sauté aux champignons; horse's lights, with white sauce; carp à la matelotte; fried gudgeons; celery heads, with seasoning.

Second course. Quarter of dog braised; leg of dog roasted; rats cooked upon the ashes; rat pie, with mushrooms; eel \hat{a} la broche; salad of celery and small salad.

Dessert. Dutch cheese, apples, pears, marmalade au Kirsch, gâteau d'Italie au fromage de Chester.

This menu was composed by that renowned epicure Baron Brisse, who, in days before the war, was wont to publish one daily in the Liberté for the guidance of gourmets. The erudite Baron was wont to maintain that people who dined as he taught would never be in difficulties, but have as good an appetite on rent-day as on any other day in the year. Certes, it is something in favour of gastronomy, that amid the supreme peril of Paris Baron Brisse and his friends could cheerfully dine upon horse and dog and rat in the Chaussé d'Antin. It is an aristological triumph.

The Romans, as all men know, dined in their later days on a stupendous scale, and defied all the rules of aristology by their abominable excesses. When Cæsar visited Cicero at his villa, the great orator writes to Atticus thus: 'Post horam viii. in balneum; tunc audivit de Mamurra; vultum non mutavit; unctus est; accubuit; ἰμετικὴν agebat.' Mamurra was Cæsar's general of engineers, and also his master's chief associate in dissipation; and what he heard about him without change of countenance is supposed to have been the severe attack made upon him by the poet Catullus. The story is, that Cæsar, instead of revenging himself on the poet, asked him to dinner. Modern autocrats are not always so forgiving. However, the important point in the extract is that Cæsar, in order to do justice to Cicero's dinner, took an emetic.

Still, they were moderate men in those days when compared with their successors; epicurism had not entirely degenerated into gluttony. Under the emperors, Rome became the centre of all conceivable vices: all the rest of the world was taxed that its citizens, the fex Romuli, might be idlers in the land. When Hadrian first saw Alexandria, a city of business, in which everybody worked for his living, the spectacle amazed him. Alexandria and a myriad other

cities worked, that Rome might laze. The Roman's sole duty was to vote; he was made comfortable, in order to secure his voting as

the emperor desired. This is the natural issue of Cæsarism.

It is pleasant to notice that when emperors were gluttons, poets could be epicures. In the days of Domitian, the story of whose turbot Juvenal has immortalised, Martial was photographing life in Rome with inimitable felicity. No other period has had so terse and brilliant a painter. We have more than one example of the kine of dinner which the poet loved to give his friends: the pleasantes perhaps is the invitation to Turanicus. If we turn this into the language of the menu, it runs thus:

Hors d'œuvres. Cappadocian lettuce, leeks, tunny, with eggs. Relevés. Sausage, with white sauce; cauliflower, bacon an

beans.

Entremêts. Dried grapes, Syrian pears, Neapolitan chestnut-roasted.

Parched pears, boiled lupines, olives.

A simple dinner enough. As to bacon and beans, which Martisdescribes most picturesquely, I have eaten them in far-away farnsteads of generous Devon, and also at the Star and Garter at Rickmond; and have in both ways liked the viand. At any rate, the poet and his friend had pleasant converse over it.

> 'Parva est cœnula, quis potest negare? Sed finges nihil, audiesve fictum. Et vultu placidus tuo recumbes, Nec crassum dominus leget volumen.'

One is here reminded of Tennyson's semi-alcaic invitation to his friend Maurice:

> 'You'll have no scandal while you dine, But honest talk and wholesome wine, And only hear the magpie gossip Garrulous under a roof of pine.'

Of wine, however, the Roman poet on this occasion says nothing but in his invitation (x. 48) to half a dozen of his friends he promises

De Nomentana vinum sine fæce lagena, Quæ bis Frontino consule prima fuit.

Nomentum was a town fourteen miles from Rome, where Martial was lucky enough to possess a small farm; and the wine which he and his neighbours grew, though harsh and austere when new (i. 106), mellowed with years into a liquor equal to any Falernian or Cacuban. A great gift this. Not long ago a friend sent me some Mountain wine, bottled in the year 1800; it was delicious, but I suppose when bottled it must have been undrinkable.

Paris is, as I write, on the verge of starvation. Heaven knows when it will again be the city of choice dinners. Yet I do not despair: France is a country of infinite resources; its people have infinite

intellectual fertility; its soil is indescribably rich. When the Prussians have left the country, the grape will still grow on the slopes of the Coast of Gold and by the margin of Marne, the truffle will still be found at Brives-la-Gaillarde. But meanwhile it must not be supposed that aristology is not understood in London. Look at my friend Mr. Jerrold's Epicure's Year-Book for 1868 (why has there not yet been another volume?), and you will be surprised at the marvellous variety and the artistic conception of the menus which he has collected. Among the most curious is that of the Rouher dinner, given in 1862 at Willis's Rooms: it was written by Colonel Money. In this the attempt was successfully made to give the exact order of the dishes, and to indicate the precise wine and vegetable to be taken with each. Thus with epigrammes de pigeonneaux the diner was directed to drink claret-cup and eat black Hamburg grapes; with his venison to take dry champagne, melon, and French beans; with his ortolans, Château Yquem ; with his artichaux à la barigoule, tokay. These niceties may seem trivial to a man with vast appetite and ancultured palate; but they give what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call 'sweetness and light' to the banquet; they are the results of a subtle and recondite chemistry (or shall I say alchemy, since " rare dinner ends in golden pleasure, and sound wine is transformed into the diamonds of wit?), which renders impossible both indigestion and dissatisfaction. A dinner may be complex, yet atrocious; it may be simple, yet arranged to perfection. But a dinner without art is abominable: what says the gastronomic poet Berchoux?

> * Je ne vous tairai rien: si parfois on vous prie A diner sans façon et sans cérémonie, Refusez promptement ce dangeureux honneur; Cette invitation cache un piége trompeur. Souvenez-vous toujours, dans le cours de la vie, Qu'un diner sans façon est une perfidie.'

On this point I quite agree with him.

Poetry and aristology were never more pleasantly combined than at the Shakespeare dinner given in New York ten years ago, and devised by Colonel Sanderson. The bill of fare was perfect in both ways. Thus, after oysters on the half shell was underwritten,

'Sends This treasure of an oyster;'

and this hint as to the appropriate beverage,

'Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine;'

Bermuda potatoes were ushered in with

'Let the sky rain potatoes . . . From the still-vext Bermoothes;'

veal sweetbreads,

' Veal, quoth the Dutchman; is not veal a calf?'

asparagus,

Who comes so fast in silence of the night?"

boar's head,

'Like a full-acorned boar, a German one;'

tutti frutti ice-cream,

'Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;

and the dessert most aptly terminates with

'Some aqua-vitæ, ho!'

The art of aristology approaches perfection when it thus combinates with poetry and wit. I care less for the style of menu contrived for the dinner of the Palæontographic Society last April. When at say you to having to choose between 'Arnocopti herbei,' 'Pull uli sitotrephagroicicenses,' and 'Anaticulæ pisochumizenses'? Apart from the difficulty of recognising thus disguised lamb cutlets, spring chicken, ducks and green peas, the Greek and Latin terms we barbarously mixed—an offence to the scholar as great as that to the gourmet if you mixed his port and sherry in one decant er. Moreover they called their menu 'Scheda Prandii;' whereas pradium is not dinner at all, but a light matutinal snack.

I have already said a word or two as to the difficult art of dinne ertalk : reverting thereto, I may remark that aristological anecdote may fairly be introduced now and then. Nor surely is it infra dignita ale to talk of wines and their culture, or to quote the gastronomic fanciaries of poets and humorists—Thackeray on bouillabaisse, Sala on cavia Father Prout on eggs. You may relate how Baron Brisse indi nantly rebuked the ignorant person who declared that mayonnai was spelt with yen, observing that he talked of two distinct sauc -as in a mayennaise there is velouté, which does not occur in You may recall the palatal delicacy of the Count mayonnaise. Broussin, who could taste the mule's hoof in an omelette aux charpignons. Mushrooms, be it known, are only perfect when crushby the foot of a mule. You may tell of the terror of an Italia prince crossing the Alps with his people, when a mule and its ridfell over a precipice. 'The cook!' he exclaimed. 'Holy Virgin, it the cook?' 'It is Don Prosdocimo, your excellency.' 'On the chaplain: ah, the saints be praised!' If you are pathetic, the is the melancholy suicide of Vatel to narrate; if aphoristic, the aris tologists of old have many a lucid laconism at your service. is one: 'It is a popular error to say that where there is dinner for two, there is dinner enough for three; it ought to be, Where there is dinner for three, there is perhaps enough for two.' With which wis saying I end my desultory paper, wishing the courteous reader goo dinners and a healthy appetite thereto.

'Un poème jamais ne valut un dîner :'

how much less an essay!

MORTIMER COLLINS

SUMMER LIFE IN THE STATES

From the middle of June to the end of October, New York, and most of the other principal cities of the States, such as Philadelphia and Boston—the ephemeral life of Washington ends with the break up of Congress—resemble London greatly as it appears during the dead season; for a general exodus of the inhabitants takes place when the first fiery blast of the tropical summer is felt, and Gotham city, or the modern Athens, or the town of brotherly love, are neither of them really themselves again in full luxuriance until the autumn has fairly set in and the leaves begun to fall.

When Parliament dissolves, or at least the season is over, and the last whitebait dinner eaten, our sportsmen, fashionable birds. and tourists are off to wage war on the grouse, fish in the prolific Pools of Norway, inspect the geysers, sketch the Pyramids, investigate the new martingale system at Homburg or Baden-Baden, or haunt the fertile shades of Ryde, Brighton, and Scarborough. The Americans have precisely similar proclivities. The old families of Position retire to their villas on the Hudson, or, if they belong to the more Eastern States, betake themselves to the shores of Connecticut and Rhode Island; while such of the fashionables as do not make the European tour go to Longbranch, Newport, the White Mountains, or the Sulphur Springs in Virginia, the oldest and proudest State of the Union. Shoddy frequents that hell upon earth Saratoga, and the plebs of the city, who are too poor to abandon their work, satisfy themselves with an occasional day at Coney Island, the Margate of Transatlantic Cockneys.

Summer always comes in suddenly with a rush, and the first haking day after the middle of the year has tolled is generally a precursor of what is to be expected in temperature for the next hree months at least. At the commencement of the season, wful thunderstorms are of periodical occurrence; they do not last ery long, but during their continuance the forked lightning is most wid, and to look at it from any height has the exact appearance presents in one of Martin's pictures of the Last Judgment. I we seen it playing around the knives on a dinner-table like blue eaps, which sound as if the very heavens had fallen on the claps, which sound as if the very heavens had fallen on the claps, and the rain falls, not in drops, but like a cataract, as if it were poured out over the edge of some giant reservoir above. In

half an hour, however, at the outside, it is all over, the dark clouds have cleared away, and the sun is shining as brightly and as brain piercingly as ever, the only thing remaining to remind one of the storm being the large pools of water in the streets, which soon drup, while there is, for a time, a perceptibly cooler feeling in the atmosphere; and that also quickly passes away when the siroce resumes its sway.

The warm weather in New York, according to my four yearexperience, is something like warm weather—in fact, it is most use mistakably hot—as sultry as India, and certainly far more tryir than anything I ever felt when in the West Indies. There, matter how fiercely the sun's rays pour down in their blistering in tensity, either a land or a sea breeze, except for about an hour noon, tends to temper their effects. The sea breeze springs up sunrise, and lasts until eleven o'clock, when there is hardly a= perceptible stir in the air until after twelve, when the wind sets shore, and continues in pleasant gusts until the sun goes down a darkness sets in; so that, unless one is exposed to direct solar i fluence, coolness is not an impossibility, and you can breathe any rate. But in New York during the first burst of the weather, from July up to the end of August, there is not t slightest breath of air from morning until night, unless one is the water, and the heat is positively suffocating. I remember morning some three years back, when I arose after a somewhat restless night's rest, thanks to the musical attentions of the moquitoes and the furnace-like atmosphere of my room: the therm meter outside my window in the shade marked no less than 98 this was at six o'clock, too, before the sun's power could be direct appreciated; at noon on the same day it was at 104°, and at three o'clock in the afternoon 107°—the instrument all the time, it mus be borne in mind, was so sheltered by an awning that not one reof sunlight could reach it. I have often walked down Broadway the 'dog-days' when the thermometer, exposed, has reached the height of 130°; and one day in the latter part of the summer, when I was on the top of Tadt Hill, in the centre of Staten Island. whither I had been enticed by an artist friend to survey the prospect, I am sure, from what my feelings were, the heat could not have been less than 150°, for it exceeded that of the hottest Turkish bath I ever went through. The sunstrokes are something appalling frequently, more from the sudden heat than from its actual intensity: in one week in 1866, there were no less than 270 cases in New York alone.

The Americans are wiser than ourselves in the matter of dress. All the absurdities of heavy broadcloth and decorous chimney-pot hats are discarded on the advent of the summer solstice—the heated term, as the reporters affect to call it; and the men dress

in nothing but suits of white flannel, jean, or marseilles, as I believe that stuff is called of which they make white waistcoats; brown holland and nankeen are also favourite materials, and with their large-brimmed sombreros, or Panama straw hats, they look picturesque, cool, and comfortable.

My first trip to 'the briny' was to Coney Island, which, as I have before observed, much resembles Margate, the exceptions being that there is no 'Hall by the Sea,' although there is many a long wooden shed distinguished by the important appellative 'hotel' to take its place, and that instead of shrimps, clams form the principal item in the dietetic scale of the visitors. This spot occupies a long low sandbank, covered with furze, lying at the very foot of New York Bay, opposite Sandy Hook, and is washed freely on one side by the waters of the Atlantic, while on the opposite extremity it is connected by a narrow tongue of sand with the adjacent coast of Long Island. It can thus be reached in two ways, either by the horse cars from Brooklyn, or by steamer direct from the empire city—in the latter case, as the water is very shallow, you have frequently to land by boat when the tide is low, which is a very un-Pleasant mode of getting out of a river steamboat. The drive down very pretty, as one passes through a well-cultivated country all the way, until you reach the island itself, and there are numerous Pretty villa residences, built of wood and surrounded by verandahs, to attract your attention. Of course, they would not do in England, with our love of stability; but certainly these 'frame' buildings, as they are called, far eclipse our so-called Gothic residences in artistic Sect. The bathing at Coney Island is very good, with a firm sandy bottom, but in the height of the season the roughs and rowdies ake the place far from an agreeable resort. My first visit is firmly pressed upon my memory from the fact of a friend and myself, exious for breakfast, being unable to procure anything to eat or ink but a hot ham sandwich and a bottle of soda-water: both things perhaps very well in their way, although I had never heard • the former before, but not capable of filling the place of the sub-Stantial meal we desired after our long and early journey and our wim in the waters of the New World.

One of the prettiest little sea-side resorts near New York that I know is Bergen Point in New Jersey, placed on an arm of the sea termed the Kill von Kull, which separates the coast of that State from Staten Island. It is one of the most charming places for retirement that I ever saw, and has one of the most comfortable family hotels—not a mere public caravanserai—that I ever was in while in the States.

The general, or I should say fashionable, watering places of America bear a sort of vague resemblance to those of England. Saratoga is a species of very yankified Tunbridge Wells, although,

of course, with a very different character for morality. It is inlarand has baths and waters and medicinal chalybeate springs, and filled every summer with rich parvenus, who have 'struck ile,' and the bling is the chief support and ornament of the place, John Morriss - v. the ex-pugilist and present member for Congress, having a hell here as celebrated as that of Monaco, only without its superintendence and order. Few really respectable people are to be seen about, except such as come for a day through curiosity to see the place, as shouldy reigns supreme; and duels, esclandres, elopements, and worse things are of constant occurrence-A great pity, for it is a most beautiful place, and might be made the Bath of the Northern States; only a great reformation will be needed, not only in the morality of the place, but in its frequenters. You see men here, dressed in the loudest style of the Franco-Anglo-American fashion, driving four-inhand drags filled with ladies of questionable virtue, who probably he last time they handled a whip were clad in a red-flannel jersey or jumper, and were behind a cattle-truck; and then the scenes in the gambling-houses at night and the language used would require the pencil of Hogarth and the pen of the recording angel.

The White-Sulphur Springs in Virginia, some distance from Richmond the capital, which stood such a siege during the war, are very like Malvern, not only from the associations of the place, but from the select character of the people that go there in the This place used to be the great resort of the summer months. wealthy and historical Southern families, whose likeness Thackersy drew so graphically in the Virginians; and even now, although 3 blight rests on Dixie's land, the Sulphur Springs still keep up their reputation, for no inducements are offered to shoddy, although many Northern families come down to enjoy the scenery and take the waters in quiet, without all the racket and bustle which are inseparable from Saratoga, which used to bear away the palm, until rowdyism claimed it for its own. Trotting matches are of frequent occurrence here; the South having always evinced a fondness for horseflesh, and still keeping to that predilection, despite its fall.

To see real American sea-side life—what is to be seen of it one must go to Newport and Longbranch. The former spot is situated on Long Island Sound, and is the Ryde of the States; for the New York Yacht Club always visits it while on its annual August cruise, and makes Newport its head-quarters, when there are balls and dinners, and boat-races and regattas, without limit. It is an extremely pretty place, part of the coast-line resembling that of Devon, although not so rocky and mountainous. Longbranch is on the New Jersey shore, and faces the Atlantic, looking right across to the mother country. If the former stands for Ryde, Longbranch may be called the Brighton of America, only it exhibits a

d falling off on comparison with its prototype. There are many ne hotels, built in the usual Transatlantic fashion; but there is no sain pier, no gorgeous palaces, no band, no attractions, save the ands under the cliff, and the dreary walk above. The bathing, too, dangerous, as there is a strong under-tow; and one cannot have dip, however bold a swimmer, without holding on to a rope, lest he tide should sweep you away to the ocean.

Taking the watering-places as a whole, it cannot be said that he Americans enjoy themselves when they go off for their summer oliday, or if they do, it is certainly in the most languid and phlegnatic manner. They seldom bathe, and when they do manage to thake off their vis inertiæ so as to effect that object, they are clad n the fashion that you see at Biarritz and the German baths. The adies, of course, look nice and coquettish in their neatly-braided tunics and wide zouave trousers; but they will wear the most horrible-looking, wide-flapping, battered straw hats, instead of the neat head - dresses a Frenchwoman or a Teuton girl adopts; and the result is ugliness: for I defy even Venus herself to look piquante in a muleteer's sombrero. And for the men: a fat Gaul looks an absurd object enough in the costume of the bath, but substitute a very lean gentleman from Boston—and they are very spare in the matter of flesh, although great in bones—and it cannot be said that the change is for the better. Talking of the ladies, poor Halpine, he poet of the war, wrote some very beautiful lines on seeing his adye-love emerge from a dip in the sea, which I have never seen a print over here. They are slightly erotic, but contain some very leat word-painting.

There is a dulness about the sea-side life of cousin Jonathan rhich is very wearisome, after a time, to any one accustomed to the fe of the continental and English watering-places; and it is surrising that such should be the case, when Young America is so onderfully active and enterprising in business-matters. I suppose, Owever, it results from the undue speed at which he lives during le winter, which so prostrates him that he is incapable of exertion wing his leisure moments, and must experience a sort of summer bernation—to make a fine Irish bull. But the fact is there; day ter day those at Newport and Longbranch go through a dull roune which would drive a muscular Christian into a state of frenzy. hey do not walk, they will not boat; croquet is unheard of; cricket ould not be attempted for worlds; in fact, they do nothing. towing up at the breakfast-table, the ladies betake themselves to eir bedrooms until dinner, and the men-folk lounge on rockingtairs in the verandah, where they chew and expectorate, and read e latest New York papers they can get hold of, and hardly ever ok at the sea before them. After dinner, which generally takes ace at three or four o'clock, they rouse up somewhat, and perhaps take a promenade for a few hundred yards; and after supper the have a dance or ball in the principal room of the hotel, where the saunter through the 'German,' a species of minuet, and then g weariedly to bed. Occasionally they have a trotting match, got u by some shrewd speculator from down East or Gotham city; an sometimes they drive out; but these are rare breaks in the listles monotony of their stay. I am not exaggerating one particle; an one who has stopped at the principal watering-places in America will corroborate my words. The ladies think of nothing but dresing in the latest finery, and have not the energy even to go out arshow themselves off; and the men neither think of nor do anythin The arrival of the yachts at Newport creates a diversion for a sho time, but at Longbranch it is the same always, as long as the surmer season lasts. What they would do without their sumptuohotels often puzzled me; but perhaps they would be more actiand get on better, as there is no doubt the fact of having ever thing to one's hands ready, without any personal exertion, supe induces indolence.

For my part, during my stay in America, I liked the vario excursions I took to short distances from New York better far the settling down for any length of time at the fashionable resorts. Goir up the Hudson is delightful; and besides there are many pleasar boat-journeys up the East river to Haarlem and High Bridge, the latter a splendid aqueduct over the river, nearly as high as the Clifton suspension-bridge, by which the Manhattanese are suppliewith pure water-brought over a distance of some fifty miles-from the Croton reservoir. The views on the river christened after Hendrick Hudson's name are magnificent. On the left-hand side, in going to Albany, huge cliffs, called the Palisades, rise almost abruptly ou of the river and trend upwards, thousands of feet high, with their faces lichened with creepers and vegetation; a belt of firs surmount their topmost slopes; and as the river here is as wide as the Thames at Gravesend, the effect is very wild and bold, like the scenery about Ilfracombe in North Devon. On the right bank it is altogether different, having a lazy, tranquil, rural look, like our river at Hampton. The contrast is very great; for on the one side are the frowning cliffs and beetle-browed mountains, with the white peaks of the lofty Kaätskills towering in the distance; on the other, low-lying lands and waving woods, with here and there a country villa or farmhouse peeping out from amidst the trees with which it is encircled. As the steamboat—floating palace, as it is very appropriately termed-goes on its way, in following the channel it approaches either bank by turns, and then you can see the gray granite face of the Palisades nearer, with the creepers nestling in every cranny, or some neat little cottage on the farther side, built of coloured wood, and with pagoda roof, standing on the water's

edge; or, on rounding some sharp turn, you come across a little fairy islet jumping up from the stream, like the Lurelei of Fouqué. It is the same all the way up, and I do not think there is a more beautiful river in the world than the Hudson between New York and Albany. Westpoint—the Woolwich of the United States, as it is the great military academy for the training of cadets—is situated at a most beautiful point of the river, where it widens into a species of lake, and is gemmed by a thousand little islands, about sixty-four miles from the city. The speed of the river steamers can be imagined, when it is mentioned that this distance is accomplished usually in two hours and a half, a little over twenty-five miles per hour; and the fare is only about ninepence for the journey, for which you can go indeed to Albany, nearly as far again, as it is a hundred and twenty miles from New York.

Beautiful as the scenery is in summer, however, the 'fall,' or autumn, is the time to see it in perfection. The foliage then has a richness, a perfect glory of colouring, which none but those who have seen it could believe. Tints of all shades of glowing scarlet, burnished gold, and russet brown, interspersed with intermediate tints of rare purples and violets and pale sea-greens, mark the farewell dress of the Indian summer; and these colours last until the frost sets in, and the leaves fall before the king of winter. What a field America with its rich colouring would have afforded Turner, the artist of effect!

Among the inhabitants of the city, fishing parties form an Receable source of relaxation, and matches are held through the summer at base-ball—a species of the old game of rounders that English boys play at school, only men play at it in the States, and there it bears the proud denomination of the 'National game.' Trotting matches at the Fashion course in Brooklyn, and the Macquerie at New Orleans, take place at intervals, to rouse the drooping energies of the people through the country; but altogether the summer season is very dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable. If you go to a trotting match, you are choked with dust; if you start on a fishing excursion down the bay, you are burnt so that the skin peels off your face; if Fou stop in the city, you are suffocated; and if you go to a watering-Place, you are bored to death. My last recollection of one is of Congbranch, and of an enforced stay there of over a fortnight, in Order to obtain for the paper I represented some idea of the political Views of General Grant, who was stopping there at the time. Very dull it was to be sure! The only solace I had was to observe a Yery angular Western man as he emerged from his morning's dip. He looked in his clinging bathing-dress exactly as poor Rogers ed to appear when he came downstairs with the candle in his hand as the Widow Melnotte in the burlesque of the Lady of Lyons. JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

AN UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS-CHURCH), AUTHOR OF 'NELLY BROOKE, ETC.

It was a Sunday afternoon in August—the time of all others whit is to be hoped that the recording angel is lenient towards frail human nature for feeling more sleepy than religious. Inside the whitewashed country church all was sunshine, languor, and heat; whilst the familiar form of the clergyman was becoming more and more indistinct to the heavy eyes which strove to look at him; and the dull ears, straining to listen, could hardly distinguish the more tonous hum of his voice from the buzz of the insects which had found their way into the sacred building. Of all the congregation, indeed, there seemed to be but one cool, collected, and wakeful person, and that one was a woman.

A delicate-looking woman, of about five or six and twenty, with a face that would grow very dear and very necessary to such as loved it; a quiet thoughtful face, with sympathetic eyes, and a tender y curved mouth, the smile of which was all the sweeter because came so seldom. Robed in half-mourning, she sat in her pew alo neither increasing the heat of herself and her neighbours by viole fanning and scattering of scent, nor disordering her appearance taking off her gloves or loosening her bonnet-strings; but remain On calm and composed, making others cooler only to look at her. the wall above the seat she occupied was a marble tablet, the go and-black letters of which set forth that it had been erected to memory of John Hilton, Esquire, of Brooklands, in the parish Hurstley, and of his daughter Edith, aged two years, whose deat had occurred within a few months of each other, and whose bodies alies lay in the adjoining churchyard. As the service concluded, and t lady, rising from her seat, caught for a moment the name of Edit on the stone before her, a slight shudder ran through her fram and a close observer might have seen her lip tremble; but the ne minute she had sunk upon her knees, and hidden her face and less feelings from the gaze of man; and when she again resumed seat, her look was as peaceful as before. But she seemed in hurry to quit the church; for the crowd of men and women, old a young, fat and thin, had pushed each other down the aisle, and sca tered far and wide, before her gray-silk dress swept the length cocoa-nut matting, and appeared in the square old-fashioned porce But as she entered it, a start, a flush on her pale cheek, and a lo of intense pleasure lighting up her eyes, showed that she had

countered a welcome surprise; and with an outstretched hand she advanced quickly to meet the figure of a gentleman, evidently waiting for her.

'You here, Charley, after so many promises and so many de-

lays! Why, what induced you to come to-day?'

Her words intimated that Sunday was not the day he should have chosen for his journey; but her looks said she was only too glad to see him there at all.

'I arrived in town yesterday,' he replied, warmly returning the pressure of her hand; 'and you know how I hate a Sunday in London, Beatrice; so I thought I would come on and spend it here. Besides, I want to speak to you.'

He was a dark handsome man, of about her own age, and usually appeared younger; but at the present moment there was an expression of perplexity or pain (it would have been difficult to decide which) upon his face, that caused him to look the elder of the two. Yet, strange to say, the lady did not appear to notice the perturbation of his features, and her answer to his remark was given lightly.

'You don't want any more good advice, I hope, Charley, because you know you never take it; so it is only adding insult to

injury to ask for it.'

'Come, that's hardly fair, Beatrice,' he answered seriously; 'I am sure I have always followed your advice when it was feasible, and been grateful for it when it was not. Your counsel and your sisterly affection have been the guiding-stars of my existence, and I was not aware that I had shown myself unmindful of them.'

There appeared to be something in this last remark which grated on the lady's feelings; for her playful tone was quelled at once.

'My dear Charley, I was only joking! You know how ready always am to give you the help of which I am capable. What is that you wish to speak to me about?'

They had passed out of the church-porch by this time, and she turned into the path which led towards her home. But Charles ennox placed his hand upon her arm, and detained her.

Stop, Beatrice! Don't go home just yet; it is cooler now. et us take a little turn together in the churchyard.'

'In the churchyard, Charley?' she asked with surprise.

'Yes, in the churchyard,' he repeated; 'why not? I like to wander sometimes amongst the graves; they seem so quiet and so peaceful; besides, I think I should like to tell you what I have to you—here.'

She placed her arm within his as he spoke, and they turned towards the back of the church, and sauntered together down the narrow gravel-path which bordered the resting-places of the dead. For a few minutes they walked in silence; his heart seemed to be full, and hers was pondering on the coming revelation. When at

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last he spoke, he did it so abruptly, that his words seemed almostrough.

'Beatrice, I am going to be married.'

" Charley!

The arm linked within his slid suddenly from his hold, and the

face she turned towards him bore a sickly incredulous smile.

'It is true,' he answered with attempted unconcern, as he feigned to busy himself by flicking specks of dust off his attire with his cane. 'I met her six weeks ago at the country-house at which I have be staying; and as soon as ever it was a settled thing, I ran down here feeling not only that you have a kind of right to the first news, but that I should not feel quite happy or satisfied with myself until I had received your congratulations and approval.'

'Thank you, Charley,' she answered, in a voice which she hat a for sounding so full of pain, and with lips which she despised for being so weak as to tremble. And then, when she had express a her thanks for his consideration, it seemed as though neither of the could find anything more to say on the subject; for they continued

to walk side by side, but in complete silence.

For she could not congratulate her friend-not just yet; a mid she knew she had no right to reproach him, or even to feel hurt his intelligence. For, many years before, a terrible scene had taken place between this man and this woman. They had fought a bat tle together - such a battle as is often fought in this world in secret and in tears; and they had achieved a victory, though not a bloodless one. Years before, when Beatrice Hilton had been a wife mother, she had discovered to her horror, misery, and shame, tast her heart was no longer loyal to its rightful master, but had slipp a, almost insensibly to herself, into the keeping of Charles Lenn And then, when he had guessed her secret, and, emboldened by fact, had dared to whisper that her affection for him was recip cated, she had told him they must part for ever. She had put av the temptation of his love, so dear to her; had turned a deaf to his entreaties, and bravely and resolutely torn herself away fr the dangerous pleasure of his companionship. But though she done all this, she had not satisfied her uneasy conscience. She not able, all at once, to wrench the unhallowed love from her pentant heart; and when the discovery of this fact was quickly lowed by the deaths of her husband and her child, Beatrice Hilt had permitted remorse to take such strong possession of her breathat she refused to believe it could be right to indulge her affect for Charles Lennox, even though she had become free. She though that refraining from the happiness within her grasp was some s of expiation for having rashly desired to pluck that which was lawful; and therefore, when Mr. Lennox, as soon after her bereament as he thought proper, had urged her to become his wife,

had given him what would have appeared to any one but lovers a decided refusal, and affirmed she should content herself with friend-ship for him until her life ended. But then she had always had him for her friend—her close, intimate, inalienable friend; and whilst she adhered to her resolution of becoming nothing nearer to him, Mrs. Hilton had inwardly gloried in the knowledge that no other woman came between them.

Mr. Lennox being, on the strength of an independent income and an expected baronetcy, that social evil—an idle man, was a gentleman much addicted to getting into all manner of scrapes, except Pecuniary ones; and whenever he was in need of counsel or sym-Pathy, he had been in the habit of going straight to Beatrice Hilton for the aid which she loved to give him. Had she been called upon to analyse her feelings in the matter, she would hardly have maintained that she expected this pleasant brother-and-sisterly sort of intercourse to go on for ever; yet it is equally true that she never anticipated its being cut short by marriage with any one, unless, indeed, it were herself. Her first impulse, therefore, on the receipt of Charles Lennox's intelligence, was, that it must be untrue; her second, to reproach him with his perfidy; her third, to remember that she had refused to be his wife, and thereby resigned all right to question his proceedings; her last, to wonder why he had chosen to tell her of it there.

Why had he led her down the very path beside which lay the bodies of her husband and her child? why regulated his words so, that at the same moment the news of his intended marriage left his lips, the sacred name of 'Edith' gleamed on her from the small white cross before them, and her eyes were resting on the summer flowers which decked her darling's grave?

Had he been doubtful with what feelings she might receive his intelligence—fearful lest in the privacy of her own home she might have been betrayed into words which it would have been like sacrilege to utter beside that sacred spot? At the mere thought, a woman's pride began to surge and swell in Beatrice Hilton's breast, and the tone in which she replied to Mr. Lennox's next remark was masterly in its acted unconcern.

'I have taken you by surprise, Beatrice,' he observed.

'Not at all, Charley, except so far as the immediate fact is concerned. I only wonder,' with a light laugh, 'you did not tell me of it long ago. Of course, I knew you would marry some day, and have often tried to picture your future wife to myself. I shall be carious to know if your fiancée comes up to my ideal. You must tell me all about her, and begin at the beginning. What is her name?'

'Well, her name is Miss Ashton — Louisa Ashton,' replied Charles Lennox; who, although he was very much taken with his

new fancy, would rather his old love had betrayed a little more concern at the news.

'Ashton! what, the Devonshire family?'

'Yes; she is a niece of the old judge.'

'Very pretty, I suppose, Charley?'

'O yes, she's decidedly pretty.'

'Quite your own style, I conclude: fair hair and blue eyes, like that charming little actress we saw at the Strand together last year, and of whose beauty you raved for three months afterwards.'

'Three days, or three hours more likely,' replied Mr. Lennox unresponsively; 'I don't think I'm much given to raving, Beatrice; I'm getting rather too old for that sort of thing now, to say nothing of the circumstances of my life having been calculated to knock all such nonsense out of me.'

She knew that he alluded to the former episode of their unhappy love, of which he often spoke in like manner, and which for some years had been the means of making him very wild. For the first time a mighty doubt assailed her heart, as to whether she had been justified in refusing to heal the wound she had inflicted; but the next moment she remembered that to think of that it was too late. She had driven him to another for comfort, and thenceforth she must be less to him than she had ever been before. A spasm passed over her face as the thought crossed her mind; but though she had so little power over her features, she had sufficient control over her voice to continue the conversation easily.

'You have not yet described Miss Ashton to me, Charley.'

'Well, she is fair, then, as you anticipated; rather mignonne, and very young; too young for me, in truth, for she has only just completed her seventeenth year.'

Another pang for the suffering creature by his side; for what circumstance can a woman, who has passed her première jeunesse, see feel more than the fact of her lover bestowing his affections on segirl more than half-a-dozen years younger than herself?

'She is very fond of you, Charley?' was the next interrogation,

whispered rather than said.

'O yes, I believe so, indeed I am quite sure of it,' was the answer, while a smile of secret self-satisfaction stole over the features of Charles Lennox, and he pulled down the ends of his heavy moustaches caressingly.

'And you love her, of course?'

'Of course, or I shouldn't think of marrying her; that is to say, she is a very charming little creature, Beatrice, and very much attached to myself; but if you imagine I can regard her, or any woman, with a tithe of the affection with which we—'

'Hush! O hush!' said Mrs. Hilton earnestly, as she raised he

hand. 'That is past, Charley; please don't allude to it.'

'I know it's past,' he answered ruefully; 'you've given me good reason to believe that, Beatrice; but I was not aware that the mere mention of it was so distasteful to you.'

'It is as well not to speak of it, and especially now,' she said gently, pressing her hand over her heart meanwhile, to deaden its pain. 'When are you to be married, Charley?'

'In a month,' he answered rather sullenly.

He was by no means aware that he regretted what he had done; that he was sorry that from flirting for mere pastime he had been led on into making a declaration of marriage; but it was very patent to him that if the coming change in his circumstances made any change in his friendship with Beatrice Hilton, the game would not be worth the candle. He wished, or he thought he wished, since the other had refused him, to marry pretty Louisa Ashton, with her ravishing white skin and melting blue eyes; but he had no idea of not retaining his old flame in the character of chief friend, adviser, and confidente. She had been too much to him for too many years past, to enable him to dispense easily with her now. In all his late thoughts respecting the future, he had pictured to himself these two women associating with and loving one another; the youthful beauty and innocence of Louisa setting off Beatrice's maturer grace and power of intellect, and both of them trying to show affection for himself.

In pondering on his lot as the husband of Louisa Ashton, he had yet never failed to think of Beatrice Hilton as his chief good. Louisa was to be his Pleasure, beaming with loveliness and wreathed in constant smiles; but the other woman was to be his Comfort, the one to whom he brought all his troubles, and from whom alone he expected to derive their balm. And mingled with this steady friendship was to have been a spice of the old leaven—nothing deleterious to his marital faith, but just sufficient to infuse a little excitement and interest to his bond with Beatrice. An occasional sigh for the Past, perhaps; a stray allusion to the hopes that were; the bliss that might have been; and through her eyes, or the pressure of her hand, to receive the assurance that regret sometimes claimed her also for its own.

Charles Lennox had purposed for himself, in fact, an utter impossibility: to keep a sentimental friendship, bordering on love, alight in the bosom of one woman; whilst he took another, a Younger and a fairer one, to his arms. In some friendships we must be all—or nothing. When he spoke sullenly on the subject of his approaching marriage, it was not therefore at the thought of what was before him, but because Mrs. Hilton declined to discuss that which was to be left behind. For some time after her last remark they again preserved silence, during which period Mr. Lennox employed himself in switching off the heads of the nettles and

other weeds which grew amongst the grass. Then he said, in a tone of disappointment:

'I expected more sympathy from you, Beatrice.'

' More sympathy, Charley! in what way?' she demanded, rais-

ing her weary eyes to his face.

'Well, I thought that, considering all things, you would be glad to hear that at last I had a chance of happiness, in so far as the prospect of a wife and home of my own can give it me.'

'And O, Charley, you cannot think that I am not glad-as

glad as I should be at anything which promoted your welfare!'

'I thought that you would sympathise more with my feelings in the matter, considering what a friend you have been to me. You will always be my friend, Beatrice, will you not?'

'Always. I have promised it again and again.'

' And will love my wife for my sake?'

'I hope so; no less than for her own. And I rejoice in every good thing which happens to you, dear friend; and shall pray night and morning that your wife may prove so great a blessing to you, that you may never remember there was a time when life was otherwise than happy. Can I say more?'

He shook his head with a pleased smile, and then he took her hand, and pressed it, and thanked her warmly for all that she had

done for him, and promised still to do.

'But, Beatrice, there are tears upon your cheek! That hardly

looks as if you thought my news was good news.'

She had been fighting hard with these rebellious tears for several minutes past, yet they had conquered her; and now, as she shook them indignantly away, crimsoning beneath the knowledge that they had met his observation, the effort to appear altogether indifferent was too much for her, and in another moment she had broken down entirely.

'You should not have brought me by my baby's grave, if you wished me to be cheerful,' she sobbed, blushing for the subterfuge she was compelled to use, to allay his consternation at her tears. 'O, my poor Edith, my poor dead baby! How I wish I were at rest with her!'

'I am so sorry,' stammered Mr. Lennox. - 'I never thought—I quite forgot—what a careless fool you must think me, Beatrice! Poor dear little Edith! Of course I should not have brought you here. Let us go out by the farther gate; it is a longer way home, but we shall avoid passing by the grave again. I almost hoped you had overcome that grief, dear Beatrice; that you had gained courage to confess that the child has made a good exchange.'

'O yes! I do—I know it,' sighed the mother; 'but, Charley, you do not, you cannot understand all that I feel.' And when she reached Brooklands she cried for little Edith (if it were for little Edith that she cried) through the whole of the ensuing night.

Although at any moment he might have returned to Miss Ashton and her fascinations, Mr. Lennox did not appear disposed to quit Hurstley in a hurry; but lingered in the neighbourhood, having his apartments at the village inn, and spending most of his time about the house and grounds of Brooklands. After a few days, the reason of this conduct on his part became apparent.

'Where are you likely to settle after your marriage?' demanded Mrs. Hilton of him, after he had been torturing her for the best part of an hour by discussions on the subject of curtains and carpets, and the relative merits of walnut and rosewood. For though Mr. Lennox had plenty of money, he had no fixed habitation. He was waiting to inherit that with the baronetcy.

'What do you think of Moorcroft?' he inquired, with a mean-

ing smile. 'I have already applied to Moss about it.'

Moorcroft was the name of a house standing in its own grounds, and next to Brooklands, which had long been advertised to let on lease.

'Charley, will that be advisable?' she inadvertently exclaimed.

*Advisable! Why not, Beatrice?'

'Because—because'—she was stammering now—' Miss Ashton may not like Hurstley, you know; it is so retired a place; she may find it dull.'

'She has been used to the country all her life,' returned Charles Lennox; 'and if she had not, my wife must learn to like what I like. I have set my heart on getting Moorcroft, Beatrice. I have always intended, in the event of my marriage, to settle at Hurstley; for, with an establishment of my own to look after, I suppose I shall be compelled in some measure to abandon my dear old visits to Brooklands, and I cannot entirely give up the pleasure of your company. I shall want your head to guide me still, Beatrice.'

'You will have another adviser and counsellor now, Charley,'

she said gently.

He laughed with real amusement at the idea.

You don't know Louey Ashton, or you wouldn't say that, Beatrice, by Jove! She is a dear little creature, very loving and affectionate, and all that sort of thing; but she's not exactly the sort of woman that a man would go to for advice.'

At these words a thrill of pleasure ran through the breast of Mrs. Hilton—pleasure to think that she should still be the first in his esteem, if not in his affection; but the next moment she had rebuked her weakness with a sigh, and returned to the subject which they had in hand.

'But touching Moorcroft, Charley: pray think twice before you take the place. There is no society in Hurstley, remember. Beside the doctor's and the clergyman's wives, who is there fit to be the companion of a young girl reared as Miss Ashton has probably been?'

seen by Mr. Lennox. 'Remember how seldom I go in

now, Charley.'

'Well, that's true,' he said, though gravely. 'And, am not sure that I should like you to be there. It will different sort of business to what I had looked forward to remembrances are better left—'

'Are you sure that Moorcroft is not damp?' hurriedly i Mrs. Hilton. 'You know that it is in shocking repair.'

'Moss has engaged to put all that to rights for me

given time.'

'Still, don't take it without due consideration. I an to like your wife, Charley, and to be a friend to her as I to you; but there are two sides to the question, and M may not like me.'

'By Jove, if she doesn't!' exclaimed Charles Lenno his intended vengeance, too deep for words, to the imagin

'But, even supposing that she does,' persisted Mr
'I cannot help thinking that you might find a livelier
Hurstley to reside in, and a livelier companion for your
myself.'

He looked annoyed and disappointed at her setting I determinately against his taking Moorcroft; but in thi her persuasions were of no avail with him, and he ap Brooklands with a bright face a couple of days afterwards her that all preliminary matters were arranged, and the promised that Moorcroft should be in thorough order bef

from which her instinct prophesied no increase of pleasure for either of them), she did not wish to refuse any assistance she could give him; and when he had taken his departure, she derived a sad satisfaction in procuring every article of luxury and comfort which she thought might suit the taste or gratify the fancy of the coming bride.

It was two months before Mr. Lennox again visited Hurstley; and October was fast losing itself in November, as the carriage containing the newly-married couple dashed up to the porch of Moorcroft; and Beatrice, according to her friend's earnest request, came forward from a background of lighted lamps and blazing fires to bid them welcome home. It was an office which she would gladly have avoided, had she not been afraid that Charles Lennox would guess the reason of her refusal; but being there, she determined to be mistress of herself, though her usually pale face was flushed with excitement, and her manner was nervous and unsteady. Mr. Lennox was the first to alight; but he had little occasion to offer his assistance to the lissom figure which jumped out of the carriage after him, and which he had taken by the hand, and led into the drawing-room before Mrs. Hilton had time to reach the hall-door.

'Beatrice, my dear friend,' he said earnestly, as he grasped her hand, 'this is real kindness on your part;' and then, turning to his wife, he continued: 'Now, Mrs. Lennox, off with all these wraps, and prove I deserve a little credit for my choice;' and with Playful roughness he unwound the warm shawl in which she was enveloped, and dragged the blushing girl forward beneath the bright lamplight.

She was lovely—enchanting—almost perfect! Mrs. Hilton, sorely as she had tortured herself with imagining the various beauties of Charles Lennox's bride, had never dreamt she could be so tair a thing as this; and as she gazed at her, she heaved a heavy lowerd sigh, and wondered no more that she herself had been forecotten.

In stature she was middle-sized; in figure, slight but rounded; no complexion, fair and rosy; but all this was nothing to her ideal-stic face, whence two large blue eyes, surmounting a piquante nose and curved red lips, gleamed out from beneath a nest of golden curls, which, in addition to the fashionable chevelure of the day, asy thickly about her forehead and the nape of her neck. She looked to Beatrice Hilton like some fancy portrait of a lovely girl, so rare and delicate and unearthly was her beauty; and after the first maddening stab of jealousy was past, her feeling was to take the childish figure in her arms, and beg of those wondering star-like eyes to look upon her kindly. And the same impulse seemed to move Louisa Lennox. Her first glance at her husband's friend, of whom she had heard so much, was shy, and almost fearful, as though she expected to be criticised, and perhaps not approved of;

but as she met the sad, subdued look of Beatrice Hilton, marked her half-mourning robes, and saw the faint smile which flickered on her mouth, all her timidity vanished; and withdrawing the hand which she had proffered, she ran up to her instead, and throwing her arms about her neck, laid her innocent lips to hers. Mrs. Hilton was taken by surprise; but all her womanly nature went out to meet that of the young creature who thus threw herself upon her friendship; and with a feeling of interest very different from that with which she had expected to welcome the wife of Charles Lennox, she clasped the girl to her bosom, and warmly returned her embrace.

Mr. Lennox, looking on at the meeting of the two women, already saw, as he imagined, the realisation of his dream, and was

delighted.

'Come, come!' he exclaimed, 'that's right; thank you, Beatrice, ten thousand times. And now will you show my little wife to her own room, that she may prepare for the dinner, which I hope is ready for us?'

Mrs. Hilton did not look at the speaker, but she held out hemhand to the fair creature, whom she could scarcely yet regard a=

his wife, and led her from the apartment.

'I hope you will find everything arranged to your liking,' she said, as they entered the bedroom together. 'I have done my best; but it is seldom that the tastes of two people entirely agree.

- "O, I am sure it will all be very nice!" exclaimed the bride, whose voice, with a ring in it expressive of want of thought or ideas, was not so sweet as her person; 'and I am sure it is uncommonly good of you to have taken so much trouble for us; indeed, I told Charley a dozen times that he was very cool to ask it. But you can't think how glad I am, Mrs. Hilton, to find that you are not a bit like what I imagined. Charley quite frightened me talking so much about your goodness and cleverness and sense and I'm sure I thought, from his description, that you were quite an old woman."
- 'Did he tell you so?' the other asked, in a voice made tremu-

'Well, not exactly, perhaps; but he seems to have known you such a long time, and to think so much of all you do and say."

'He has known me during a great deal of sorrow,' replied Beatrice Hilton quietly, 'and that ages a woman more than years."

'Ah, yes! your poor little baby and your husband. Charley told me all about them, too; and he says we must try and make up to you for all you have lost—that is to say, as far as our company can go. So that I hope we shall be great friends, Mrs. Hilton, and that you will very often come and dine and sit with us—Will you?'

'I don't know, my dear,' said the elder woman, in a voice which rather restrained the other's eagerness. 'I cannot promise; I have lived now for some time alone, and I do not think I should care to break through my usual solitary habits.'

Mentally she had writhed beneath the familiar mention of Mr. Lemox from Louisa's lips, but such pain was as nothing compared to the pang with which she now heard that he had already discussed her past sorrows, and the remedy for them, with his girlish

The remedy! Good heavens! was he going to offer to bind up her broken heart by the society of this child, and the sight of his own devotion to her? He must be made of stone or adamant himself, to fancy such a thing was possible! She could not help it; but Mrs. Lennox's proposition, though kindly made, seemed to close, instead of open, her heart farther to her; and it was in a constrained tone that she suggested that the dinner must be almost ready; upon which they descended together to the dining-room.

'Good-night!' said Beatrice Hilton, with forced gaiety, as she advanced towards Charles Lennox. 'I hope the dinner will be to Your taste; but you have an excellent cook, and Mrs. Lennox will find she has but to order a thing to have it. Good-night to both

of you!'

'You are not going!' he exclaimed, with real concern; 'surely You will stay and dine with us!'

'Surely I will do no such thing, Charley! I am tired and sleepy; and I want nothing but a cup of tea at home—so, please Let me go.

'O, no! you must not go—you must not, indeed. I quite reckoned on your spending the evening with us. I have a thousand

things to say.'

'Then you must say them to your wife, or keep them till tomorrow. I really am not in a fit state for being catechised to-Pight.'

'Are you in earnest, Beatrice?' he reiterated, with a look of entreaty. 'You will greatly disappoint me if you persist in going.'

'O, nonsense!' she replied, with a light laugh; 'you can do Very well without me, and I am in no mind for anything but bed this evening; and with a final good-night to the bride, who stood egarding rather ruefully her husband's look of chagrin, Mrs. Hilton left the room.

She would have liked to stay with him; she, too, had a thousand things to say, which had bubbled up to the surface of her poind at the sight of her old friend; but she felt that she could Not say them, she could not trust herself to say them, whilst that Solden-haired apparition sat at the other end of the table, and called him 'Charley.'

He would have accompanied her home; but she had provided against that contingency, for her carriage was waiting for her at the door; and once within its shelter, she threw herself back upon the dark cushions and gave way to a flood of bitter tears. She had done her duty; but would it ever become less hard to do it, and could she continue to dwell at Brooklands, with the chance of seeing him, or her, or both of them, each hour of her life?

The next day she determined to spend by herself; and the morning and afternoon passed unmolested; but with the evening shadows
in walked Mr. Lennox, eager to know the reason of her absence.

'Why have you not been over to see Louisa, Beatrice?'

'What! has she needed me?'

'Of course she has. Who would not need you? You might have helped her in a hundred ways.'

'Did she tell you to say so?'

'No; but I know it. See how young she is.'

'True; but she has plenty of experienced servants, who will next give her much trouble in housekeeping. She is best left to herse

for the first few days. Have you dined yet?'

Yes, he had dined; but he volunteered to lounge by the first whilst she took her solitary meal, and talked very much in the old style of all the things which interested them most. It was very delightful to her to see him there and hear him talk, and she had not the courage so early to tell him that he had better go home his wife and his own fireside; but she knew that it must not become a habit with him, and therefore she made an early visit to Moore croft on the following day, and offered to drive Mrs. Lennox out her open carriage.

'O, Mrs. Hilton! I wish you had stayed to dinner that firmight when Charley asked you,' exclaimed the bride, as soon as the found themselves alone (she looked still more lovely by day than bright, Beatrice thought, as she gazed on her peach-like complexic and liquid eyes); 'for he was so dreadfully cross after you went; was so put out about it, that he hardly spoke a word all the evening

'He was tired,' suggested her companion.

'O no, indeed! he was cross. He says it doesn't feel nature to him to dine in Hurstley without you.'

'Nothing will be more natural to him now than to dine with hwife,' replied Mrs. Hilton kindly.

But Louisa Lennox shook her head.

'I'm not clever, you know, Mrs. Hilton; I never was; and can't talk sense like clever women. Charley says I was only made to look at.'

'That's his nonsense,' said Beatrice, as she watched the cloud face beside her. 'He said that just to tease you; and you know y don't believe him.'

'O, but I do! I shall never be a companion for him like you have been, Mrs. Hilton. I'm too young, I suppose, or too foolish. He said so before we had been married a fortnight;' and the information was accompanied by a light laugh, intended to cover the annoyance it had evidently caused.

'Then it was a great shame of him,' returned Beatrice Hilton

indignantly.

And she felt indignant about it. Some one had been the means, by this marriage, of causing her a great pang; but it certainly was not this girl, who had married her lover almost in ignorance of the existence of such a person as herself. And at the thought that Louisa's happiness might be sacrificed in the matter as well as her own, all her sympathies were aroused, and she looked with new interest on the fair young face beside her, and resolved that, if need were, she would not shrink from pointing out his duty to Charles Lennox. So when, after the lapse of some weeks, she found that various hints were unavailing, and that he continued to appear at Brooklands whenever she was not at Moorcroft, she summoned up all her courage, and spoke boldly on the subject to him.

'Charley, why are you over here this evening? Louisa must be very lonely by herself.'

'I might put a similar question, and say, why are you not at Moorcroft?'

'I do not see the point of that. Besides, I cannot be always at Moorcroft. I have duties at home.'

'Well, I don't want to keep you from your duties. Go on with them as you always used to do, and let me smoke in peace. I'm

Very happy.'

- 'Yes; but, Charley,' said Beatrice gently, as she halted beside his chair, 'you must remember that things are not as they used to be, and that your time is no longer your own to fritter away at Brooklands as you choose.'
- 'My time not my own? I should like to know who the devil's it is, then!'
- 'It belongs to your wife,' she answered firmly. 'Your duty Calls you in another direction, and you have no right to spend your Evenings here, whilst she sits alone at Moorcroft.'

'O, she's happy enough! You don't know Louey yet, Beatrice.

She's a perfect child, and amused with any nonsense.'

- 'I know quite enough of her to be aware that she must feel your neglect, Charley. But even were it not so, I owe a duty to myself; and I must forbid your coming here in this familiar manner without your wife.'
- 'The deuce!' he exclaimed with real earnestness. 'Do you mean, Beatrice, to condemn me to pass all my evenings at Moorcroft, without a soul to speak to?'

- 'You have Louisa.'
- 'Pish!'
- 'It's no use talking in that way. You have married her, and must do what is right by her. At all events, I will not be the one to sanction your acting otherwise.'
- 'I suppose you're tired of me; got a new friend perhaps, and I am in the way. Is it so, Beatrice?'

The tears rushed to her eyes; but she would not let him see them, and turned away to gather strength before she answered him

'That was not spoken like yourself, Charley. We have been friends, very close friends, for years, as you well know, and I hope we shall continue so till death. But I should not be your friend, i. I aided you in doing what I know is wrong. So, once for all, come to Brooklands whenever you like, day or night my house is open to you; but when you come, you must bring Louisa also.'

He grumbled for several minutes like a chidden child, and the

he suddenly broke out with a fierce oath:

'I wish to Heaven I had never been such a fool! When happiness was just within my grasp, to throw it all away for a mere face——a—
'Charlev!'

Her soft hand was laid upon his mouth, her sweet serious eyes gazed steadily into his own. The look and touch quieted him. He turned his head away and spoke no more.

'Go home now, Charley,' she said, when her voice was agair steady; 'go home, and make the best of what you find there; and the best is very sweet and very lovable, if you will but open your eyes and see it.'

But Mr. Lennox did not choose to see it. Exiled, as he termed it, from the place with which he had expected to keep up his old relations, and scarcely ever seeing Beatrice Hilton except in the company of his wife, before whom he elected to believe it was impossible to converse on any rational subject, he became first gloomy, then morose, and finally quitted Moorcroft abruptly to pay a visit to some friends in London, and remained away for more than a month.

During that time Mrs. Hilton saw a great deal of his young wife; and the more she saw, the more she liked her. Louisa Lennox was not clever—there was no doubt of that; such extreme beauty as hers is seldom allied to mental power. But though childish and commonplace, she was, what her husband had designated her before their marriage, a 'very lovable and companionable child;' and the very manner in which she clung to Beatrice Hilton, and openly confessed her superiority, made the heart of the woman whom she had supplanted warm towards her, as though a daughter had claimed her sympathies. Beatrice Hilton had been terribly jealous of this girl; before she had seen her and Charles Lennox together, she had imagined her beauty and his adoration of it, until she had felt ready to

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destroy herself for being so old and plain and grief-stricken as to have lost the power of charming him. But now she could be jealous no longer; and a great compassion for both of them—for her friend who had blighted his happiness, and the young girl whose happiness he was blighting—took the place of that feeling. She had been supplanted by a face, but it was only for a moment; and she saw that the reaction was causing a remorse on her lover's part almost inadequate to his crime. If Beatrice Hilton had been a dishonourable woman, she would have seized such an opportunity for reasserting her claim on Charles Lennox's heart; but she was not, was all that is most pure and true and womanly; and, far from such a desire arising in her, she grieved more for his disappointment than her own, and resolved to do everything she could to cement the tie which should exist between the husband and his wife. very affectionate and confidential with her during the time of Mr. Lennox's absence; but Beatrice could not help perceiving that whilst she regretted her own impotency to establish a claim on her husband's affections, she had evidently a strong suspicion that he had at some time felt more than friendship for the woman to whom she confided it.

'And I can't think, dear Mrs. Hilton,' she would conclude, peering wistfully into her companion's face, 'if Charley required so much in his wife, why he didn't tell me of it beforehand, or choose somebody else—somebody like yourself, for instance, who understands all his ways and wishes, and can talk to him on politics, or any of those dry subjects about which I understand nothing.'

'And for not understanding which you are all the more charming, dear child,' Mrs. Hilton would reply, with the blood suffusing her cheeks beneath Louisa's scrutiny. 'Politics belong to men; a woman's vocation is to love and to look pretty.'

'But Charley says that is all I can do, and that a doll can do as much,' replied Mrs. Lennox despondently. And then Mrs. Hilton looked down at her perfect features, and thought how she was but another instance of the small power which beauty—by itself and once familiar—retains over men.

But when Charles Lennox returned, matters seemed to grow worse instead of better.

'I wish you would speak to Louisa,' he would come grumbling to Beatrice's side. 'The house is all topsy-turvy. The servants do exactly as they please; and it appears to me that she does nothing but smirk at herself in the glass all day long.'

'No, Charley; you must excuse me. Louisa is your wife, and you are not a boy. All that I can do in the way of friendship I will; but to find fault, if it be necessary, is your province, and I cannot consent to accept it from you.'

And then she would be compelled to hear the other side of the question.

'O, Mrs. Hilton,' Louisa would cry, 'do tell Charley how unjust he is towards me. He complains of my not looking after the servants; and when I turned Jane away last week, he had her back again, and said it was my fault much more than hers. How can I keep order amongst them, if I am not to be the mistress?'

Of their private quarrels and misunderstandings Beatrice saw little, because she had ceased to enter Moorcroft excepting when invited to do so; but she was constantly made the recipient of complaints from either party, until she almost forgot her own trouble in

her desire to keep peace between them.

One evening, as she was sitting in the twilight alone with her sad thoughts (it was early summer then, and the Lennoxes had been married for more than six months), thinking more of her friends than of herself, and grieving for the coolness which had risen up between them, she was startled to see Louisa's figure, robed in white, and with no covering to her head, hurriedly traversing the park which divided their domains. Beatrice Hilton had not met her for some days, for she fancied that her presence at Moorcroft was the invariable signal for fresh dissensions; so she rose quickly to welcome the girl, and ask the reason of her sudden visit; but, before she had time to do so, Mrs. Lennox had flung herself with a loud cry into her arms, and was weeping convulsively upon her bosom.

'O, Beatrice, Beatrice!' clinging to her like a frightened child, 'keep me with you; don't let me ever go back again! He doesn't love me; he says so. He has loved somebody else all his life—somebody much better and cleverer than myself; and he never,

never will care for me again! O, my heart will break!'

Mrs. Hilton was shocked as well as alarmed. Was he really so

lost to shame as to have permitted it to come to this?

'Louisa—Louisa, my darling,' she said, and she pressed the sobbing girl to her and felt she was her darling as she spoke, 'you don't know of what you are speaking; it must be a mistake. You and Charley have had words together, and you have altogether mistaken his meaning. He never could have intended you to believe that.'

'He did—he did, indeed. He said the only thing worth a rush about me is my face, and he is sick of it. And just now—just now—just now—is now—' with a fresh burst of tears at every repetition of the phrase.

'Louisa, you will make yourself ill if you go on like this. Let me put you to bed, dear. You will stop this night with me; and everything shall be right again with Charley by to-morrow morning.'

'O no, no, it can never be!' said the young wife; but even whilst she said it she smiled—such faith had she in the power of her friend to smooth life's way for her.

She was soon in bed, and, exhausted with her emotion, fast



A. Pasquier, del.

"HE DOESN'T LOVE ME; HE SAYS SO."



asleep; and then Beatrice threw a cloak about her, and crossing the park, appeared like an avenging angel in the presence of Charles Lennox.

'Charles, what is this that has happened with Louisa and yourself? I have a right to ask. Do you imagine that I will permit you to make the old relations which subsisted between us a subject of contention and misery for your married life? You should have known me better and respected me more. Shame upon you!'

As she spoke the words, the shame which she invoked seemed indeed to descend upon the man, and Charles Lennox bowed his

head and turned away from her.

'Is Louisa with you? What has she been saying?'

'What was as great a pain for me to hear as it should have been for you to tell her. Would you destroy all her happiness-all her faith in you? Would you destroy your child, Charley?'

'My child, Beatrice?'

'Yes, your child; the child that God is about to send you, to ill up, I trust, the breach in its parents' hearts.'

'Is it possible? I had no idea of it. Poor Louey, how much

she has had to bear from my revengeful disappointed feelings!"

'But it is over now, Charley; say that it is over !—that you will come to Brooklands with me, and take this poor child in your arms, and assure her of your affection for herself and the little creature that is coming.'

'I suppose I must—that I ought to. But, O Beatrice, you do not know what I have suffered from the consequences of my folly!'

'I know that you have brought them on your own head; and that you have no right to shift any part of the burden upon her. I know that she has an innocent loving heart, which will readily re-Pond to any affection you may show it; I know that she is the mother of your child, and that as you treat her, so will it prove a blessing or a curse to you. Come, Charley! do not delay; a few kind words on your part will have the power to restore her happiness; and the sooner they are said, the more efficacious will they be.'

And so she half dragged, half led him back to Brooklands with her; and had the satisfaction to see that the new interest awakened in his breast really gave some zest to his reconciliation with Louisa; whilst the wife, shallow as she was pretty, speedily forgot all her usband's previous assertions in the assurance of his penitence for

But as soon as sunshine was restored and they resettled at Moor-Toft, Beatrice Hilton made up her mind to a great sacrifice, which she never could have consummated for any one less dear to her than Charles Lennox. And this was, to leave Brooklands. ived in it and loved it for years; there lay the bodies of her husand and her child, and there were clustered her tenderest recollections. Yet she felt that she was a stumbling-block in the of Charles Lennox's perfect union with his wife; that, as less the remained in their company, he would always be liable to pare Louisa unfavourably with herself; and that this might considerable destroying all their peace of mind for ever. And therefore a solved that she would be the one to take the initiative, and them to themselves, as from the first she felt they ought to been. She did not tell Mr. Lennox of her resolution, kn beforehand the arguments with which he would attempt to wit; but she stole away from Brooklands on a visit to her related and the next thing he heard was that Mrs. Hilton was going all and that the estate was to let for seven or fourteen years.

'You blame me,' she wrote in answer to Charles Lennox proachful remonstrance on the subject, 'for taking this step w consulting yourself; but forgive me, dear friend, for saying the are the last person I could have spoken to upon the matter; feel you would have attempted to persuade me to act in a r contrary to what I know to be wisest and most right. upon it, that for Louisa, for you, and for myself, it is best should leave Brooklands; and that, when this first pain of s tion is over, you will acknowledge the same. You have tried, Ch to effect an utter impossibility—and that is, to make the relations which have so long subsisted between us compatible the higher duties you have taken on yourself. You would have on trying to combine the two, until you had made us all mise perhaps-God only knows, we are so weak-even criminal. leave you with your wife, and entreat you, by the remembra our former love, to go hand in hand with me in this undert and not make my sacrifice, which I frankly acknowledge to be of no avail. You ask for my future address; but that I cann you. I am fond of travelling; and hope to move about a good and visit many places of which I have no present knowledge But a letter to my agents will always be forwarded as early as possible; and through them I hope often to hea you and Louisa are well, both in body and mind.' an earnest heartfelt blessing, the letter concluded; and C Lennox had seen the last of Beatrice Hilton for many, many

But not for ever. There came a time when her noble so of self brought forth fruit with power to heal the trouble of he Five years afterwards, we find her in Brussels, gazing out apartment windows on the pleasant boulevards, and wonder she watches the stream of pedestrians and crowd of vehicles part she has in that gay company. Five years had not passe her, as may well be credited, without leaving some traces of flight; but lonely and void of sympathy as they had been, the

brought her no fresh trouble, and had proved less harassing than those which she had spent in the company of Charles Lennox and his wife. So that the face of Beatrice Hilton, as it looked thoughtfully out of the window, though not less subdued and quiet than it had been at Hurstley, was far more peaceful and at rest. She had travelled all over the Continent during her term of exile—having visited Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and France; and now, having just returned from a long tour in Holland, she was resting at Brussels, and debating whether she should take a trip to England, before crossing the Pyrenees into Spain, as she intended to do. She wanted to see her own relations: and she very much longed to take a peep at her old friends, now Sir Charles and Lady Lennox, and the children, of whose advent she had heard with the greatest interest. She thought she might venture to visit them again now; five years was a long interval; mutual ties had sprung up to cement their conjugal affection, and Louisa's letters to herself never breathed anything but a spirit of the most perfect contentment. Besides, she felt a great desire to see 'Charley' in his proper position as master of the splendid estate Frapperton Hall, which he had inherited with the title; and, in consequence of moving about, she had received no letters from them, or news from home, for several months past. Indeed, she had but just written to her agents, desiring them to forward her letters at once to Brussels; and as she sat at the window, she was calculating how soon they would arrive, and what a budget of news she should receive from that long interval of silence. servant entered with a salver: was it possible the facteur had arrived? No; it was only a visiting card; but it was past the hour for calling, she could see no one—so she said, as she took the card her hand: but her mind soon altered as she read the name upon Sir Charles Lennox.' Heavens! was it possible he had found her out, and crossed expressly to see her! How kind, how good of him!

Her face flushed scarlet with pleasure and surprise; her hands rembled; her voice shook; she could hardly give the order for his admittance. And when the servant had descended with her answer, she flew to the first landing, and felt as though he never would accomplish the long flight of stairs which parted them.

'Charley!'

'Beatrice!'

With both hands outstretched, the friends greeted one another, and met with a firm warm clasp, whilst their eyes glowed with affection and delight. There was no recollection at that moment of the weary years which had separated them, nor of the woman who had come between them; but their thoughts leapt backward to the time when they were all in all to one another, and lover met lover on the landing of the staircase. But the glow faded, the

transient bliss resolved itself into a calm pleasure; and then Mrs. Hilton led her guest into the sitting-room, and found words wherewith to welcome him.

'Charley, I am so pleased, so very pleased, to see you again.

I was only just thinking of England and the dear ones there. But what brings you to Brussels—not to see me, surely?'

'And would that be too great a thing to expect from me,' he answered gravely, 'after all that has passed between us, Beatrice?'

She was vexed to find that, in the first moment of their reunion, he referred to that past which she trusted he had buried and it was with a slight shade upon her face that she evaded him question by another—

' How did you leave Louisa and the children-well?'

He turned and gazed at her with open eyes.

' Have you not heard?'

Then she saw he was in mourning, and cried suddenly:

'Heard! heard what? No—tell me quickly! I have been travelling in Holland, and received no letters for the last six months

'And I have been a widower for the same time.'

'O, Charley! never—it cannot be true!' There was no tomin her broken voice, no sign in the colour fading from her face, but what betokened a fine and unmixed feeling of womanly compassion for the brevity of a life so surrounded by all that makes life precious 'Charley,' she continued, weeping, 'is it really possible? Tell not all about it. Where did it happen, and how?'

'It happened at Frapperton, two days after her confinement and I lost the child also. I cannot but believe to this day that

might have been prevented.'

'And the little ones that are left! O, how sad, how mournfulit seems to me!'

'Ay, poor little mortals! they need a mother's care terribly, he answered gravely.

There was silence between them for a few minutes, and then

she said:

' Did you come to tell me this, Charley?'

'Yes; I have been longing to come and tell it you ever since it occurred, but I could not procure your address. However, the agents sent it to me yesterday, and I started at once. You may fancy how I have needed you, Beatrice.'

'Have you? It is a great comfort to know it, though I could

have been but of little use.'

'You would have been of all the use in the world: you would have been everything to me, as you always were before my own folly alienated us from one another. Beatrice, you have but just heard this news, therefore it may seem early days to you for me to speak of what lies uppermost in my heart; but remember that I have

the assurance of either your sympathy or affection. Louisa is gone, therefore I will not tell you now whether I loved her or not; but if I made the last years of her life happy, as I trust I did, it was entirely through your means. You left me, dear Beatrice, with a precious charge, something to fulfil for love of you, and I fulfilled it. Will you never give me anything in return? May I not cherish a hope that some day, not too far in the future, you will come back with me to Frapperton Hall, and be a mother to my motherless children? Is that an utter impossibility? Don't think of me as I am, dearest; nor yet as I have been—idle, sensuous, and overbearing; but throw back your thoughts, if you can, to those days long past, when we loved and suffered together, and would rather have died together than be wrenched asunder as we were.'

'O, Charley! there is no need—there is no need,' she answered amidst her tears; 'you have always been the first and the

dearest in the world to me.'

He took her hands in his; he showered kisses on her eyes, her cheeks, her mouth—kisses which she had as little power as inclination to refuse.

'And I have missed all this!' he exclaimed with strange wonder at his own shortsightedness. 'I missed real happiness for years to gratify a passing fancy; though, God knows, the sudden opening of my eyes to what I had passed over was more than punishment for my fatuity. But you have promised, Beatrice, have you not, to bury the past with me, and to begin a new fresh life of love and happiness?'

Yes, she had promised it: her liquid eyes swimming in tears which gave no pain, her bosom gently heaving beneath the fulness content, her hand which clung to his as if it never would let go,—all spoke in silence more eloquent than words, and made her lover

siddy in the prospect of renewed delight.

Beatrice Hilton had promised to be his, and in due course of time she kept her word.

MODERN FIELD-GUNS

OR 'KRUPP' V. THE ROYAL GUN-FACTORIES

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit!"

An incident characteristic of the extraordinary pertinacity with which the English cling to their old habits and customs occurred to m during a residence in Dorsetshire. It was some years ago, an shortly after the completion of a line of railway through those be nighted parts. I had occasion to visit the metropolis, and had invited an aged farmer, who for many months had been my hospitable landlord, to take advantage of the new means of conveyance and accompany me to town. The unfeigned horror with which the old man rejected my proposal even now causes me to smile.

'No, no!' said he, slapping his fist upon the table, 'I am sixty seven years old, and up to this time have stuck to three rules-neve to travel in a railway train; never to take a dose of medicine; annever to go to London! The first two of these I do not intend tbreak; and if ever I make up my mind to go to London, I'll drive up-

We are certainly the most pig-headed nation in the world-except the Chinese-and the Dorsetshire farmer was one of a type which is strongly represented in all classes of society in Great Britain. Fortunately, however, there are some even in this land and age of almost retrogression who see the absolute necessity of keeping their eyes and ears open, and taking hints from what is passing around them. Pity it is that there are not more of this most useful and desirable class! And, although the multitude may not suspect it, clever fellows have been exerting their minds and cudgelling their brains to discover by what means our government may keep pace, in inventions of both a peaceful and warlike nature, with those of other nations, but particularly in regard to weapons of warfare. Of late the vexed question as to the best form and description of field-guns has been again revived, and it is with the result of investigations made upon this subject that I have at present to do.

I shall not of course weary my readers with a detailed account of the almost innumerable and exhaustive researches which have been gone into for the purpose of ascertaining which is the most serviceable weapon for field artillery; but, as I said before, shall confine myself to a cursory exposition of what has been arrived at; and I shall at the same time take the liberty of drawing a comparison between the result produced in our own country and the latest effort of Prussian industry.

First, then, what is the tangible solution of the problem as worked out in England? A little bijou of a weapon, consisting of a homogeneous steel tube with a strengthening jacket of wrought iron coiled around it. It is a muzzle-loading nine-pounder gun, rifled in three grooves, and only weighs eight hundredweight. In it all difficulties of any importance are met, and in fact it may be Pronounced to be one of the greatest successes in modern adaptations. The breech-loading gun was intricate to manage, troublesome to keep clean, and-gravest objection of all-necessitated the use of a capricious form of fuse to the shell, which frequently missed fire. The muzzle-loader, on the other hand, requires no more skilful handling than the old smooth-bore, has no vent-pieces to be blown away or breech-screws to be perpetually cleaning, and from the play or windage between the surface of the shell and the sides of the bore, allows a free passage for the flame to circulate, so that an ordinary fuse can be employed. But, it may be argued, what is the udvantage gained by the substitution of this field-piece for the rifled bronze gun about which we heard so much last autumn? Much, may be replied, in every way. Bronze might be a suitable material for rifled guns if no iron or steel were obtainable, but it would be simple insanity to use the former in a country where infinitely supe-Pior metals are procurable with the utmost ease, and also machinery work them. Bronze is far too soft and expansive, and corrodes rapidly under the action of intense heat. Now, to revert to the teel-and-iron gun. It is impossible to observe the manufacture of one of these sturdy little weapons without coming to the conclusion hat our artillerists have at length arrived at something which may e depended on. A steel tube of the requisite length, closed at one and, which has been toughened in oil and rendered homogeneous by forging, is turned down to the necessary size, and then placed vertically upon its muzzle or open end, to receive around its breech portion the strengthening jacket. This last consists of several small coils or corkscrew-shaped pieces of wrought iron attached to the trunnion-ring-which is made all in one and afterwards punched into a circle—the whole being welded together until it becomes solid, and then turned in a lathe to the desired shape. The inner surface of it is then carefully bored, so as to fit the breech half of the steel tube before mentioned, and the coil, after being heated to the extent of five hundred degrees in order to expand its size, is lifted up and slipped over the shoulders of the upright tube, contracting and fitting tightly as it cools. The rifling grooves are cut in the tube before the superimposition of the coiled jacket; and the instrument with which this operation is performed is capable of such exquisite manipulation, that the machinist could, if necessary, inscribe his name or initials upon the inner surface of the gun with its delicate cutters! Such is a brief description of the manufacture

of this latest production of our Royal Arsenal. Numbers of these useful little muzzle-loaders are at present in course of construction, and it is to be hoped that ere long all our field batteries will be armed with them. A suggestion has also been made to adopt a double-shell weighing sixteen pounds in addition to the nine-pound shot, but of the same calibre and hardly occupying more room in the limber-boxes; a vast improvement, as the effect produced by various sizes of shot or shell is directly in proportion to their weight.

But now what can the Prussians display in opposition to our nine or sixteen pounder? About two months ago a non-commissioned officer of the German army arrived at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in charge of a field-gun, intended as a gift to the government of Great Britain, or rather as an exchange for a bronze nine-pounder which had already been dispatched to the Emperor by the War-Office authorities of this country. It is a breech-loading, nominal four-pounder, but actually throwing a ten-pound shot, rifled in twelve shallow grooves. The material is homogeneous cast steel, presumably toughened in oil, and the weight is five hundredweight two quarters and twenty-four pounds-consequently less by one-third than our field-gun. The manufacturer is Mr. Krupp of Essen. The mode of closing the breech aperture is by wedges, a process adopted for some time by our own government, and of which about two hundred specimens are now in existence; but which was found faulty in practice—owing to the tendency of the discharge to injure the wedges-and abandoned in consequence. As possibly some of my readers may not understand what the 'wedge' process is, I will explain it. A rectangular chamber is bored and 'slotted' transversely through the breech end of the gun-which in the Prussian is a square block of steel-in a horizontal direction, slightly larger than the bore of the gun. Two wedges are cut to fit this chamber when united, with the thin end of one to the thick end of the other. Consequently when the surfaces of the two wedges are pressed over one another so as to bring the thick ends nearer together, they get jammed and fit tightly the sides of the chamber. This is the principle of the wedge-closing apparatus. The Prussian gun has one wedge which is fixed to a revolving disk of copper, and another which slides backwards and forwards over it by turning this disk, a screw connecting the two. By taking hold of the handles of the disk and giving it a half-turn, the wedges become sufficiently thin to work loosely and easily in the chamber. The whole mass, disk and all, is then drawn out to a prescribed distance, when it is stopped by a catch. Two holes in the wedges, of the same size as the calibre of the gun, will then be found to correspond with one another and with the charge chamber, thus permitting the charge to be introduced through the breech end of the gun. The wedges and disk are afterwards pushed back into their original places, the former acting as a

solid wall behind the charge; and by giving a half-turn again to the disk, the screw revolves, the wedges are tightened, and the breech of the gun is effectually closed. Such is the famous Prussian field-piece which has performed so marvellous a part in innumerable actions during the late campaign.

And it is a very good gun indeed, but not for one single instant to be compared to our muzzle-loading nine or sixteen pounder. For the wedge system possesses nearly all the disadvantages which I have before alluded to as attaching to breech-loading screw guns, and There is always a tendency—I say a tendency, one other besides. for as far as I know it has never occurred in practice—for the wedges to try and release themselves, when the concussion caused by the sudden ignition of the powder-gas takes place. The result is of course very considerable straining of all the complicated machinery within the wedge chamber. The Prussians, however, say that they worked well, and that scarcely any instances occurred during the whole of the campaign when they were found to fail. But we must remember the weapons which they had to encounter. A large proportion of the French artillery were armed with rifled bronze guns, which could only be fired with a weak charge, and only required the employment of correspondingly weak charges to be fired from the artillery of their enemies. Hence the Krupp field-Piece can hardly be said to have undergone a sufficiently trying ordeal. What would be the result, were it to be strained up to high charges, it is impossible to anticipate.

Under any circumstances, if the Emperor has a serviceable Weapon in the cast-steel four-pounder, our government has an infinitely superior one in the muzzle-loading sixteen-pounder; and if such satisfactory results have been obtained by the employment of the former during a gigantic campaign such as that which has just closed, we may with reasonable confidence expect still greater results, should the active energies of the latter weapon ever be called Backed by it, and the dreaded 'Gatling,' the nature of whose terrors I hope to expatiate upon in a subsequent paper, our armies may justly challenge the artillery of the entire globe; and any of our neighbours, deceived by the appearance of careless security displayed by the British Lion, venture to presume upon his Seeming pusillanimous aversion to war, or are silly enough to arouse him, they may find to their cost that, although his claws are sheathed at present, they are nevertheless sharp, and can scratch upon an emergency. May such an occasion never arise! War is a positive loss to many, and a gain to no one. Let us, then, rather seek so to Prepare ourselves against any contingency that may occur, by con-Stituting a well-organised system of self-defence, that neighbouring nations may see our strength in its oneness of purpose, and recoghise our attributes as those of a great people.

CONCERNING THE CENTENARY OF SCOTT

SUNRISE on the Border, and the morning air blows in upon sweet and cool and free, after a night that has been tropical in its off oppressiveness. The rushing panting engine, which hurried us only seven hours since from the din of London and the station King's-cross, has brought us into the country of tradition and less fierce poesy and romantic fable. We are in the land of Dan lie Dinmont; we have set our foot, or our engine has revolved its wheel, on the soil of the Percy and the Douglas—the soil which the nius of the magician Sir Walter has consecrated and enriched. are in Scott's Scotland; the region which the author of Waver 201 as completely discovered and investigated as Columbus America, Pizarro and his followers Peru. Dense mists still hang upon the long dusky line of the Liddesdale Hills and the Teviots; but the mist is populous to the pilgrim's eye with the giant forms of and women whom Scott not so much imagined as created. night has been somewhat wearisome; a well-packed railway-carri= is scarcely the place in which one would expect the principles physical comfort to be religiously studied or practically carried o and lassitude is conspicuous in the forms and on the countenanof all the passengers. But we begin to pull ourselves together nen-An enthusiastic young gentleman consults his 'Black' with an ergy renewed like that of the eagle; an old gentleman, who, for gost last two hours, has been puffing, panting, blinking, and sighing me cles. hopelessly by turns, commences vehemently to rub his spectaci Its Presently a streak of golden light shoots along all the horizon. the effect is magical. It is literally the arrow of day putting to rout flee nightly hosts. That streak widens as it advances; the mists the from its splendour : layer of effulgence succeeds to layer ; only the fragments of the mists hover around the mountain tops. In distance you can see the white forms of the sheep standing out full relief against the purple heather, hill-side huts, and the flash sparkles of rock-bound torrents. Higher up ascends the lord day, and the firmament is aglow with splendour. On a sude every one in the carriage turns his eyes in the same directionpile of glorious ruins, with all their original beauty and grace s clearly discernible. Something instinctively tells us all that we gazing at Melrose. And the river that winds its gleaming coualong in the valley below-what is that but the Tweed-Scot is Tweed—the fair river whose musical ripple the great man at or co

recognised from afar, when he returned from Italy to Abbotsford to die? Abbotsford—that, too, we are now near. In truth, all that is most celebrated in Scott's life is near; and Dryburgh, too, Scott's resting-place in death.

Apropos of the Wallace monument and the manifold blunders perpetrated, as might have been expected, by the committee for its

erection, Mrs. Norton well wrote:

'The land men fight for is their monument!

Therewith be ye content:

Nor deem your hero Wallace after date
Thus to commemorate.

All Scotland claims him: Scotland is his tomb;
Give him no meaner doom!

What pillar carved in gray durable stone
Shall greater fame make known

Than hourly with a voice triumphant fills
Yon everlasting hills?

While the great rock he watch'd from shall endure,
His monument is sure.

Build low, build high,
The great name cannot die.'

Now I fancy that these lines have occurred to more persons than one, in connection with the events of the second week of the past August in Scotland, as precisely applicable to the case of the great poet whom Edinburgh now determined to honour after her sort. From the first glimpse one gets of the land north of the Tweed to the last look one takes before leaving it, the eye finds something to remind of Sir Walter. Scotland is his monument, and he requires no more. From Dunnet-head to Galloway, from the soft shore-scenery of the western coast to the rugged rocks and threatening grandeur of Sutherland and Caithness, there is scarce an inch of soil which does not testify to the presence of Scott and his works. The very comprehensiveness of the man's name and fame, the ubiquitous evidence of his powers, the intimacy of the connection existing between the author and the country—this did but increase tenfold the difficulty of the demonstration, and surely involve for the set ceremony of a centenary celebration the fate of inevitable failure. It was as if one essayed with a few water-jets to pay homage to Niagara, or to shadow forth the splendour of the sun by a Brummagem device of tinsel. They do these things better, I shrewdly suspect, on the other side of the Atlantic. An American gentleman, who from a camarade soon became an ami de voyage, informed me that he had specially come over to Scotland to be present at the centenary of Scott. For his own nation, some steps had already been taken towards perpetuating the memory of the great Scotch wizard of the Pen. A number of naturalised American citizens, but all with more or less of Scotch blood in their veins, had determined to mark their veneration for the day by erecting to Scott in New York the counterpart presentment of the Scott memorial in Edinburgh. In an unpretending fashion they met together on a certain evening, and over cigars and whisky-toddy quickly settled the matter. Funds were immediately forthcoming; and one gentleman alone put down his name for 2000l.

Fortunately the fame of Scott is sufficient to outlive the sinister effects of his recent centenary in Edinburgh-an utter fiasco, and in no way redeemed by the presence of a few purpurei panni, that served indeed only to bring out the failure into more conspicuous and palpable relief. The Scott centenary was not, it is true, such a scandalous affair as the Shakespeare tercentenary. But to any one who was in Edinburgh on the 9th and 10th of August last, and who little more than a decade of years since had attended the centenary celebrations of another Scotch poet, Burns, it was impossible to avoid a comparison between the two. Having experienced one moderate success in the matter of these festivals, Scotland would have only displayed customary Scotch wisdom if she had refrained from making a second and similar effort. In the whole conduct of the Scott centenary the managing committee displayed very much less than the amount of wisdom which from Scotchmen might have been ex-Their policy was, in the first place, short-sighted in the Numbers may be proof presumptive of power; but there is another maxim which asserts that the only source of strength, and consequently the only guarantee of success, is unity. And the unity of enthusiasm was just what the Edinburgh centenary lacked —there was an atmosphere of flatness about the whole affair. Scotch metropolis was indeed crowded. Hotel proprietors were able to reap a golden harvest; and lodging-house keepers fixed tariffs fabulously high for accommodation miserably poor.

There was a certain amount, no doubt, of knowingness in the substitution of the 9th for the 15th-a fictitious for the real centenary of Sir Walter Scott. It caught the British Association visitors, and secured the presence of a larger contingent of sportsmen en route for the moors than might have been the case if strict historical accuracy had been observed. It was indeed a piece of sharp practice, and nothing more. All Scotsmen knew it, and they felt ashamed of it. It was in vain for the leading Scotch papers to dwell ostentatiously upon the alleged fact that the entire country rose with universal acclamation, and with no kind of afterthought, to do honour to the memory of Scotland's great literary son. But the absence of Scotland's leading men, as well as almost all the chief of Southern celebrities who had been invited, was felt as a kind Of course it was purely fortuitous and unavoidable; but of rebuke. the coincidence was painfully unwelcome nevertheless. The Duke of Argyll was unable to preside at Glasgow; the Duke of Buccleuch was prevented from presiding at Edinburgh. Had the Centenary

Committee been content to have gone by the calendar, neither of these hiatus valde deflendi would have occurred.

As regards the effect which their detention was instrumental in producing, I very much doubt whether the British Association lions who were induced to remain in Edinburgh for the Scott centenary added much to the general vivacity of the affair. If a savant when he is fresh is not always an enlivening spectacle, a savant when he bored is invariably depressing. And the representatives of science who mustered at the centenary of Scott were unmistakably done most to death with boredom. They wanted to be off—more than ne distinguished philosopher expatiated to me, with all the petulance of a most unphilosophic impatience, on the nuisance of being forcibly kept behind. The excitement of a British Association meeting is of an extremely temperate sort; but savants in general are not accustomed to excitement, and what they had had was quite enough.

Everything is legitimate game which comes to the net, and the townsfolk of Edinburgh no doubt found the money expended by bored savants and impatient sportsmen as valuable as that which came from the purse of the most thorough-going enthusiast. But what was wanted to make the celebration a thorough success, such as it was designed to be, was the strongest possible appeal to the national imagination, and the force of this appeal was necessarily seriously impaired by the alteration of the date. More conspicuous, and perhaps more profitable, even than sportsmen and savants were American visitors. There is one thing which no art can manufacture-antiquity; and it is likely enough that the secret of the intense charm which Scott's novels possess for American readers is the same also as that which constitutes for Transatlantic pilgrims the chief fascination in Rome—their redolence of the past. Politically the American reader may detest feudalism and everything to do with it; artistically he cannot but own its beauty and its spell. Accordingly I met travellers from the New World religiously exploring every nook and angle immortalised by Scott, or associated with the incidents of his life. Which was the exact spot on which David Deans' cottage stood? Which was the very tavern at which the Senial jurisconsult in Guy Mannering held his high-jinks? And we must make a note of this-for I calculate it was just here where Porteous had to swing for it.'

If the Transatlantic visitors did the old town of Edinburgh with anything like completeness, they would have seen a good deal more than objects of purely literary and historic interest. It is no exaggeration to say that the scenes which this old town presents at night are simply diabolical. Vice, misery, savagery—this was the tale told on every side. A glorious city Edinburgh in truth is; glorious as regards the beauty of its position and the picturesqueness of its views; but in some respects a veritable whited sepulchre—

beautiful without, but terrible and foul within. The dark side the metropolis of Scotland is as gloomy and deplorable as the dar side of London. In the byways of Edina the fair there is a dept of wretchedness, iniquity, and squalor which the piously respectab inhabitants agree utterly to ignore. There is work enough for the most untiring band of missionaries in the dark lanes of the old tow. But domestic evils are not welcome reflections to Scotch self-sati faction-they are ignored; but they exist and flourish notwithstan ing. One could scarcely fail to be struck, if he wandered, as I di through the grimy and sin-haunted purlieus of ancient Edinburg not so many days ago, with the contrasts which the historical e at every turn presented. The sages and philosophers were engage with a series of abortive attempts to solve the problem of the orig of existence; fashionable Edinburgh was paying its tribute of detion to a mighty literary memory: meanwhile there was, as the is, vawning an abyss of misery and degradation in Edinburgh wha remained all unheeded. Would it not have been an appropriate bute to the life and labours of one who had the interest and well of all classes of his countrymen so much at heart as Sir Wal ter th, Scott, if something were done towards cleansing the Augean fil to moral and physical, of the streets and dwellings which are close the the very centre of all that is most venerable and imposing in modern Athens? Such a testimony and such a mission are w Walter Scott would from his heart have desired.

Edinburgh revisited is at any time a prolific theme. Noquarter of a century since the Scotch metropolis was a veritor capital. She had her distinguished circles of society, and she no bered amongst her inhabitants men whose names were known throu Europe. But the glory has departed from her. The giant limbs London have been extending themselves in every direction with the strange and resistless attraction. London, in truth, has socia absorbed Edinburgh. Edinburgh was the birthplace of Scott; I she has long since ceased to be the Edinburgh which Scott kne She has become a nursery for great men; but as for their care that they seek outside the walls of their national capital. Scote men feel all this, they know that it is unavoidable; neverthele= they have not yet come to acquiesce in the dispensation. Cos parisons are never desirable, and they shall not be drawn here. the centenary celebration of Scott, as observed in London and 318 neighbourhood on August 15th, was infinitely more of a national jubilee than that celebrated in Scott's own land on the 9th. pen can worthily describe the unutterable weariness and ennul of Wednesday, August 9th, in Edinburgh! The weather was indeed divine, and such weather, the gift of Nature, might have sufficed to cover any number of man's shortcomings. It had been announced that it was expected the day would be observed as a public holiday.

bono? was the perhaps not unnatural interrogatory of the Edinth tradesfolk. It was all very well this 'general holiday' for
ing-houses and hotels; but how about the shops? The contence was, that many shop-proprietors not merely declined to
up their shutters, but to hang out the modicum of bunting
pted as the conventional symbol of jubilance. Hence the very
ial decorations of the street which presents the most perfect
urtunity for artificial adornment. The aspect of Princes-street
Wednesday, the pseudo-centenary, was simply depressing.

Severe lionising mitigated by ices; lounging and flirtation à la rétion in the Princes-street Gardens—that was the order of the Of course we stopped and stared at the house in Castle-street h Sir Walter occupied, and where he, great, noble, indefatigable, toiled away in spite of difficulties and depressions such as few have ever encountered. Equally of course, too, we made an sion into the Court of Session, and criticised the seat which it in his clerkly days used to occupy.

Then we did Arthur's Seat and Holyrood, and from Calton Hill eyed the view, which is probably one of the fairest in this island he broad expanse of water and hill, heather and loch. ight in front of us, we could see right away to the Frith of Forth, t away down to the Bass Rock. The air was abnormally clear. the sun's gleams lit up the gold of the corn-fields, shone down e upon homely cottage nestling by the hill- or water-side and ely suburban villa. There behind us were the Pentlands, blue beautiful; and above all presided the mighty spirit of Sir Walter. ras a curious contrast, that which met us upon our descent into town. On a series of steeds of dilapidated appearance there rode, straggling procession, some two hundred members of a secondcircus troupe, who were supposed to represent different charac-There was Cedric the Saxon, and there, in of Scott's novels. int juxtaposition, an individual designed to preserve to posterity T von Dousterswivel. Meg Merrilies rode side by side with llie Nicol Jarvic, and Effie Deans was accompanied by Rob Roy. eact of homage to the creations of the novelist was touching, but ras not without a strong soupcon of the ludicrous. And in this ion we whiled away our time throughout the tropical hours of The actual centenary celebration was yet to come; dnesday. Barmecide's feast in the Corn-exchange had yet to be consumed; aches and anguish consequent upon such a repletion, consisting our sherry, very second-rate claret, unripe fruit, and cake, were At six o'clock we were driven, sheep-like and to be endured. esisting, into a large room. Mismanagement had reached its minating point. Something had been said about the distribution he seats according to settled principles of order. The mayors of glish towns and the analogous functionaries of Scotch looked

about for some place allotted to them. They might as well have looked for a wholesome and substantial repast. It had been promised, and therefore it was not provided. The whole thing was the nature of a scramble. More than one irate municipal dignity left the room in disgust. The effects of the 'banquet' may be read ily imagined. Bad wine drunk, and sickly and indigestible edibles consumed, in an atmosphere of ninety degrees Fahrenheit, by people who are both hungry and thirsty, and who had come to dine, are not calculated to have a very soothing effect. Is it surprising if there were murmurs and something more, 'not loud, but heart-deep'? One sovereign was the precise sum demanded from the victims to this ordeal. The banquet itself, probably, did not exceed the cost of sixpence per head. The balance represents the fee demanded for the privilege of listening to the speeches; and these were worth it.

Sir W. S. Maxwell's was an effort in every way worthy of the occasion. It went no inconsiderable way towards obviating the evil results of the more material part of the festivity. It was exactly appropriate to the occasion-a very model of a panegyric; glowing, but not fulsome; enthusiastic, but discriminating. The grounds upon which the national admiration for Scott is based are in reality twofold. Scotsmen are proud of Scott as a great writer, but they are proud of him also as a man. The splendid series of poems and fictions which came from his pen are indeed the most renowned monuments of his genius; but his life is in itself a monument too. In the whole history of human effort nothing is finer than the indomitable energy, patient and so triumphant, with which Scott set to work to liberate himself from the disaster of a debt not selfcreated. Scotsmen love the author and the poet, but they love the man even more.

Needless here to enter upon any detailed disquisition on the subject of Scott's literary position; that is clearly defined enorsely already. Scott in literature is what Scotland is in climate. read his poems has just the same effect upon the mind as to esco Pe from the heated atmosphere and the dead oppressiveness of towns to the region of heather and hill, of stream and loch, has upon body. His poetry takes us away from the haunts and influences everyday life; at every line we read we inhale draughts of intellectual oxygen; and in the company of Scott we breast mountain we watch the course of streams. Scotland is Scott's own more ment; and a holiday ramble in Scotland is the best centenary cell bration of the novelist and poet.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

BELGRAVIA

OCTOBER 1871

THREE TO ONE

Or some Passages out of the Tife of Imicia Fady Sweetapple by the author of 'annals of an eventful life'

CHAPTER I. SETTLING THE PARTY AT HIGH BEECH.

'IF you will be guided by me, my dear, you will ask them all.' These words were spoken by Sir Thomas Carlton to his wife at High Beech at the end of May 1870. If any one wishes to know where High Beech is, all that can be answered is, that it is a charming old house, about twenty miles from London; and farther, if any one supposes that it is this or that actual High Beech of his acquaintance, the answer again is, that High Beech is not the real name of the house where Sir John and his wife live. And so curious readers must be content to take this story as it is told, and the names of persons and places as they are given, without seeking to Pry into private history, and racking their brains to identify them, as though they were real existences, and not mere creations and inventions of the writer. People often complain of the want of invention and creative power in authors; and it is very true that Poverty of plot and bankruptcy of ideas are often the bane of novelists; but what is that when weighed against want of imagination and lack of faith, in a reader who fancies, if such people ever 'fancy,' that a writer must have seen everything with his own eyes, and even touched it, in true British fashion, with his fingers, and so saddles him with eavesdropping and tale-bearing, when he is in fact only spinning his story, like a spider, out of his own brain, and weaving a web which a matter-of-fact public regards as made up of per-Sonalities, merely because it is so natural and lifelike?

After this tirade against a very worthy class of persons, let us return to High Beech and its owners. Sir Thomas, who is just advising his wife to ask them 'all,' is a middle-aged man. If any

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one asks what middle-aged means, we answer boldly, 'Fifty;' and if any one grumbles, and says, 'I call that more than middle-aged,' we say we cannot help it—that is our notion of middle-age. But if Sir Thomas was fifty, how old was Lady Carlton? That, it must be owned, is a more difficult question to answer; but when remember that Lady Carlton was married out of the nursery when not quite eighteen, and that her two daughters are, the elder nin teen and the younger eighteen, we may safely put her down as und forty, though what margin remains to her below that age we would · The___n rather leave it to ladies to settle than determine ourselves. they were both middle-aged,' some one exclaims; 'regular olfogies.' Here let us reason with this exclaimer, and first inquire -, How is it possible for the world to exist, and, what is much more to the present purpose, for novels to be written, if there are no middle-aged people in the world? All things have an end and purpose here on earth, and so have men of fifty and women of forty. especially if the men are well-to-do, with nice houses, and the women still charming, as women just below forty are very aut to be. - =. Again, if there were no middle-aged people, how should we have any young blood, in which, of course, all the force and passion of our stery runs riot? Ah! if the middle-aged would only remember that they were once as young and giddy as the wildest of these unbacked d colts and fillies, and if the young would but reflect that the day will surely come, unless they are prematurely cut off, when they, too. will be old fogies—if that were so, the young and the middle-aged would be more charitable, and the wheels of life would revolve deal more smoothly than is too often the case.

But let us get on. As it is, the reader has only been introduced to Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton, and farther informed of the fact soci that they are middle-aged and have two daughters. Sir Thomas Carlton is a baronet and a merchant in the City. A long time ago 3 one of his ancestors—for it must not be forgotten that even merchants in the City may have ancestors—lent the Government of George I. a large sum of money; we believe it was when the Stuarts were giving the House of Hanover great trouble; and in return the prime minister of that day made him a baronet. Nowadays, or course, he would have been made a peer; but we were more fruga of our honours a hundred and fifty years ago; and so Mr. Thomas = 3 Carlton of Lombard-street was only made Sir Thomas Carlton. ' 2 ' baronet in 1715 and not a peer in 1870,' some of you will say. 'and the firm prospering all that time. That is what one can never -e. And then you run over on your fingers all the noble I le houses which, since 1715, have sprung up on the mushroom-bed o Lombard-street, and name the Smiths and Joneses, and Lloyds and and Browns, who are now peers; and not merely Irish peers, but peers -- s of the realm and the United Kingdom; and again you say, 'How

it that the Carltons escaped a peerage?' We quite admit this stion is hard to answer; indeed, when we think of it, we often ader why we are not all peers. Our wonder is perhaps tempered the reflection, that in a nation of peers a commoner would be the st distinguished person in the realm. But in this particular case the Carltons, we believe the reason is to be found in the fact t they were always in opposition, after that fatal baronetcy was So that when the Whigs were in office, the Sir Thomas iton of that day was a Tory; and when the Tories came in, the d of the firm was a Whig. Besides which, from time immemorial ad been the maxim of the house to mind their business and not into Parliament; and thus they had continued merchant princes. wing richer and richer as the wealth of England waxed, investing good securities, laying out their savings in land, respected on ange, not ruining themselves by having too many children, now then buying good pictures and objects of art, but never wasting r money on second-rate things because they were 'so cheap.' a word, living honestly, honourably, and happily, and dying at se and in charity with all men. This particular Sir Thomas of om we are talking was a tall handsome man, with a bald massive d, a bright eye, and a very good set of teeth. His expression peculiarly cheerful and pleasant; and yet he had a firm look, as 1gh his word was as good as his deed, and the man better than 1. As to intellect and mind, he made no parade of learning, and erally said little in conversation; but it was often remarked, t when Sir Thomas Carlton said anything, it was sure to be worth ening to. His only fault was that he was sometimes a little ssy' about his wife and children.

Lady Carlton was, as we have already intimated, a very charmwoman. She was a distant cousin of her husband's; and having ried early a man ten years or more older than herself, her chaer had been formed in great measure by him. On some points, is the case with all women, she had a will of her own; but as a her will was to do what her husband wished; and as he, for part, was far too sensible ever to interfere in those matters in ch she had a will, the result was, that no houses were more harnious, so far as husband and wife were concerned, than No. psvenor-square and High Beech, where we now find this happy most united pair. Here we are reminded that this is a painfully tographic age, and that no moral description is complete unless ompanied by a personal portrait. Well, then, what was Lady Iton like? We have already said she was close upon forty; but reality she looked much younger. There are some forms and es, indeed, which have gone through soul persecutions as trying those of the early Christians; women who have been thrown into fiery furnace of adversity, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and yet come out unscathed and unseared. These rare characteristics racters have such moral force and dignity, that their will occupie those earthworks of the body—the face, the figure, and the form and holds them safe against all persecutions and attacks. 'He lovely, and yet how tormented!' we exclaim, when gazing on on of these social martyrs. But Lady Carlton was no social martyr she had retained the freshness of her youth for a very good reason simply because she had never been tormented. She had done her had duty to every one; and every one had done their duty to her. H worst trials had been taking her daughters to the dentist; are an though she had a most feeling heart, her only sorrows were syn pathies for others. She had no sufferings of her own. How for few there are that can say this! and how bound are those who are all ble to say it, to be always good and charming and gracious !- all whice ich, in truth, Lady Carlton was. For the rest, she was tall, her he mair was a dark brown, her eyes were gray, she was well made, a and had preserved a beautiful figure. In earlier times public opin ion would have called Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton a 'most promper pair'-words which we need not say, have nothing to do with good behaviour, but refer exclusively to the look and bearing of those to whom they are applied.

But who were the 'all' to whom Sir Thomas referred in the opening words of this chapter? It is clear, of course, that there was to be a party at High Beech, to which the Carltons had run do the for a few days from London smoke, and after some discussion, in which several names had been mentioned, Sir Thomas had advise ised

his wife to ask them all.

'But will they go well together?' asked Lady Carlton w with some hesitation.

O yes, they are sure to agree; and if they don't, it will be or only for a day or two. Besides, a certain amount of antipathy in gue lests often makes a country-house pleasanter, if no actual quarrel arises.

'I am not so sure of that—at least, so far as the mistress the house is concerned. Men can go out and ease their minds a long walk, even on a wet day; but suppose it turns to rain, and Lady Sweetapple is shut up in one of her tempers, what am I to with her?'

'As for that,' said Sir Thomas, 'you know we must have Landy Sweetapple. She is as good as asked, not to mention the fact that she half asked herself. Let us hope, then, that it will not rain, the she will not have one of her tempers, that she will be as charming as every one says she is—in a word, that she will have a pleasar visit and make our house pleasant.'

'I see that Lady Sweetapple must come. There is no help it; but how she will get on with Mr. Beeswing, if he begins to tea

her. I am sure I can't tell.'

'Beeswing tease her! Why, they are the best friends in the world. He was devoted to her at the Foreign-Office crush last week, and, I hear, caught the rheumatism in cloaking her and taking her to her carriage.'

'Well, then, let us put down both the sexes on a card. Thus:

Women, Sweetapple-Men, Beeswing. Who come next?'

'Shall we ask any diplomats—Beeswing knows them all?' asked Sir Thomas.

'Well, there were no diplomats in that "all" which you advised me to ask; but I don't mind Count Pantouffles. He is so handsome, and so stupid, and so gentlemanlike. He will be an ornament to the table, and if that young lady, described by Dickens, who fell in love with a barber's block, is now alive and in society, and if we know her—a great many "ifs" I admit—she will be quite happy to sit next to Count Pantouffles and listen to his unwearying attentions.'

'Put down Pantouffles by all means,' said Sir Thomas—'I quite forgot him—the more so that Lady Sweetapple told me he was so clever.'

'And now to come back to the "all." It was made up of Lady Sweetapple and Mr. Beeswing, and Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue, and Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, and Colonel and Mrs. Barker. That was your "all," and now we have got Count Pantouffles. How many does that make?'

Nine in all; so that, with ourselves and the two girls, we shall be thirteen in the house. Add a few neighbours, and we shall soon

have twenty to dinner; quite enough in all conscience.'

'Yes, my dear, that will make a very nice party, if Mr. and

Mrs. Marjoram don't quarrel.'

'Well, quarrel or not, the Marjorams must come. They have asked us ever so many times to Box Hill, and we have never gone. It is a bore to meet Marjoram in the City and hear him repeat, "Why do you not come to Box Hill?" I shall be able to turn the tables on him by asking him to High Beech. But it is eleven o'clock; I must be off to catch the train. Pray send out the invitations. And let me see, this is the 22d of May. Ask them all for the 1st of June, and then they can't any of them say they have had no notice.'

With these words Sir Thomas Carlton left his wife, and drove away in his T-cart to the station, promising to return in good time for dinner.

When he was gone, Lady Carlton began to write and to solilo-

Tuise. First, she wrote to Lady Sweetapple.

dear Lady Sweetapple." Is it quite sure that she is my dear Lady Sweetapple? Am I bound to call a woman "dear" whom I don't care about one bit, and who cares no more for me than if I

were this pen? Well, well! it's the way of the world. We are all dear, some of us too dear, to one another.' So she went on writing and thinking aloud, and Lady Sweetapple's note was duly written and addressed to 'Lady Sweetapple, No. — Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square.' Here let us remark that, if you know any one in Lowndes-street, take care you don't forget to put 'Belgrave-square' after the name of the street. We have known serious quarrels arise out of this neglect.

'Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square,' said Lady Carlton. 'That will do very nicely. There's no use wondering whether she will

come. She has as good as accepted already.'

'The Hon. Edward Beeswing, Grosvenor-mansions. He I hope

will come; he is always witty and amusing.'

So the Hon. Edward Beeswing's note was written and addressed. 'Poor fellow!' thought Lady Carlton. 'He has had a hard time of it; often in love, and never able to marry, and now getting old. I do pity younger sons; and yet his elder brother, Lord Port, with his earldom and estates, is not to be compared to Edward Beeswing. But this, too, is the way of the world—wit here and wealth there.'

Next came Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram. 'Sweet Marjoram' he used to be called till he married Mrs. Marjoram; but then all his sweetness vanished. He was a distant relation of Lord Pennyroyal; but for one or two generations the Marjorams had been in trade as Russia merchants, and no man was more respected in Mincing-lane, or wherever it is in the City that tallow and bristles most abound.

'What a pity it is,' Lady Carlton went on thinking, 'that one must always ask husband and wife together! Mrs. Marjoram is pleasant enough by herself; and as for Mr. Marjoram, he is charming; but both at once in a house are beyond bearing; for they either quarrel like cat and dog, or one sits on the brink of a crater in fear and trembling that an eruption will speedily break out. But Sir Thomas wishes it, and what must be, must be!'

So Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram's note was written and addressed to

'Mrs. Marjoram, Great Cumberland-street, Hyde-park.'

'Now come Colonel and Mrs. Barker. Both very nice people, if the wife were not so fond of bright colours, and the husband would not tell such long stories. However, they are a very loving pair, and they will do well enough to fill up; and now let me see whom have we left—Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue. If they can't come, Florence and Alice will call it dull; but I am sure the two friends will come if they possibly can. They are inseparable, and both everything that one would wish to see in young men, except that they are rather idle.'

So Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue had their notes written, and when that labour was over, Lady Carlton was surprised to find that it was almost time for luncheon. She had forgotten how fast time flies when you spend one half the morning in planning a Party with your husband, and the other in writing the invitations necessary to give that plan effect.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HIGH BEECH WAS LIKE.

Now let us leave Lady Carlton and her daughters to get their Incheon in peace; let us not follow Sir Thomas to Lombard-street, but let us linger at High Beech all alone, and say what sort of house There was a tradition in the country that High Beech had been built by Inigo Jones, but whether there was any truth in the belief, no one could say. The nearest approach to certainty in the natter was, that the house belonged to the age of Inigo Jones, and that it was, like so many mansions, ascribed to him on very 81ender authority. But whoever built it, High Beech was a noble house. Externally it formed three sides of a square, consisting of high centre and two lower wings, one of which contained the Stables, and the other the offices. The middle was in the Renaissance Style of red brick decorated with pilasters, and with dormer windows the top story. Besides being tall, it was broad and deep; and when you see a tall, deep-chested, broad-backed man, you say, I am sure that fellow has good lungs,' so, when you looked at Righ Beech, you said, 'What a spacious house! I am sure every One is well housed and lodged within its walls.' Nor would your Judgment have been mistaken. Inside, High Beech was comfort itself, and you felt that no damp could ever penetrate such solid The entrance was by a flight of steps leading up to a portico, and though some said the portico was an eyesore, there could be no doubt that it was a great protection to the outer hall from the east wind. From this outer hall one passed into an inner one, and Once inside it, one felt that the east wind might blow till his cheeks cracked, for not one puff could ever make its way so far. inner hall was very spacious, panelled with black oak, and hung with portraits of the Carlton family and their friends. High Beech had come into the possession of the Carltons about the time of that loan to the Government of George I.'s time. Before that it had belonged to a family named Shaw, who lent money in their day to Charles II., and when they died out, the Carltons bought it. In the centre of the hall was a magnificent oak staircase, as black with age, and as slippery with rubbing, as any staircase could be. would have been well if any record existed to tell how many of the Shaws in old time and of the Carltons in the last century had got their deaths by falling down those polished stairs. But, alas! no

such documents existed. All that was known positively on the subject was that elderly and even middle-aged gentlemen, who stayed at High Beech, were often observed skulking up to bed by the back staircases, rather than face that perilous ascent after a good dinner. As it was, there were frequent tumbles, the suddenness of which was only equalled by their severity; but, for all that, those black-oak stairs were a sort of palladium with the housemaids at High Beech, who went on scrubbing them and polishing them every morning, singing and carolling all the time, as though they were not laying traps for the unwary, that he might fall in the twinkling of an

eye, and find himself toppled downstairs head foremost.

But we have forgotten that it is not yet time to scale that 'staircase perilous.' We must turn to the right as we stand in the hall facing the staircase, and enter first into the breakfast-room, which looked out on the side of the flight of steps by which the house was approached. There was nothing about this room to distinguish it from other breakfast-rooms, except that it was the worst-fitted room for breakfast in the house. Out of the breakfast-room one passed to the library-a noble room, square and lofty, containing about ten thousand volumes. Some of our readers may think ten thousand books a very small number; but we think if any man has ten thousand volumes under his roof, he will not only find them quite enough to supply his love of reading with material for study during a lifetime, but also quite enough to fill a very large room, and to give his servants great trouble in dusting them. Let it not, however, be supposed that the Carltons were a family who grudged the space their books occupied. There are houses, indeed, and great ones. in which the only books in spacious libraries are the Racing Calendar, the Whole Duty of Man, and a few old monthly magazines: but the library at High Beech was quite different. It was not only an extensive, but a well-chosen collection. Before all other branches of knowledge, it was rich in the classics, in county histories, and in French and Italian books. Nor was England neglected, and every department of literature in the mother-tongue was well represented. In a word, the library at High Beech was a room in which, on a wet day, or even on a fine day, a man not wholly given over to the demon of sport might draw a chair to the fire in the winter, or ensconce himself behind a screen in the summer, and so for hours enjoy that sweet converse with the spirits of the departed which is the only true clairvoyance, and which is so consolatory even to a disputations reader, inasmuch as while he hears what the writer has to say on any subject, he is sure not to be contradicted to his face, as is the way of men who defend their opinions by word of mouth. Certainly, if silence be silvern, reading is golden; and in no house in England could such gold be more amply gathered than in the library at High Beech. As for its decorations, they were books. 'Why, it is all

books! said a child who was taken to see the room. 'Have you read them all, Lady Carlton?' As the jewels of Cornelia were her children, so books were the ornament of that library. High up on the top of the cases, out of the reach of criticism, were a few ambiguous ancestors, a bust or two of classical worthies, and six or seven Etruscan vases; but beyond these, as the child said, the library was 'all books.'

Now we have got as far as the angle of the house at that corner, and turn into two splendid drawing-rooms, which filled the whole front of the house facing the park. From a sort of alcove in the centre of that front, a flight of steps led down to a terrace, and then another flight to another terrace, and so on to a third, beyond which was a 'haha.' Between each terrace, down to the 'haha,' was an Italian garden and smooth lawns, on which rare shrubs and conifers flourished; and beyond all was the park, with its fine old free-standing trees and its herd of deer, which, in that year 1870 of which we write, were eagerly cropping the grass which was soon to render their haunches such objects of interest to aldermen in particular, and all gluttons in general.

But we must not walk out of the house, even though June with all its leaves and warmth is hard upon us. We must go back, and like trusty showmen take our readers the round of the house. Where Were we? In the middle of the drawing-rooms. As we are not Pholsterers, suffice it to say that they were filled with costly fur-Diture, and 'replete,' as the advertisements say, 'with every luxury befitting a family of distinction.' We shall soon have to return to them; so let us hasten on with our bird's-eye view, and enter at the angle opposite to the library into the boudoir of Lady Carlton—not e very large room, but evidently the abode of ease and taste. Farther than that, on this first morning, we cannot go. Beyond it was the dining-room, which nearly filled up the space which answered to the breakfast-room and library on the opposite side of the hall, and s approached by a door from the drawing-rooms, which opened into the hall under the noble staircase, of which and its slipperiness we have already spoken.

And now, as the reader may be supposed to know something of the ground-floor at High Beech, we may take him upstairs. That slippery staircase, after it had climbed half way up the height of the ground-floor, divided into two flights, right and left. By them we ascend to a gallery, from which we have a fine view of the hall; and thence we proceed on either hand down spacious passages, lighted at each end by wide and lofty windows. At the end of each of these passages we find flights of stairs to an upper story of rooms; and above these again we find another story of attics, lighted by the dormer windows, which form a feature of the house from the outside.

But now that we have left the ground-floor and got up into the region of housemaids and bedrooms, we are not about to be so both at present as to lead our readers into any of these bedrooms. If y peep into bedrooms in a strange house, who can tell what may fall you? We shall have to speak a little of these rooms fart on; but at this period of our story, when we have as yet scarce set foot over the threshold of High Beech, and hardly know one of its inmates, how can we push into their bedrooms, either with a without knocking? Every right-minded reader must see that such a proceeding would be manifestly most improper; and so readers that are more curious than right-minded must restrain their desires, and wait till we can ask them to enter a bedroom without the fear of finding oneself thrust out by a lady's-maid, and the door slammed in our faces.

'Why, then, did you take us up that slippery staircase, if we are to see nothing, and then walk down delicately, like Agag, se though we were treading on eggs?' For several reasons, reader. First, because the staircase was slippery, and we wished to see if you could walk down with the jauntiness of that king of Amalek. Secondly, because we wished to see whether you were a snob, who is fond of peeping and prying into things which do not concern you. Thirdly, because there was nothing to see up there, as the rooms were all empty. And fourthly, because we wished to take you some-We would say 'elsewhither,' only having said once in a letter to a lady that we were going 'elsewhither,' she asked another friend whose house 'Elsewhither' was, as we had written to say that we were going to it on a visit. After this lesson, we advise all readers and all writers to be cautious in writing good and grammatical English, lest it should happen to them, as it happened to us, to think we were using an adverb of place, and to find it had been mistaken to mean a place itself.

'Elsewhere, then: where is that, if we are not to see the bedrooms?' Well, there are two elsewheres, as you may all find some day to your cost. You may either go to the offices and the kitchen, if you think that gluttony is the best policy, though for ourselves we have a wholesome fear of the cook's dish-clout, and much prefer to judge of kitchens as of men, by their works. We advise you, therefore, to leave the kitchen to itself, and come with us to the stables, in the opposite wing, and see the horses. 'You don't like horses?' Why, what a man you must be! 'O, but you are not a man—all readers are not men—some of them are women, and you are a woman.' Here, again, we observe that you must be a very bad woman if you do not like horses, and looking at them. You had better come with us and see the stables, or we shall set you down at once as one of those wicked women who work horses to death, who pay cabmen sixpence a mile, and when they job horses, drive

them about all day, and make them stand out for hours in the cold at night, and then wonder how it is that their unhappy coachman looks so wan and pinched next morning, and how the horses lose their flesh, and their coats stare as though they had been ridden by a nightmare. Do you still say that you will not go to the stables? Then, as you can't be forced, stay away; but had you gone, you would have seen a most original old coachman and many fine horses, including two belonging to Alice and Florence Carlton, who were very fond of them as well as of riding.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG LADIES AT LUNCHEON.

As we turn from the stables and look at the back of the house, where the entrance really is, we see the two daughters of the house tripping up the stone steps, warned by the luncheon-gong to make haste home. High Beech was in all respects a punctual, regular house. Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner were served to the minute, and if the commercial career of the house of Carlton conveyed any moral, it was that of the absolute value of time. In this respect, you see this Carlton House was the very reverse of another Carlton House of which we have all read or heard, and which stood where Carlton-terrace, and Carlton-gardens, and the Athenæum, and the Travellers', and the Reform Clubs now stand; and so, while the house of the Carltons at High Beech flourished and prospered like a bay-tree, the other has been long since pulled down, its site built over, and its very name half-forgotten.

But there are the two young ladies tripping up the steps, while our story halts to moralise. There they were; and you could even tell from their backs that they were young and happy. Let them off, merry young things, in the warm sunshine; we can never eath them now, and see their faces. We must wait till they come to luncheon.

They were not long in making their appearance; and found their mother waiting for them. And now a most uncharitable thing that be said. In no other point of view was High Beech more fortunate than in this: in it the age of governesses was past. Their dreary reign was over. There are of course exceptions to every rule, and some families have been very happy with their governesses; but in general they are little better than policemen in women's clothes, or rather female detectives with whom you have to be on intimate terms. But this is very wicked and shocking, you say? So it is; but is it not the very truth? Look at it in another way. Was any man ever known to be on familiar terms with a policeman? Cooks, indeed, appeal to them when butlers and footmen are unsympathetic; but we doubt whether policemen have any real friends out.

of the force. In fact you can't be good friends with a man who able to take you up at any moment. In this respect policemen a like the National Guards in Paris in 1871. They have no friend You might as well pull the Chief Justice of England by the bea as take any liberty with a policeman; and yet what is the governe in the family but a worse policeman? There the wretched bein is, between the servants on the one side and the family on the other Sometimes the servants won't wait on her; and once there was governess who was found starved to death because none of the d mestics, male or female, would 'demean' themselves, as they term it, by taking up her meals to the schoolroom. On the other han if she is treated as one of the family, as the lady who is to bring 1 your children like ladies ought to be, she is a perpetual bore, as everything like confidential conversation between husband and wi becomes impossible. How many secrets would Brown have told h wife, if Miss Parker had not come in just at that very moment? At how much gossip would not Mrs. Brown have repeated to her hu band at or after dinner, unless the same lady had been seated the side of the table, staring them in the face? Talk of a skel ton in a cupboard in every family! a governess is a skeleton out Three are proverbially no company; but what shall we call company of three—two of whom are husband and wife, and th third a governess? The result generally is, that a governess is no treated as one of the family; and then in what a painful position i the family placed, knowing that a very estimable person, to whor they are mainly indebted for their education, so far as the daughter are concerned, is condemned by their own selfishness and love (ease to perpetual solitary confinement?

Happy therefore, and thrice happy, were the Carlton family, in asmuch as the daughters were beyond the age of governesses, and that Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton were no longer compelled to kee a resident policeman in petticoats.

'Well, girls,' said Lady Carlton, 'it is all settled. I have per suaded your father to have a few friends down here on the 1st 's June, and I have asked—'

'Who, who, mamma?' exclaimed both the young ladies at once

'Don't be so impatient. No one is coming that you care for very much. No young ladies, I mean.'

'Yes,' said Florence, the elder, and livelier, and bolder of the two; 'but then there are other persons than young ladies in the

world.'

'Very true,' answered her mother. 'There are old men ar women, and men and women of middle age, and women who a neither very old nor very young; and so we have begun by askin Lady Sweetapple.'

'Dear Lady Sweetapple!' said Alice. 'I am so fond of her!'





J. A. Pasquier, del.

Edmund Evans, sc.

More than I am,' burst out Florence. 'I don't like her. She that I call a flirt; and besides, she takes away my partners, and I call unfair in a widow.'

O, Florry!' said Alice, 'how can you say such horrid things? Why shouldn't young widows dance if they like it? I am sure you

never lost a partner on account of Lady Sweetapple.'

'I'm not so sure of that,' said her sister; 'but even if I don't, I say again it isn't fair in a widow who has had what I call her chance, to return to unmarried life, as it were, and, if you must have

it, to poach on the preserves of young ladies.'

'I suppose, then,' said Lady Carlton, 'you would banish poor Lady Sweetapple to the region of real preserves, and condemn her to endless jam and jelly making, as ladies who had had their chance, as you call it, in ancient days used to spend their widowed lives. But I rather agree with Alice, and do not at all see why young widows like Lady Sweetapple should not dance, provided they dance well, and are attractive enough to get partners.'

'Well, mamma,' said the forward Florry, 'it is no use arguing the matter when you and Alice are agreed. The fact is, you both are much fonder of Lady Sweetapple than I am, or shall ever be. When Alice knows more of the world, and has seen her nicest partners carried off after supper by that odious Lady Sweetapple, she

won't like her any better than I.'

'Well, let us drop Lady Sweetapple,' said Lady Carlton, 'and eat our luncheon in peace and charity with all men and women.'

'I wish that were always so easy, mamma,' said Florry. 'Dear me, what vexations there are in life!'

Dreadful, my dear,' said her mother with a laugh. 'Two seacoms, or rather one and a half, have turned you into a moralist, as hall as the asserter of young ladies' rights against widows and marwomen.'

Don't tease poor Florry, mamma,' said Alice; 'but do tell us

the is coming besides Lady Sweetapple.'

'Here is the list,' said Lady Carlton. 'Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, Mr. Beeswing, Colonel and Mrs. Barker, Edward Vernon and Harry Textescue, and, I forgot, Count Pantouffles.'

Well, I must say,' said Florry, 'the company improves as it on. As for Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram, I shall get on very well them. They never quarrel except with themselves; and if you contrive to keep them apart and out of one another's sight the chole time they are here, no doubt they will be very happy, and

away declaring they have had a charming visit. Mrs. Barker a good creature. I only wish she had studied the harmony of colours a little more. Nor is the Colonel bad company till he begins to tell one of his Indian stories. Mr. Beeswing is always delightful. I, for one, am glad he is coming, if for no other reason than

that I am sure he hates Lady Sweetapple. I do so hope he will make some fun out of her. As for the two others, we all know that Alice likes Edward Vernon; and as for me, why, I suppose I must put up with Harry.'

'O, Florry!' said Alice through a very dawn of blushes; 'how can you go on saying that I like Edward Vernon, when I have

scarcely seen him half a dozen times in my life?'

'Never mind, darling, what I say,' said Florry. 'Then you don't like Edward; and Lady Sweetapple, that she-wolf in widow's weeds, has your perfect leave to carry him off if she can. As for only seeing Edward Vernon half a dozen times, that's a story I never expected to hear from a little woman usually so truthful. You have seen him a dozen times at least. And again, I should like to know what has become of that creature of our earliest imaginations—Love at first sight? What has become of Cupid in that shape? Does he never come down like a god, and take a strong and stubborn heart by storm in the twinkling of an eye? Ah! I see, he fled from earth when we all became so selfish and matter-of-fact.'

'Who is teasing now?' said Lady Carlton, infinitely amused at the impetuous Florry's attack on the bashful Alice. 'But what do you mean by putting up with Harry? I always thought Harry Fortescue was the most charming young man of the present time.'

'So he is,' said Florry; 'and I can safely say so because we are good friends and nothing more. To my mind, the great charm of Harry Fortescue is, that he never makes love. All he seems to care about is to enjoy himself as much as he can, and to throw himself with heart and soul into the amusement of the hour. I never saw any one so earnest in his pleasure; it is pleasure for pleasure's sake, and not pleasure for the sake of love-making.'

'Yes, Florry,' cried Alice; 'and that's just what dear Miss Stokes used to say was so awful in a young person's life—"the reckless pursuit of pleasure." Don't you remember how she used to warn us against amusement and pleasure except as a means to a

great end?'

'All stuff and nonsense, Alice: and let me tell you, if you go on bringing Miss Stokes to witness against me, I won't sleep in the same room with you. No! you sha'n't ever see me do my backhair. I won't walk with you nor sit next you at church. No! Thank Heaven, the rule of Miss Stokes in this house came to an end when she gave you her last lesson and papa settled a pension on her.'

'Come, Florence,' said Lady Carlton, 'I can't let you abuse poor Miss Stokes, to whom both you and Alice owe so much. No doubt you are both right: she certainly, when she warned you both against the reckless pursuit of pleasure; and you, in your turn, then you say that you like to see young men like Harry Fortescue nter heartily into the amusements of life. Both views are perectly compatible with Christian duty, and I, for one, am sure that trust the day will never come when Englishmen and Englishwomen fill either pursue pleasure as though it were the sole end and aim fexistence, or look so morosely on cheerful and harmless amusements as to turn society into a Methodist meeting-house.'

'Well, mamma,' said Miss Florence, 'I am sure both Alice and I are much obliged to you for your able explanation and reconiliation of duty and amusement; but what I want to know is, thy we can't amuse ourselves without thinking of anything else. t is so provoking, just when you are looking forward to a waltz, to ind your partner trying to coax you into a conservatory, or lingerng in the recess of a window, only to babble out a few disjointed rords, which mean nothing but that he hopes and trusts that at ome future time, if all goes well, he may look forward to-what? thy, only to meeting one again! As if one would ever care to meet man again who wastes the precious moments, which ought to be pent in whirling round the room, in such unmeaning nothings! 'hat's why I like Harry Fortescue; he never wastes time in philndering. If he has anything to say, he says it outright. And as or dancing, I do declare, after a season and a half's experience, tere never was such a dancer.'

'No one can say that you are not an enthusiastic advocate for ancing,' said Lady Carlton, as she gave her eldest daughter a kiss, appy in the pleasure and loveliness of her children, and perhaps of without a feeling of relief that neither of them as yet had shown my decided preference for any one of the many young men whom now met in society.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INVITATIONS ARE ACCEPTED.

Now we must leave High Beech for a while, and turn to Lonon; and first we will go to No. — Lowndes-street, and call on ady Sweetapple. We are early, and find her just come down to reakfast; but we make no apology, for novelists are like physicians—they call at all hours on their characters; and though the doctor metimes finds his patients 'not at home,' we never yet knew a paracter who denied himself to his novelist.

And now, before Lady Sweetapple is aware of our presence, we ill take a good look at her, and see what she is like. How old as she? To this question we answer boldly, Lady Sweetapple was ider thirty. Of course, you might be taken to the *Pecrage and aronetage*, and there you would soon find the reputed, or reported, se of Amicia Lady Sweetapple, the young widow of Sir John Sweet-

apple, of Quarendon Hall, in North Devon. But as novelists oug to know best about the ages of their creations, being, in fact, authority far above Dod, or Debrett, or Burke, we scorn to take mean advantage of a lady, and say merely that Lady Sweetap was under thirty. She might, to look at her, have been twentyor twenty-seven; but she certainly was not above thirty. not very tall, and her figure was rather slight, though she was v well-shaped, and so perhaps looked rather slighter than she rewas. Her complexion was, if you understand what we mean by term, a fair brunette. Her eyes were a soft Irish gray, and the was, in fact, a dash of Milesian blood in her composition. She had a very pretty mouth, firm, and at the same time full: her nose was straight and fine, with very beautiful, delicate nostrils. small ears and hands and feet, and altogether was a very attractive woman. We see at once, therefore, that Florence Carlton was right when she said she was the sort of woman to take away nice partners from young ladies; and in society she had two great advantages, if women so situated know how to make use of them. She was a widow, and unfettered—her own chaperone, in fact; and she was nearly thirty, that very turning-point of a woman's life, before which some people have asserted that a woman is not a woman. the French saying: 'Femme n'est pas femme que quand elle a trente ans.' Who it was that said it we cannot say, but whoever said it was a shrewd observer of women's nature; and certainly in Lady Sweetapple's case he would have been quite right. It was impossible to look at Lady Sweetapple and not to feel, whatever difference of opinion there might be about her looks, that you had before you a woman of rare natural gifts, and with the power to make sad havoc on the human heart. 'I don't think her the least good-looking,' man after man said; and yet almost every man who approached felt drawn to her, and had to make her acquaintance, whether he would or no. In this respect she was as arrant a siren as though she had lived all her days on those 'diamond rocks' in the Straits of Messina; and we very much doubt whether Ulvsses or Jason, or any of those ancient worthies, could have resisted the advances of Lady Sweetapple, if she had been seen 'sleeking her soft alluring locks' with her golden comb, and singing a low soft song of love. And now, when we have added that she was notoriously more a man's than a woman's beauty, we have said almost all that we have to say about her just now. The real fact was, that most women were too afraid of her to admire her; for if it be true that 'perfect love casteth out fear,' the converse is no less sure, that perfect fear casteth out love.

Here let it be remarked, that landowners in North Devon have one great advantage. They are so out of the way that few people care what they do. So it comes about that a Devonshire scandal is

half such an exposure as one in the home counties; and while ne could dare to run away from his wife and children for a seain Hertfordshire or Surrey or Essex, the same crime might be mitted in the valleys of the Taw and the Torridge, or beyond e in Cornwall, and so on quite down to the Land's End itself, and ne out of the West of England would be one whit the wiser. Somehow or other there was a veil over the early history of y Sweetapple, and yet no one could say a word against her. She been born, it was said, or at any rate educated, abroad, and when very young-perhaps after she had been put to school those very sirens in the Straits of Messina—she had met and ied Sir John Sweetapple, then on a roving tour in his yacht. y had only been married a year or two, having lived for the most still abroad, when Sir John died, and was buried with his foreers in Quarendon Abbey, which you may find in a nook somere along the North Devon coast, if you strain your eyes hard igh and long enough.

The siren had no children. Perhaps the race was destined to out with her, the last of the old stock. Perhaps not, for the d is brisk, and the strain strong and stout. Perhaps there will Those who have sufr be a time when there are no sirens. l by them will say, 'Would to heaven the whole race of sirens extinct!' Those who have not will exclaim, 'What folly! y are a very harmless race. Why should they die out any more Lord Tankerville's white cattle and the great awk? Let them poor things, were it only for our instruction and amusement.' When Sir John died he left no direct heir to inherit the title: went to a distant cousin. But he made his will, as the huss of sirens often do: and what the will said was, that Quaren-Abbey, and all the Sweetapple estates, and all the personalty, he—everything, in short, that Sir John had to leave, was to

ng absolutely to his 'dear wife Amicia.'

Of course, when the will was known, all the wise women of the t said, 'What a shame not to leave a penny to his lawful heir! what comes of marrying a siren.' In saying which these very people quite forgot that Sir John had always been madly in with Lady Sweetapple, while he detested his heir, as is the e of some men who are childless. Nor did they consider that ia had been a good and faithful wife to Sir John. As for the men of the West, they did not at all agree with the wise They all thought Sir John had only done his duty by his ; and, to tell the truth, there was not one of them unmarried would not have given his little finger to have married the siren, She had never been very fond she would have none of them. orth Devon even in Sir John's time, as the air was too damp the neighbours too dull; and so, to make a very long story COND SERIES, VOL. V. F.S. VOL. XV. aa

short, she lived mostly in London, at No. — Lowndes-street, whit must be remembered that we are paying her a visit on the 2 of May 1870.

'A letter from Lady Carlton,' said the siren in a soft vowhich would have melted the heart of Mentor himself. 'What Lady Carlton have to say?' and as she said this, Lady Sweeta platossed the letter down with a grace that would have charmed many man's heart.

So the siren had breakfast, a meal which did not take long, and then she opened the letter.

'To go to High Beech on the 1st of June to meet—yes! that is the question, to meet whom? How provoking! it only says to meet "a few friends." What a fortunate pair Sir John and Lady Carlton are in having a few friends! Some people have no friends, only acquaintances or enemies. I wonder who these few friends can be, and whether there are any of my friends among them. Let me consider and guess. It doesn't take a second to guess that Mr. Beeswing will be there. He is such a great friend of both Sir John and Lady Carlton. How happy is the man who knows really how to hold with the hare and run with the hounds! in other words, to be equally agreeable to both husband and wife. Yes! he will be there for certain. I don't much like him, nor does he care for me, that 🤼 can see; but the house will never be dull where Mr. Beeswing is Who else? Ah! I remember,' with a hurry of voice and slight flush of face, 'Harry Fortescue will be there. He told me that Sir Thomas had asked him yesterday to go down to High Beech. and that he hoped I might be there. This, no doubt, is the invitation he meant. Yes, I will go to High Beech on the 1st of June. I am sure I shall be very happy—when Mr. Beeswing is in the house, and Harry Fortescue as well.'

Now we have seen enough of Lady Sweetapple, and we will go to Grosvenor-mansions, and pay Mr. Beeswing a visit. He, too, is just up when we arrive. Had we gone first to him we should have found him in bed, for middle-aged bachelors are less early in their habits than sirens under thirty. Here we have him in his dressinggown and slippers, a well-preserved, clean-shaven man of fifty-five.

As we have already said, Edward Beeswing was a younger son of the Earl of Port. It was a fine old Irish family, always renowned for wit and good fellowship. Sir Edward Beeswing had a great share in negotiating the Methuen treaty, which made us, as is well-known, a nation of port drinkers. The First Minister of the day, who had a dry sense of humour, and wished to reward the eminent diplomatist, gave him a pension on the Civil List by making him Hereditary Holder of the King's Corkscrew whenever it pleased his majesty to visit that part of his dominions called Ireland, and at the same time raised him to the peerage as Baron Port. For eminent

ablic services at elections, and for docility at the time of the Union, the barony of Port had risen to the earldom of the same name; and be some thirty years ago, when the second Earl of Port died, Edward ceswing, then twenty-five years of age, and one of the finest and tost fashionable young men about town, found himself with an anality of five hundred a year charged on the very encumbered estate his elder brother, and with no other prospects. What he would ave done at the present day it is impossible to say, but his elder rother, who, most luckily, was a Whig, went to Lord Melbourne and got his brother made a Commissioner of Outland Revenue, or temembrancer of her Majesty's Conscience, or some equally imortant sinecure, on which, and on his irregularly-paid annuity, he ad subsisted ever since.

For the rest, he was a genial, pleasant man, equally liked by oth men and women. To the last he gave good advice, founded n ample experience of all the affections of the heart, and towards he first he was never arrogant, but, on the contrary, most courteous nd forbearing; for he said, 'Though I am an old fogey, what in he world is the use of becoming as crusty as my elder brother, and of forgetting that I once was a wild young fellow, hardly ever out of lifficulties?'

Let us hear what he says in answer to Lady Carlton. 'An initation for the 1st of June to High Beech. Well, I must say Lady Jarlton is a most faithful friend, and so is Sir Thomas. There are Iways pleasant people at their parties. I am luckily disengaged, and I shall most certainly accept.' So he accepted, and we may spect to see him at High Beech on the 1st of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram live, as you know, in Great Cumberlandreet, Hyde-park, in a great musty old house that looked as if it id never been painted or cleaned since the time of Adam. on were inside it, it smelt strongly of hay and apples, as though it ere a loft and store-room combined. It was one of those houses o in which the servant who opened the door looked as though he inst got out of bed and huddled on his clothes; and, call at what bur you might, there was either a wagon of coals at the door, or a asherwoman's cart, or a dustman carting away cinders. here were back-stairs or not, no one could tell; but it was a fact that, all hours of the day, slatternly housemaids, with brooms and pails, ere perpetually running up and down the front stairs. The friends Mrs. Marjoram said it was all Mr. Marjoram's fault, he was so articular; and all Mr. Marjoram's friends agreed in laying the lame on Mrs. Marjoram, she was so untidy. As for ourselves, we ecline to side with either party. We respect Mr. Marjoram, and read his wife; our only object in this story is to prevent them from narrelling in public. As to what they may do at home we do not re a straw.

'That must wait for an answer till Mr. Marjoram comes do said Mrs. Marjoram. 'What a shame it is that he will be alv late for breakfast!'

This was at nine o'clock—an hour at which many would the a man at the end of May, in the height of the London season, I not have been abused for being five minutes late for breakfas nine.

It so happened that, before the five minutes were over, d came Mr. Marjoram.

'Late again for prayers, Mr. Marjoram,' said his wife. 'I v you would consider what a shocking example you set to the servar

'My dear,' said Mr. Marjoram, 'it is really not my fault morning. Yesterday, I admit, I was a little late after that I dinner at the Mansion House; but this morning, just as I was con down, I fell over a dust-pan which Mary had left on the land and I bruised my shin so that the skin is all off for two inches.'

Having said this, the unhappy Marjoram rubbed his shin,

looked imploringly for mercy.

But as the judges say to the wretches they are about to sente to death, 'If you think of mercy, you must turn your eyes to a w and better tribunal,' there was no mercy for her husband wl Mrs. Marjoram was concerned.

'And pray where were your eyes, Mr. Marjoram, when you over the dust-pan? You might as well say that you had fallen do stairs because you had no legs. Why, I ask, did you not see dust-pan? No doubt poor Mary left it there when she ran do stairs to prayers; and if you had come down when the bell rang, would have been here before she put down the pan, and so could have fallen over it. The pain therefore which you now suffe caused by your own sin of omission, and should be looked on rat as a salutary warning than as a cause of complaint and repin Another time, Mr. Marjoram, no doubt you will be down to pray before Mary has time to leave the dust-pan in your way.'

After this exhortation to early rising and prayer-going, the happy Marjoram was suffered to eat his breakfast in silence and c parative peace. When he had finished it he was about to bolt the door, and so secure his retreat to the hall, where he would I seized his hat and umbrella and escaped from the house to the C That was what he did on most mornings, except Sunday, wher was led off to church by Mrs. Marjoram. But on this partic morning it was not fated that he should so escape.

'Mr. Marjoram,' said Mrs. Marjoram in a sepulchral voice, have something to say to you.'

'Yes, my dear; pray say it,' said Mr. Marjoram, with a sidek seal-like wriggle towards the door.

'Do you, then, decline to hear me, Mr. Marjoram?' said his

mentor, executing a rapid flank movement, which placed her between her victim and the door.

'O, no, my dear, certainly not,' said Mr. Marjoram. 'Only I am rather in a hurry to-day, as there is much to do in the City.'

'Here is an invitation from Lady Carlton for the 1st of June. Will you go, Mr. Marjoram?'

'I will do as you like, my dear,' said the unhappy Marjoram.

'How often have I to repeat, Mr. Marjoram, that it gives me no pleasure to go out into the world? If you do as I please, you will stay at home.'

'My dear,' said Mr. Marjoram, 'I think we had better go. It will do you good to be relieved from the care of a house for a few days, and though you will never believe me, there is no one better fitted than yourself to shine in society.'

'Mr. Marjoram,' said his better half, 'when you married me I was perhaps what you say; but now I am a wreck, a shadow. Every age has its cares, Mr. Marjoram, and no age has more than that of a middle-aged married woman.'

Was Mrs. Marjoram to be believed when she said this? If the truth be told, she was telling an awful story. She was neither a wreck nor a shadow. She slept well and ate well, had everything her own way, and ruled Mr. Marjoram with a rod of iron. In her heart she wished very much to go to High Beech, but she thought it would give her husband an advantage over her if she showed pleasure at the prospect of going; and so she made it appear as though she was going, if she went at all, solely because he wished it. All this was very wrong and cross-grained; but, alas, it is too often the way of the world. There are in this vale of tears and groans many Mrs. Marjorams.

'Well, then,' said Mr. Marjoram, who began to think ruefully of his business in the City, 'I suppose you will write and say we shall be very happy to go. I like Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton, and they would both like you, if you would only let them.'

'O, do not run away with the idea that it will give me the least Pleasure. I am always much better at home in my own place—a woman's place—at the head of my household.'

'But you will write and accept the invitation?' said Mr. Mar-loram

'Yes, on the understanding that I go to please you, and not expecting any satisfaction in the visit.'

Having got so far, Mr. Marjoram thought probably that he had won a great victory, for he vanished as quickly as he could, and was soon seen limping along Great Cumberland-street with his broken shin, on his way to the City.

When he was gone, his domestic tyrant sat down and accepted 'dear Lady Carlton's' invitation 'with very great pleasure.'

CHAPTER V.

HARRY AND EDWARD AT BREAKFAST.

EDWARD VERNON and Harry Fortescue lived in the same lodgings. in Eccleston-street, Belgravia. Thirty years ago they would have lived in chambers in the Temple or Lincoln's-inn, and they would have been much more comfortable. They would have had a clerk between them, whose chief duty would have been to stick up bits paper in the mouth of the letter-box, 'Return in half an hour,' 'A Westminster,' 'On Sessions,' 'On Circuit.' On all which notices we need only remark, that there have been cases where an unfortunate visitor has returned at intervals of thirty minutes for three successions. sive hours, and always found the same notice staring him in the fac-e. But in these days of progress few young barristers—for that was there profession of these bosom friends—ever live altogether at chamber— They had a set of rooms in common in Pump-court, and a clerk, was the case in old times, and he stuck up much the same illuso _ notices, as though the business of these Siamese barristers were i_ creasing so fast that he, their clerk, would soon take a ten-room house—that supreme object of every clerk's ambition. But in real the friends lived for the most part in that street in Belgravia, and though they went sometimes to the Temple, they were nearly so attentive to business as they might have been. In several respects their condition was strangely alike; they were both w born, both younger sons, and both orphans. The only relation life that either of them had was an elder brother. As for cousings, that bond of affinity which Scotchmen worship and Englishm detest, they had none of them. No doubt it was this likeness of condition that had drawn Edward Vernon and Henry Fortescue 50 closely together at Eton, had continued their friendship at Oxford, and still kept them so near together in London. In one other point they were very like. They were both cursed with a competence, and that was the real reason why they were so careless in the pursuit of their profession. 'Do you see that pothouse,' said Chief-Justice Earwig to one of his great admirers, when they were posting out of London to York, to try twelve Luddites, afterwards to be hanged all of a row. 'Do you see that pothouse in Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn? Well, for twenty years of my life, when I was a young man, I dined every day at five o'clock, on a beef-steak, at that house. I never went into society, and never read a book when out of court, except one on law.' Having told which bit of domestic history in a husky voice, the chief-justice sank into the corner of his chariot, and left his marshal and admirer to draw the inference that the Law has always been a jealous mistress to those who woo her.

But certainly neither Edward Vernon nor Harry Fortescue were

going to bow down before a divinity whose worship consisted in eating tough beef-steaks and drinking porter, and whose church services consisted of dry law-books and musty precedents. They were prepared to do all that a young man should do towards studying his profession, provided it did not interfere with the sacred right of every young man of fashion to dine out as often as he could; and above all things, to dance as often, and as well, as he could. Certain formal rites, indeed, they cheerfully fulfilled. They entered their names as students; they ate disgusting dinners at half-past five, washed down with port-wine of the vintage of 1868; they attended lectures, and went to sleep, much in the same way as the benchers went to sleep who attended them for form's sake. They never went into any examinations. They were supposed to read in an eminent conveyancer's chambers, for which they paid him very handsome fees; but if they came, it was only to exemplify Charles Lamb's famous rule of coming late and going away early. In these chambers there were always venerable papers involving all sorts of abstruse points of law, but only one or two sallow-faced fellows, who were not cursed with a competence, ever read them. They, no doubt, will have their reward. Unless our whole judicial system is reformed from off the face of the earth, they will be vice-chancellors, and perhaps lord-chancellors. If they lean to common law, they may become as great common lawyers as Chief-Justice Earwig himself, always provided that their livers last, and they are not starved to death or choked with dust by learning their profession and waiting for business. Enthusiasts in the law no doubt look on such prospects with intense delight, and they feel the same pleasure in run-Ding a precedent to book as a bold rider who is in at the death of a fox: but it was not so with those idle apprentices, Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue. They were great dancers, and good authotities on the Eton and Harrow match, and the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. They could have told in a second how many times clark blue had won the race, the names of the strokes, and even of The crews, for the last ten years. I am not sure, too, that they could not have told you the names of the winners of the Derby for the last three years. In all these things they could have taken a first class in a competitive examination ; but as for law, God bless you! in spite of all their entrance-fees, and dinner bills, and fees for the run of that eminent conveyancer's chambers-in spite, too, of that mystical call to the Bar to which they had at last eaten and paid their way—they were just as ignorant as babes unborn.

Now we know enough of them to call at No. — Ecclestonstreet, and to find them sitting at breakfast. If Mr. Beeswing was later in his habits than Lady Sweetapple, Edward and Harry were much later than Mr. Beeswing. This, no doubt, is providential, for if we all had our breakfast at the same hour, what a rush there would short-sighted heads of families are who complain of the younger members of their family coming down so late to breakfast! There would often be no breakfast at all, if we all appeared together; and this is said with all due respect to all those virtuous fathers and mothers who breakfast regularly at eight, supported by ten olive branches—five daughters on one side, and five sons on the other. It is no use their saying that they get their breakfast regularly served at that hour. For, after all, what is their breakfast? French eggs, Irish butter, cold toast, slack-baked bread, and watercresses. Always tea, and never coffee. On such fare every family would be regularing, every member of it must come down early, were it only to eat a little of it as possible, and so got over the nauseous meal, and be off about his business as soon as ever he can.

But it was at no such niggardly breakfast that Edward and Harry were seated at half-past twelve on that morning of the 23 of May 1870. One liked tea and the other coffee, and they bo th So they had all three. As for chocolate, it nev--er liked chocolate. quenches thirst; so they had that first, and then one had tea armend the other coffee. Now don't hold up your hands, Mrs. Economy, and and Of course it was, and far bett___er shriek out against such awful waste. would it have been for these unearnest young men had they be- en living as the holy anchorites of old in the desert near the Natr- on Lakes—munching parched peas and writing out the Bible on goes at-millennium down upon us in, say, a hundred years. But this is mot a story about the millennium, and though there will be no wick edness in it, it must tell of the ways of the world, and one of the bead for ways of the world is, that young men who are not forced to work = their bread will not get up early if they have been dancing the reir - be legs off till four o'clock the night before. Nor is it perhaps to . in wondered that two young men, who had never had a real want **3** 88 their lives, should under all the circumstances make themselves comfortable as they could. Whatever, therefore, Mrs. Economy management **F**1 to say, and however much she may hold up her hands, we proceed say that the pair had fresh eggs, and devilled kidneys, and press see beef on the table before them. O yes! and there was a dish prawns on the sideboard, which came from Charles's, and, wor still, a Strasburg pie, into which Edward Vernon was digging wi a spoon at the very moment of our visit. It is a common fiction with parents of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise school, that going to balls saps the constitution and leads the way to an early grave. This is another of those pious frauds which should be hissed off t stage by public opinion. It is much to be doubted whether dancing ever hurt man or woman, unless they had a heart disease. how inconsequent are the enemies of balls! Does Parliament, where

a number of respectable middle-aged gentlemen for the most part spend their evenings in an endless round of dulness, rarely relieved by a brilliant or even a lively debate—does Parliament, with its interminable clauses and committees, and morning sittings and late divisions, sap the constitution of our legislators and prepare them for the inroads of consumption? Why should a man, and a young man, ruin his health by meeting five nights out of the week with a number of young people of his own age, both men and women, and enjoy himself by dancing away in very pleasant company some of his superfluous energy? Do those sallow-faced students who burn the midnight oil in the worship of Themis, or whatever other goddess presides over the law, never injure their eyes, or their lives, or their looks? 'O yes,' you say; but that is all for the sake of science and learning. All respect, we say, to science and learning; but consider, if we were all scientific and learned, what a place of torment this world would be. Besides, we can't all be scientific and learned; our heads are not strong enough for it. We can't all be as wise as Pythagoras or Socrates, though we may look a deal more handsome than the last philosopher, who, if there are actions in the Elysian Fields, ought long ago to have instructed Gorgias or Protagoras to take proceedings against the sculptor who carved his The result of this long discussion therefore is, that there is Foom for every one on earth: and just as in the natural world there are elephants, and birds of paradise, and owls, and beetles, so in **the** world of society there are men who are meant to work, and men who are meant to play and look pretty. Two such pretty men were Edward and Harry; and it seems to us just as natural that Edward should be digging into a Strasburg pie at half-past twelve, as that at that very same hour, in Mr. Sheepskin's chambers, in Pumpcourt, their fellow students, y ho were not as lazy as themselves, should have already mastered several precedents, which they had duly entered in a big book bound in rough calf.

'Rather jolly this!' said Edward. 'Here is an invitation to High Beech. I should so like to see Alice Carlton again. She'll be a nice girl when she has got over the shyness of her first season.'

'Of course Lady Carlton has asked me too,' said Harry. 'Just look at my letters while I am digging out this truffle. Certainly that fellow, Artzner, does make most famous pies. Are they really all made out of the livers of geese? I say, old fellow, what a lot of geese there must be in Strasburg!'

'Yes, and in London too,' said Edward. 'What a pity it is that we two can't set up a pie manufactory, and boil down the livers of all the geese we know!'

'It wouldn't pay, Edward; there are too many of them. Goose pies would become a drug, as they say of money in the City articles of the newspapers. We should never get rid of them.'

'It would be worth trying, if they weren't so unwhole Chances are, after we had killed our geese and made their into pies, some fool of a doctor, bribed by Mother Goose howould write a letter to the *Times*, telling how a patient of his goose-liver pie last Christmas-day, and died out of hand, with so much time for repentance as to make his will, thus cutting medical attendant off from that expected legacy.'

'Don't be bitter, Edward, and don't abuse the faculty. can tell how soon we may want their help? What do you

that stupid old Lady Proudfoot said to me last night?'
'Sure I can't tell—something nasty, I daresay,' said Edv

'Why she came up with an air of great concern, just as taking Miss Frolick down to supper, and said, "Dear me, Mr. tescue, I should never have known you again—how thin and you have got! This all comes from reading the law, I suppose

'Just like her!' said Edward. 'All because you did not with Miss Proudfoot. But how, I ask, can any one dance wild daughter? She has no ear, can't dance, clings to you whe waltz like a wet blanket, and is besides very ugly, and with word to say for herself.'

'At any rate,' said Harry, 'that's not the way to mal dance with her. As for being thin and pale, we both deny it. about the thinness—weren't we, to our disgust, more than stone heavier than we had ever been in our lives when we weighed? And, so far as paleness goes, I think if we only be the glass we shall see that we are as blooming as roses.'

As he said this, Harry Fortescue looked at himself in the which, even though it was a lodging-house glass, and very represent features and faces all awry, could not fail to refle form and face of a very handsome young man.

'There is no use putting oneself out at what old womer Edward,' said Harry. 'Let them rave, as Tennyson says. can't talk away our health or youth. The age of witches is They can't stick pins into waxen figures of us and make us slowly away; and so, old fellow, let us snap our fingers at Proudfoot and all her works.'

'Wisest plan,' said Edward, 'is not to snap your fingers: woman, old or young. If they can't bewitch us, old women ca our characters with their tongues. Best take my rule, Harr good friends with young women, and show respect to the old that was why, in spite of all those wicked inventions of hers mother might have seen me taking a spin round the room witl Proudfoot after supper; only you could not see us, for you flirting with Lady Sweetapple in the conservatory.'

'Lady Sweetapple is a very charming woman,' said Harry what shall we do about High Beech? Of course we will be

too happy to go. They are very charming people, and we both like the girls.'

'But you don't know whether you are asked, Harry,' said Edward. 'You haven't opened your letter. You take it all for granted.'

'Don't I?' cried Harry. 'I should just think I was. I met Sir Thomas yesterday afternoon, and he asked me in person; and part of that flirtation which you accuse me of having had with Lady Sweetapple last night was spent in telling her that I was going to High Beech, and I wished she were going too.'

'Very mean to keep a fellow in the dark all this while,' said Edward. 'Why, I might have accepted another invitation, and so

missed seeing that charming Alice.'

'Alas, I may turn the tables on you,' said Harry, 'and ask how I was to know that they were going to ask you. Sir Thomas said nothing about it.'

'You might have taken it for granted,' said Edward. 'But never mind, it is all right; and we will both go, and we shall be very happy with the Carltons for a day or two.'

'I wonder if they will ask Lady Sweetapple?' said Harry, half

aloud.

'O, Harry!' said Edward, putting on the air and accent of a Mentor, 'how often have I warned you against the fascination of widows! Listen to what one of the old fathers says on that subject. It must be true, for I heard it at divinity lectures at Oxford. 'All women," says St. Cyprian, "are vile reptiles, which should be crushed without mercy by right-minded men. But as for widows, they are venomous snakes, who twine themselves round young men, and drag them down to hell." Be warned, I say.'

'I don't believe in St. Cyprian, Edward. Now I think of it, he was a black man; and what should he know about white widows? I don't know why you should be so solemn about Lady Sweetapple; but I think I can promise you, so far as your friend Cyprian is concerned. that if I ever marry a widow, it sha'n't be a black one.'

CHAPTER VI.

COUNT PANTOUFFLES AND COLONEL AND MRS. BARKER.

WHEN Count Pantouffles received Lady Carlton's letter, he was in ecstasies, as all the members of that distinguished family invariably are. No reader is to ask to what legation Count Pantouffles was attached. He came of a race which belongs to all nationalities alike, and we have all of us met, all over Germany, before it was united, with a Graf von Pantoffel, the very counterpart of the Count Pantouffles of our story. Any of you that chooses to take

the trouble may run him to earth in imagination; but beware of betaking yourselves to the *Almanach de Gotha*, or of fixing on an individual what is in reality the portrait of a class.

Count Pantouffles lived in a little house in a by-street in Mayfair; that is to say, he slept there, and there he had a cup of coffee and a rusk before his breakfast, but all the rest of the day he spent at the Diplomatic Club. He was a tall handsome man. with the blackest hair and best-trimmed moustache and beard in His clothes fitted him like wax, and he spoke English. tolerably. He was not very original or very bright; but we English must recollect that we are most of us not very shining lights when we speak the language of another country. you shall ever know what the Count's own language was; and. above all things, you are not to suppose he was a Frenchman because his name was Pantouffles: for are there not, as we have said, Pantouffles in all the countries under the sun? He had beem so long in the country, though he was not at all old, that sompeople thought the country from which he was accredited to th. Court of St. James had forgotten his existence; but in all probas bility he fulfilled his mission to the supreme satisfaction of his sove reign, and that, and no other, was the reason why he was not removed from England. Popular he most decidedly was; most men anall women liked him. He had plenty of small-talk, a serene smile and filled a gap at a table more ornamentally than most men. great merit was that, though he was full of engagements, he wa almost always disengaged. How he managed this most difficul point, it is hard to say. Many people fancied he must often have eaten two dinners on the same day; but as no one could say tha he had ever been with him at those two dinners, that fact, if it were a fact, remained a supposition incapable of proof.

He too, when he got Lady Carlton's invitation, sat down and accepted it at once.

So now they have all accepted but Colonel and Mrs. Barker. The Colonel had been a schoolfellow of Sir Thomas Carlton. Then, when the baronet went to Oxford, 'Jerry' Barker, as he was called at school, went into the army. As all the ways in the world lead to Rome, so all soldiering, sooner or later, ends in India; and to India Mr. Barker proceeded in due course. He was then a lieutenant in her Majesty's —th Foot Fire-eaters, and he had not long beer in Benares before he fell a victim, not to the cholera or jungle fever, but to a heart disease; in other words, he married Mrs. Barker, the daughter of the general who commanded the station, and who was confessedly the beauty of the cantonments. That was not one of the unfortunate unions of this world. No one could have had a more devoted husband than Mrs. Barker, and no wife was more constant than Mr. Barker's. She was not one of those re-

creant soldiers' wives who leave their husbands to swelter in India while they return to England to visit their friends. Of course they were sometimes parted, as when Captain Barker was ordered to Burmah, or, later still, when as major he marched towards the Pun-Tanb in the first Sikh war. But, even on this last occasion, Mrs. Barker was not far from her husband; for she took up a position at Delhi, and there awaited the result of the campaign, confident that when Major Barker rode at the head of her Majesty's -th Foot Fire-eaters there was not a Sikh that would dare to stand against them. Nor was the true wife's confidence misplaced. The -th Regiment covered itself with glory, and when almost the last round shot fired by the Sikhs, as they sullenly retired from the bloody field of Ferozeschah, took off the head of its lieutenant-colonel, Major Barker, who had gone through the hottest fire without a scratch, stepped at once into the vacant command, 'vice Smith,' as the Gazette said, 'killed in action.'

And so this faithful pair had gone on increasing in love, as medals and crosses shone thick on Colonel Barker's breast, till the time for retirement came, when the gallant Colonel sold his commission, and returned to England to vegetate on his well-won laurels. Together that husband and wife formed a perfect picture of welltried conjugal love. Colonel Barker was convinced that there never was, either in antiquity or modern times, such a woman as Mrs. Barker: and woe betide the unhappy wight who was unlucky enough insinuate that any warrior of classical, mediæval, or recent times was comparable to Colonel Barker, either as a man, a husband, or a soldier, in Mrs. Barker's hearing. Dear good woman! she even adored his old uniforms, and used often to hold them up to the admiring eyes of her female friends at a tea-party, with the exclamation, 'That's what I call a uniform! You should have seen Colonel Barker wearing it as he rode at the head of the regiment out of the Hazareebagh.'

Some married couples like each other less the longer they live together. They are like the North and South Poles—in the same world, indeed, but as far as possible removed from each other. Not so Colonel and Mrs. Barker. They were inseparable. They got up together, and came down to prayers at the very same moment. Mrs. Barker knew how long her husband took to dress to a second, and when she heard him cough—for he coughed like a good soldier, as it were by clockwork—she said to herself, 'Now he has done shaving. He always coughs when he lays down his razor. That was just how he used to cough in cantonments.' When he coughed again, it was a sign that he had buckled his stock. And you must know that the Colonel coughed, not because he had anything the matter with his throat or lungs, but because he had always coughed at those particular moments all his life; and he could no more have

laid down his razor or buckled his stock without coughing than people can get through the Athanasian Creed without gapin church. Why they do it they cannot tell; and so it was with Co Barker. He could not tell why he coughed, but he always cou all the same.

When they came down to breakfast there were no such so and bickerings as those which rendered Mr. Marjoram's life so n On the contrary, it was Mrs. Barker's duty and pleasu make her dear Colonel as comfortable as possible, and if she ev the cause of his death, it will be by kindness. At that break table was always to be found the newest milk, the richest cr the freshest eggs, the best bacon, the nicest little omelettes best-made tea and coffee, and though last not least, the wi table-cloth in the whole parish of Paddington. Now, none of turn up your noses at Paddington, as if it were an abode only f owls and bats. Many good people live in Paddington, though a long way off; and though it was said that Mrs. Barker had on Paddington for their residence, in order that she might keep Colonel away from the United Service and Oriental Clubs, an have him all to herself, we believe it was a wicked story, and they only set up their tent in Paddington because they liked it b than any other part of London.

'Jerry, dear,' said Mrs. Barker, 'what do you think? He an invitation for the 1st of June from Lady Carlton. Shall we

- 'Of course we will, if you like it. Tom Carlton is now al my oldest friend; but mind, Mary, you have a new dress, an sure you take with you the emerald brooch which I bought you the capture of the Ram Chowder's hill fort.'
- 'As if I was likely to forget either the one or the other, J. I always take a pride in wearing that emerald, which reminds a your valour; and as for the new dress, we do not go out so that I cannot afford one when Lady Carlton is good enough to us to High Beech.'
- 'Very well, dear,' said the faithful Colonel, 'and now ke have breakfast. It must be quite five minutes after the regul time;' and then, without more ado, Colonel Barker charged pieces of resistance marshalled on the table with as much deter ation as if they had been the Ram Chowder's hill fort itself.

At last, when the enemy had been utterly routed and recto confess the supremacy of his gastric juice, Colonel Barker parand looking up kindly to his wife, who had long since ceased operations against the common foe, he said,

'By the bye, this is the day for the annual meeting of the C and-Rice Club, of which you know I am an original member. 'are going to propose a new rule, that no one shall be admitt member who cannot prove, by medical certificate, that he has no

at least one gastric fever. They say it will cause more vacancies, and that if it is carried, new candidates won't have to wait for ten years before the ballot. Never heard such stuff in my life. Look at me—did you ever know me have an attack of the liver, let alone a gastric fever? Never felt bilious in my life but once, and that was when the Sikhs cut down our sergeant-major and poor Ensign Griffin, and almost carried off the regimental colours. We soon got it back, though; but for a minute I felt my liver swelling, and I am sure my face was yellow as a gold mohur.'

'You may well call it nonsense,' echoed Mrs. Barker. 'Instead of changing the rules, I should change the committee. Go and vote against them by all means, and mind you come back to dinner, and if you see an old friend at the club you can bring him too. Never

mind if he has or has not had a gastric fever.'

'I mean to go and vote,' said Colonel Barker. And vote he did, and the new rule was thrown out; but before he left his house this most courteous Colonel and devoted husband had an interview with his cheque-book, and presented Mrs. Barker with a draft for thirty pounds. 'There, my dear, I daresay Cox will honour that, and now be sure you are quite tidy on the 1st of June, when we go down to the Carltons.'

'Never was such a husband!' said Mrs. Barker, as she followed him with longing eyes down Petersburg-place, or Moscow-road, or Kossuth-crescent, or some of the many places, roads, and crescents which make Paddingtonia a terror to benighted diners-out, and a fruitful source of overcharging to extortionate cabmen.

In a very short time the gallant Colonel hailed an omnibus, which took him to the Regent-circus; but before he climbed into it, he said more than once, 'There never was such a wife as mine! What a lucky man I was when I married Mrs. Barker at Benares!'

How we wish that Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram could only read this story and lay it to heart! Perhaps we ought to say, 'Mrs. Marjoram alone;' for, as we have seen, Mr. Marjoram would have been all likelihood still 'sweet' Marjoram, had he been married to a woman as fitted to make him happy as Mrs. Barker had proved herself to be by a long course of devotion to Colonel Barker.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CARLTONS AT HOME.

'So they are all coming,' said Sir Thomas to Lady Carlton.

'Yes, all. Not one excuse. How delightful it will be!'
This was said at breakfast on the 25th, when Florence and Alice
Were present.

'And do you think it so delightful?' said her father to his elder daughter.

- 'Delightful is a strong word, papa, you know,' said Florence.
 'I am not so fond of superlatives as mamma; but still I think I shall like it very well.'
 - 'And you, Alice?'
- 'O,' said Alice, 'I am not so positive, or perhaps I ought rather to say so comparative, as Florry. I agree with mamma in her superlatives, and think it will be most delightful.'
- 'That's all right,' said Sir Thomas. 'I see it will be a verpleasant party; but we must ask some of the neighbours, or we shall have too few at dinner.'
- 'I thought, papa, I heard you say something once about a partal not exceeding nine—the number of the Muses. As it is, we shaw be thirteen—an unlucky number, and ever so many above the sacrenumber nine.'
- 'That was a rule laid down by the ancient Greeks, Florry: country in which every man and woman was agreeable and amusing. But in this cold country our wits are not so bright; and so, to more clever people together, we are obliged to ask twenty, and even then we may think ourselves lucky if we get one in ten really womalistening to.'
- 'I am sure we have got two out of our thirteen worth listen to,' said Alice, who would have gone on to utter their names, not her sister stopped her mouth with her hand.
 - 'No, no, Alice; don't say any more. Leave papa to guess-
- 'I'm not going to do any such thing,' said Sir Thomas. should think there were many more than two out of the thirteer very pleasant and agreeable. But it is fortunate we are not all bound to agree in thinking the same person pleasant, or this life would be a weary one.'

At this point of the conversation Sir Thomas exclaimed,

'Bless me! there's the T-cart. I must be off;' and in three minutes he was rattling away to the station.

When her husband was gone, Lady Carlton supplied his place.

- 'But I should like to know who the two are that Alice has picked out. Might I know?'
- 'O, it's no secret, I am sure,' said Florence. 'Alice means Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue.'
- 'Both very nice young men,' said Lady Carlton, 'but rather too idle to please your papa. He says he is sure they will neither of them ever be lord chancellor.'
- 'O, mamma!' broke in Florence, 'who could ever wish to see Harry Fortescue lord chancellor, sitting on a woolsack in a long robe, and with a flowing wig? For my part, I like him much better as he is. Fancy a lord chancellor dancing! But Harry Fortescue does dance so beautifully.'
 - 'There you are wrong, Florence,' said Alice. 'I'm sure I have

read somewhere in English history that Sir Christopher Hatton danced, and he was lord chancellor.'

'O, but that was a long time ago, when lord chancellors weren't so old and ugly as they are now. No, I could not bear to see Harry Fortescue lord chancellor.'

'Make your mind easy, my darling,' said Lady Carlton; 'there is no fear of such a dreadful thing. You will dance many times with him before he is raised to the woolsack.'

After this there was a pause in the conversation, till Alice said,

'Mamma, who is my neighbour?'

'My dear,' said Lady Carlton, 'what a question! In one sense

every one is your neighbour.'

'Yes, I know that; that's very like what the Catechism says. But I mean now who is my neighbour in the sense of this dinner-party on the 2d of June? You know papa said we must ask the neighbours; and, as I shall have to write the notes, I want to know

who our neighbours are.'

'Let me see,' said Lady Carlton. 'We must ask the Pennyroyals, and we won't ask Lord and Lady Bigod. They have but
one idea between them, and that is of the dignity of the Bigods, who,
as we are sick of hearing, came in with the Conqueror. They do
well enough in town, but we really cannot ask them in the country.
Then there's Mr. Succado, the great sugar-baker, who lives in Mincing-lane, and who is a friend of your papa's in the City. He is too
valgar. We won't have him. Then there's Mr. and Mrs. Rubrick,
the incumbent of the district church; we haven't asked them ever
so long. He is very gentlemanlike, though he is so very "high;"
and she never commits herself, for she never opens her mouth. Well,
we will have them too,' said Lady Carlton. 'That makes seventeen.
Now we only want two more, and who shall those two be?'

'I know,' said Florence. 'We will ask Mr. Sonderling, that strange German gentleman, who sings so beautifully, and speaks English so badly; and Miss Markham, our dear old maid. She is really too delightful! We must have her on the 1st of June, too,

Or we shall sit down thirteen.'

'That will do capitally,' said Lady Carlton; 'and now, Alice, do, like a good girl, write these notes, and send a groom round with them. They ought to go out without fail to-day.'

With these words, Lady Carlton left her daughters to go upstairs to their own room, while she went into the conservatory to

look after her flowers.

'What do you think of the party now, Florry?' said Alice, when they had reached what was called the young ladies' room. Once it had been a day-nursery. Then, as the governess succeeded the nurse, it became a schoolroom; and when Miss Stokes retreated, as we have said, a year or two before, it became a studio and sanctum for the sisters. On the right hand was their bedroom, for they were old-fashioned enough to sleep in the same room; and on the left was Palmer's room; and if you wish to know who Palmer was, sho was their lady's-maid. Happy young ladies, who could do not only with one bedroom, but with one lady's-maid! What a comfort is would be in country houses, if all young ladies and their maids could be stowed away in such small compass!

'What do I think of the party now, Alice?' repeated Florence 'I think it very nice. My mind would be quite easy if it weren that Lady Sweetapple is coming. Mr. Sonderling is not very han some; but he is very odd and very clever: don't you think, Alice ce he would make a good second husband for Lady Sweetapple?'

'No, I don't, dear, if Harry Fortescue is in the way. Tell none, now, why don't I feel as anxious about Edward Vernon as you do about Harry Fortescue? I don't break my heart when I see had im dancing with any one else; and yet I have seen you bite your beauting quet to pieces if Harry takes so much as one turn with Lady Sweet apple.'

'Alice,' said Florence with an air of great solemnity, 'thet's because you are young and giddy, and without experience. On don't know so much of the ways of this wicked world of fashion as I do. How can you, when I have been out one whole season and a half, and you half a season? Another thing is, that, so far as I can see, Edward Vernon never dances with Lady Sweetapple. I wish he did; for then Harry would dance less with her. Edward is what I call a general, and Harry a particular dancer. Edward dances with every one that can dance and is good-looking. That I don't object to at all; but Harry dances often with the same people, and over and over again with one, and that one is Lady Sweetapple; and that's what I don't like.'

As Florence Carlton said this, the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

'Now, now, don't take on so, darling, or I shall never get these letters finished. Why are you so jealous? Do you think, now, that Harry Fortescue, a young man of sense and good feeling, would ever marry a widow?'

'As for that,' sobbed Florry, 'when I see her so bewitching, begin to think she isn't a widow at all, and that makes me tremble; for of course Harry would never marry a widow.'

'Of course not,' said Alice; 'that's just what I said. Harry and Edward belong to one class, and that is ours; and Lady Sweet apple belongs to another, and that isn't ours; and so, if Harry and Edward belong to us, they can't belong to her. Don't you see, darling?'

'I don't see what you say so much as I feel it. I am sure, if

what you say isn't true, it ought to be true; but for all that, I wish

Lady Sweetapple were not coming to High Beech.'

'I am sure, if wishing would keep her away, she should never come here,' said Alice; 'for though I defy her to touch Edward's heart, it does put me out to see you so vexed, my pet. But dry your eyes, like a good child; for I must ring for Palmer, and I don't want her to see you with your eyes as swollen as gooseberries.'

So Florry dried her eyes as she was bid, and in due time Palmer ppeared—a nice buxom woman of thirty—and carried off the notes with strict injunctions that a groom on horseback was to deliver

and bring back answers in each case.

'Dear me, Miss Florry!' said Palmer, 'how the wind has caught your face and eyes! To look at you, one would have thought you had been bursting out crying; and yet there have been no wind today.'

'Well, Palmer,' said Florry, 'and if I have been crying, what does that matter? Must one always be laughing? Mayn't one cry

sometimes by way of a change?'

'I'd far liever see you laughing, my bonny bird, than crying,' said the faithful Palmer, who had been born and brought up in the family of Sir Thomas. 'They used to say that when women cried, it mattered nothing; but I say it matters a deal when you cry, for You're one of the laughing sort altogether.'

'Well, well, Palmer,' said Alice, coming to the rescue, 'we must all ery a gallon of tears before we die, as the proverb says, and these tears are shed by Florry to help to fill the measure. She has shed so few she is afraid lest death should overtake her before the gallon

is full.

'As for that, Miss Alice,' said Palmer, 'I wouldn't begin too soon. I would see if I couldn't cry them all at the end of my life, when it doesn't so much signify if one's eyes are red, and one's face swollen up.'

By this time Florry's face had resumed its usual expression, and almost as soon as Palmer had given the letters to the groom, no one

could have told that she had shed a tear.

'How do you look? No! not the least of a fright. And all about nothing, you know. How do you know that Harry cares the least for Lady Sweetapple, even though he does dance now and then with her?'

All this time you have heard nothing about the looks of these two young ladies. Florence was the taller, as she was the elder, of the two; very well grown, so that a very aquatic young man of their acquaintance, a Cambridge man, and in the third Trinity, could find no better words to express his admiration of her figure than to calaim, 'What a splendid No. 7 she'd make in our boat!' She was dark, with large brown eyes, rather a thick nose, and full lips.

Her face would have been heavy had it not been that it was enlivened with the most cheerful and varying expression. It was not at all certain that she would not have been set down as 'that tall plain girl,' had it not been for the endless play of feeling which passed across her face; and in this respect Florence Carlton was an example of the truth of the remark, that expression is to features what the soul is to the body. 'Pretty?' that generation of backbiters, the College of Old Cats, used to say when describing her over their tea—'Pretty? Why she hasn't a single good feature, except her white teeth. Who can be pretty with such a nose and such thick lips See if she isn't a downright fright when she's old.'

But in spite of this ukase of the venerable college, almost ever one else was convinced that Florence Carlton was a very pretty gird, though it would have puzzled them to prove it by picking her features to pieces. She had a great advantage too in being beautifully made. She had small, but not too small, hands and feet; her arms were models for roundness and symmetry; they were fair and white too, and never looked the colour of red pieces of raw meat, like some other arms which might be named, and which might just as well be hung up on hooks at Mr. Lidstone's shop. Not long ago, indeed, one of these underdone young ladies let the lions see her arms at the Zoo on Sunday, and the consequence was such a commotion and fury among the great carnivora as never was known in the Regent's-park before.

'What are they roaring at?' asked the raw-boned innocent of the respected keeper who watches over the digestion of the lions.

'Why, ma'am, if you must know, they're a-roaring at your arms. It has reminded them of their feeding hour, and that makes them wery savage, for they ain't fed till four, and it's now barely two o'clock.'

Then, as the roaring rather increased as the young lady retreated, much alarmed, 'There, they don't like that, miss. The yet got quite fond of you like. Just for all the world as when a maxima puts a little boy close to the bars that he may have a good sight of the lion, she forgets, bless her heart, that lions have feelings likes all the rest of us, and happetites too. Then Nero falls to roar as much as to say to the old lady, "Much obliged to you, ma for bringing me such a fat little boy;" for he thinks, of course, going to open the cage and give him the boy; and when he is not to have him, he falls a-roaring twice as loud, for lions can't bear to be disappointed any more than us humans."

But to return from this digression on raw arms, which it much to be desired could be cured like warts, or stuttering, or digestion. Florry Carlton's arms were not red, and in every other respect she was a charming young woman. She was rather all, but so well made that no one observed it; or rather, they only

marked it to her advantage, and never when her height could be called an objection.

Her sister Alice was shorter, and slighter, and prettier. had red-brown hair, or brown chestnut, or auburn, or whatever colour that beautiful hair is called, the staple of which seems to be brown inside, powdered with gold and turned up with gold at the ends. Her eyes were dark blue, and if you ask why hers were of that hue while her sister's were brown, the answer is, no one can tell. have no authority to inform us how the paints are mixed which turn as out this or that colour and complexion after we are born. Sometimes, indeed, the father or the mother seems to have all power over the children in this respect; but very often they are like neither of them, and we have to go back to grandpapa's picture in the library, or to great-grandmamma's in the gallery upstairs, before we can say, 'Why, here is Frances to the life a hundred years ago. eyes, and hair, and hue. She only wants to have her hair dressed powder, and her body in hoops, and farthingale, and lace, to be e very image of her great-grandmamma.'

DESIGNATION CONTRACTOR

All the features of Alice Carlton were better and finer than those her sister. Her lips were thinner, and altogether she had a firmer outh and jaw. But the serious character of the lower part of her ce was relieved by the perpetual sunlight of her brow. ere so bright and lively, that her lips could not fail to smile under e influence of the sunny regions above. But when her lips were on to smiling, the whole Alice seemed to be a thing of smiles and There was no use resisting her influence. agnetic, and even old Grumps, at the Sarcophagus Club, who was ever seen to smile except when he gloated over his dinner, must ave caught the infection at seeing her, and smiled like all the rest of the world. This is what the Greeks meant by the Cestus of Venus, which drew all men to her; and this is what the Germans Sall Annuth—that nameless grace of body, face, and form that wins men over to women, body and soul, and makes them their abject slaves. A very dangerous gift and power, you will say, if placed in ad hands. In which observation we quite agree, only of course meither the writer nor the reader have ever met with such a wicked woman.

As to her figure and form, Alice Carlton was much the same as her elder sister. That was a well-made family. There were no hump backs, or curved spines, or bow legs among the Carltons. As soon as they could walk, they stood straight. When they ran alone, their nurses were never afraid that their ankles would turn in. Every step they took on mother Earth seemed to give them a firmer hold of her, and she repaid their confidence by never tripping them up.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THEY ALL SPENT THEIR TIME TILL THE PIRST OF JUNE.

AND now that we have told you so much about the character which will play a part in this story, let us pass over the days which ich lay between the 25th of May and the 1st of June. We all know ow and remember what May was in 1870, and what it usually is London-a dry, cold, cheerless month, in which green peas are c= off by frost like a knife, in which amateur gardeners are in agoni about their bedding-out plants, and in which missionary meetin and sore throats abound. If we can remember anything of last ye -if the great sponge of the war has not passed so thoroughly ow our memories as to wipe out all recollection of May 1870—we may recollect that it was fine, and bright, and dry. The sun had such pow-Wer that June came in with a burst of flowers, and green peas out of the open ground were fit to eat by Ascot races. The month of M= ay. therefore, in 1870, or at least the latter part of it, was by no mes ans true to its character, and its last days were very pleasant. hat they were fully enjoyed by Lady Sweetapple in her way, by Edw Vernon and Harry Fortescue in their way, as well as by Count Pantouffles in his way, and by Colonel and Mrs. Barker and the Mar. jorams in theirs, was of course to be expected.

Lady Sweetapple spent those days in driving about like a meteor from shop to shop, and from house to house, ordering dresses and hats, driving even Madame Coupe Baptiste out of her wits by he fanciful demands. 'Les veuves sont toujours si exigeantes,' said that renowned modiste, after Lady Sweetapple had paid her her tenth visit in five days. 'And then, to think of all the silks and satins ruined, absolutely abîmés, by her vagaries.' However, the consolation was that Lady Sweetapple would find them all in the bill, and that if she was her own mistress, she was also her own paymaster. At night she appeared at two balls and a crush, and once she went to see M.P., with a chosen party of four, in the stalls. At both the balls she met Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue, and we are sorry to add that Florry Carlton's peace of mind would have been much troubled, had she known that after one of those balls, at which Harry actually danced twice with Lady Sweetapple, she asked him to make one of that party of four at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. When it was known, however, that the other couple was made up by old Lady Sightseer and her indefatigable husband, it must be confessed that with such chaperons there could be no scandal about Harry and the pretty widow.

As for Count Pantouffles, he did as the noble family of Pantouffles have always done. He got up early, and his valet brought him a cup of coffee and a rusk. Then he made his toilette till eleven. At half-past he was at the Diplomatic Club, as fresh as paint. There he ate an enormous breakfast. When he had digested it, he went to the legation, and found, as usual, little or nothing to Sometimes he had to translate, or to cut out, in order to hand it over to a translator, a passage out of the Official Journal of the court from which Count Pantouffles had been accredited, stating that 'Our august sovereign has proceeded to the mountains for change of air, whence he is expected to return with health sufficiently recruited to resume the cares of government in about six weeks.' Or, 'On Tuesday last, the king, our august sovereign, received the ministers of England and France. In the evening there was a grand dinner at court, to which the same ministers had the honour of being invited.' When these astounding pieces of information had been duly turned into English by the sworn translator of the legation, it was the duty of Count Pantouffles to hand them ever to his chief, having first put them into an envelope; after which the said chief, the Marquis of Parva Sapientia, embodied them in a despatch, and drove off to the Foreign Office to communicate it to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and after having read it to inform him that if he chose he might have a copy of itan offer which, in nine cases out of ten, was respectfully declined.

While the Marquis of Parva Sapientia was thus employed, Count Pantouffles' labours for the day were over. He returned to the club and had luncheon. Then he went home, and made, again with the help of his valet, his afternoon toilette. By this time it was about five o'clock. After that hour he either paid visits or showed himself in the park, standing and gazing at nothing in particular by the side of the drive. But though you thought he saw nothing, there never was so quick-sighted a man as Count Pantouffles for any of his acquaintances, and it really was a sight to see him take off his hat and make a bow. There can be little doubt, in fact, that for this only Count Pantouffles was created—to instruct the world in bowing. It was said in his own country, that the first Count Pantouffles, who always held the emperor's slippers when the Holy Roman Emperor was crowned, invented the art of bowing, by which it is not to be supposed that there were no bows before his time, any more than no Pantouffles, but that he so improved the art, that after him all the bows that had ever been made were as though they had never existed. After his day the art became hereditary in his family, and if he had lived in China, he and his descendants would have been appointed at once 'the Emperor's own Bower,' and be entitled to wear six ducks' feathers in their caps and eat their dinners off vellow china.

But this bow of Pantouffles—what was it? That is very difficult to say. It was a thing to see, and not to describe. When Count Pantouffles bowed, it was done with a rapidity and precision which no master of the ceremonies could have ever approached.

Abroad, where such things are more valued, alas, than in this democratic country, the Count, if he could have made up his mind to prostitute his talents for filthy lucre, might have made a handsome income by giving lessons in bowing. But even here it was appreciated, and we have often seen Count Pantouffles watched in the Row by a knot of ardent admirers, who were trying to catch the trick of his remarkable performance, and as soon as he had bowed twenty times, rushed off into secluded parts of the park and began

to practise the art of bowing à la Pantouffles.

After he had bowed enough—he has often said he bowed ont ten new hats in the year - Count Pantouffles went back to the club to read the evening papers. After that, in the winter, he sat in an easy chair by the fire, and talked of the weather and other abstruse subjects with his acquaintances. In the summer he sat by the open window, and smiled and showed his beautiful teeth to the passersby. Did he bow then? What a question! Don't you know it is the rudest thing you can do, to bow to any one out of window? It is worse than looking at the new moon through glass, cutting your hair with the waning moon, sending the wine round against the sun, or any other well-known fatal acts. Merely to do it once would subject a man to the minor ostracism of society. He would never be invited to dinner, but only to breakfast or an occasional drum; and a repetition of the offence would consign a man to the utter darkness of his own vulgar habits, for no decent person would ever ask him into their house. When he had smiled sufficiently in summer, or warmed himself enough in winter, Count Pantouffles went home and dressed for dinner. It is much to be doubted if there ever was such an exhibition of simple elegance as that afforded by Count Pantouffles when he was going out to dinner. His clothes were so well made, his moustache was so black, his hair was so well brushed -he always wore it parted down the middle, and, listen all ye baldpates, he had plenty of it. His shirt fitted so well-they always came from Paris, whither, whenever he wanted a new set, he went to be measured. Then it was so well washed. Hear that, ye washerwomen! And his neckcloth was so well tied, and his boots were so glossy, and his crush hat-seldom, alas, used for bowing, unless when he went to play or opera - yes, his crush hat, that too fitted him so well, though he often said it was the hardest thing to find a well-fitted Gibus. Altogether, he was a perfect picture of what a diplomatist ought to be in the nineteenth century; and there was not a lady's-maid in the land who would not have fallen in love with Count Pantouffles, if she had seen him stepping into a hansom at eight o'clock, going out to dinner with his glass in his eye.

The first thing that Count Pantouffles did on entering the draw-

ing-room was, of course, to make a bow to the lady of the house. It was not so grand an operation as his bow with the hat: and no doubt, had the usages of society permitted it, the Count would have made his crush hat fly out with a start, put it on his head, and bowed his best bow to the lady; but unfortunately the original Count Pantouffles had omitted, in the first glory of his discovery, to secure for himself, from the Holy Roman Emperor, the everlasting hereditary right to wear his hat in all countries and societies. only done that, we should have beheld our Count Pantouffles wearing real beaver hat or a silk hat all through dinner, and so putting Turks, Persians, and Armenians completely in the background. As it is, his descendants have lost that invaluable privilege, and society has been deprived of the advantage of seeing them bow at night as well as by day. As for the Turks, Persians, and Armenians of whom we have spoken, it is well known that they never lift their caps from Their heads; but what is the use of a diplomatist wearing a cap on his head, except to show the grace with which he can take it off and **pout** it on again?

But to return. Count Pantouffles' in-door bow was dignified and stately; not a mere nod or bob, but an inclination of the body s well as a bending of the neck. It was exactly what a good butler would do when he announces the important fact that 'dinner is zerved.' And indeed, one of the puzzles of life, and one of those mysteries which belong to the outward show of things, is how to tell a really good well-dressed butler from a guest at a banquet. To judge by their looks, many are the butlers who ought to take their place at the table, and many are the guests who, judged by the same criterion, ought to be butlers, only they would, we are afraid, hardly be fit for the place. We know one butler, indeed, of whom it is hard to say whether he looks most like a high-bred English peer, an Austrian general, or a first-class French diplomatist. It is quite a shock to our sense of outward propriety, and that worship of appearance which is our besetting sin, to think that behind our chair is standing this most finished gentleman, ready to pour out champagne to any lout who may be invited to the table, because he and his forefathers have vegetated on the same estate for centuries.

But to return to Count Pantouffles and to be done with him. Nothing can be more faultless than his behaviour. He walks off with his allotted lady like a piece of cunning clockwork; but before doing so, he shows signs of animation by looking into the glass, to see if his neckcloth is right, and his hair smoothly parted. If he could, he would stand there and perhaps die, like Narcissus, staring at his own face and forgetting his dinner. But the rest push him on in order of precedence, and he takes his seat in the dining-room. During the meal he says little, and eats a great deal; but what he says is ushered in by such a show of white teeth and such waxwork.

smiles, that the lady to whom he belongs pronounces Count Pantouffles charming, and tells all her friends next day what a polished man he is.

After dinner, the Count drinks little wine, and sighs for a cigar before he rejoins the ladies. It is his mission to be stared at, and to look at himself in the glass. For the rest, he is a very worthy

member of society, and has few vices.

When the entertainment is over, if he does not go to a ball or a drum, he betakes himself again to the club, and is soon surrounded by his ardent admirers in the smoking-room. When his cigar is over, he walks home, if the night is fine; if it rains, he calls a hansom cab; and so at last his day is done, when his valet undresses him and puts him to bed, and Count Pantouffles passes the night in dreaming of a land where every one wears hats, and there

is never-ending bowing.

Very different from Count Pantouffles was Mr. Beeswing. If the Count represented the outer man—the perfect gentleman in his hat and coat and boots—Mr. Beeswing was the very image of the inner man. The one was like the case of a clock, and the other like its works. It was not that Mr. Beeswing was wanting in politeness, or that he neglected his dress; but however well dressed he was, and however courteous he might be, you felt at once that he was not all manners—in other words, that there was something in him. It was often remarked that when Count Pantouffles sat down to dinner his occupation was gone. But it was then that Mr. Beeswing's reign began. While the Count was simply eating and looking pretty, or uttering silly stuff to his neighbour, Mr. Beeswing was the light and life of the company.

'How I do like Beeswing!' said Lord Pennyroyal. 'He always

says what I was going to say, only he says it so much better.'

Now, all the world knows that Lord Pennyroyal never would have said anything like Mr. Beeswing's exquisite sayings. But thatis not the point. It is that all that Mr. Beeswing said was so true and well timed, that he led people who never had an idea in their head to fancy, because he said something in so natural and easy a way, that they could have said it just as well, only he was half a minute before them, and so took the words out of their mouth. As a matter of course, Mr. Beeswing and the Count met often in society, for very good but very different reasons. Every one wished to see how pretty Count Pantouffles could look; and every one wished to hear how witty and amusing Mr. Beeswing could be. They were good friends, though they really had not one conviction in common. How Mr. Beeswing spent the days before the 1st of June 1870 is not recorded. But we may be pretty sure that he went out to dinner and drums and balls as usual; that he said good things at the club and in the park; and, in fact, was just as great a favourite during

those few days as he had been any day for the last quarter of a century.

As for Edward Vernon and Harry Fortescue, they pursued that graceful idleness which so well became them. They only went once down to Pump-court, and then they only stayed a few minutes, because the weather was so fine. They looked in at the old chambers, and saw Grimditch, one of their sallow-faced fellow-pupils, deep in a great deed written on fifty skins, involving no end of landed estate, and as dusty as Regent-street in March. 'The very sight of it was enough to make a fellow sneeze,' Harry Fortescue said. So they both hastened away, and were soon seen sitting on chairs in Rotten-row between one and two. Then for an hour it was nothing but 'How do you do, Harry?' 'How do you do, Ned?' and they bowed and bowed to ladies who passed by, as constantly, but of course not so beautifully, as the Count, who might be seen not very far off them doing the same thing. After that they went down to the club, and had luncheon; and then they went to the Botanic Gardens or to Hurlingham, and wondered if the blue rocks liked it. Then they came back in a hansom, and went out to dinner, sometimes together, sometimes separately. But they generally managed to meet in the course of the evening, and if they did not, they were sure to have a smoke together the last thing before they went to bed.

As for Colonel and Mrs. Barker, they remained as they were, still the same loving pair; and as for the Marjorams, it is not known how many times Mrs. Marjoram scolded her unhappy husband between the 23d of May and the 1st of June, but we may be quite sure that Mr. Marjoram caught it for no good cause once every day in the week at least.

THE ATHOLE GATHERING

'Do you like seeing the games very much?'
'Yes; but I like seeing the people more.'

'Exactly; that is what all you ladies do. You don't care a bit about seeing what is going on; you only care to watch one another. I shall look to-day, and find out whether I am not right in prophesying that you will attend not the slightest to the games, but very

much to the appearance of your neighbours.'

The above was a conversation in reference to the Blair-Athole sports. It is applicable to any occasion in which men and women congregate together. The men do observe, to a certain extent, all that is taking place; the women come almost entirely to see their friends, and be seen of them. 'Spectatum veniunt veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.' 'Tis an old quotation; but none the less true; and of the two motives the latter is undoubtedly the strongest. It is

not a bad thing that it is so.

I had told Donald that I would take him up to Scotland this year, and that he might have an opportunity of being present at a gathering of many of his clansmen, and seeing the face of more than one old friend. Donald was a true Scotchman. He loved the Highlands with all his heart, and was very much distressed when fate took him away from the hills and burns of which he was so fond. He had been in the army, had Donald, and had served in the Crimea, before he occupied the comfortable lodge-gate which he now holds. His enemies tell a story about Donald which he never quite denies. They say that one evening, over the camp fire, when the events of the day were being discussed, Donald's voice was heard above the others, expatiating about a feat of his own.

'I saw him roonnin' afore me,' he was heard to say; 'and A

joost had oot my claymore and cut off his head."

'Well, what was he, Donald-was he a Russian?'

'A dinna rightly ken; A think he was joost a damned Turk.'

Poor Donald! I am sadly afraid the story is true, and that he had caused the death of one of our own allies. However, it is a

sore subject; so I never alluded to it.

He was glad to come with me to Perthshire, and, when we started on the 3d of September, seemed as happy as a sand-boy, grig, king, or any of those other animals whose existence is considered supremely beatific. What is a grig? and why should a sand-boy be happy? I suppose there is some philological reason, equally abstruse and unsatisfactory; but, whatever it is, there is no doubt Donald was as jolly as any of the things I have mentioned.

When arrived at Blair, I found preparations actively commenced for the meeting of to-morrow. The largest room in the inn was being got ready for the ball, which was to take place in the evening of the next day; a caravan of gingerbread- and toffy-sellers were plying their lucrative trade; and the repeated pop of miniature rifles showed that the children of the village were taking active advantage of the offer of 'three shots a penny' made by itinerant proprietors of an imitation shooting-gallery. Donald was much insulted when I suggested that he should have a shot; for he was very proud of his gunning; though I don't believe his skill was very great. He was scarcely a great athlete; and I shall never forget his first attempt at cricket. It was on a village-green, where, after some persuasion, Donald was induced to take a bat. The first ball prostrated his wicket, which Donald, with an imperturbable face, set up again. The second ball was equally straight, and again knocked over the stumps. Again they were reërected. But when the third ball had the same effect, Donald's phlegmatism could stand it no longer. 'Sandy, mon,' he said to the bowler, 'gin you do thot again, I'll bash your head in!'

The gathering on the 6th was timed for one o'clock; but long before that, numbers of people had thronged to the part of the park which, by the Duke of Athole's permission, was to be used on the occasion. Among the men, the large majority of which wore kilts, were to be seen men of various clans: Athole men, of course, predominated; but besides these were Mackenzies, Macintoshes, Macgregors, Stuarts, and Forbeses. Here and there a piper, in full and gorgeous panoply, with high-plumed bonnet and richly-adorned pipes, strutted about like a gamecock, and practised the pibrochs which he would later have to perform before a critical audience. And here and there one saw the English tourist, conspicuous in a white waistcoat and puggaree-trimmed hat, looking highly inquisitive, but decidedly not at home. A large square was roped out; and within this were two or three tents—one for the Duke of Athole's own use, and one for the use of the committee of management. Opposite the tents was a flat board, about twenty feet square, the use of which will be described shortly; while all round the square was a course marked out for the long foot-race, so well arranged that it was visible in every point from the tent. The part of the park was well chosen for the sports. A high bank gave a capital opportunity for crowds of spectators, who had no coign of vantage on a drag or coach, to see all that was going on; and, at the same time, being covered with kilted men, and women arrayed in all manner of beautiful and rich colours, it formed a background which would have delighted an artist's eye. To the right of this bank one caught a glimpse of Blair Castle, in front of which, in a park reaching down to the athletic ground, a herd of deer were feeding; while facing the castle was a long range of high hills rich with heather, and

closing in the view.

A little after one o'clock, when the ground outside the ropes had been filled with coaches, drags, barouches, phaetons, and ponycarriages, belonging to proprietors of neighbouring places, the sound of a salute of big guns announced that the Athole men had started from the castle on their march to the ground. Ere the salute was finished, the company was seen arriving at the bottom of the deerpark; and soon, with the Duke of Athole at their head, their pipes playing an invigorating march (the air of which a misguided Sassenach said was exactly like 'Ka-foozle-um'), they filed into the ground, and piled arms on each side of the tents. They were in full uniform, plaided and belted, and armed with rifles and swordbayonets. Their appearance was martial enough; but the way in which they marched and performed their drill showed plainly, that in case of emergency their individual valour would be more useful than their collective skill. The leading man was a most extraordinary figure. His long gray hair hung right down to his shoulders; and a beard, extending far over his breast and of an iron-gray hue, gave a most venerable appearance to a stalwart frame. He looked like an ideal patriarch—a Schamyl, perhaps, of the Perthshire Highlands; and the stranger would, on seeing him, wonder at his immense age, and picture to himself the influence which such a man must have over his neighbours and colleagues. Alas for such a fair conception! I discovered from Donald that Beardy Willy (so was he called) was less remarkable for wisdom than thirst, and was fonder far of whisky than of books.

When the arms were piled, and the Athole men had fallen out, leaving a certain number of their comrades to keep the ground—and easy task with so orderly a crowd—and when the Duchess of Athole and her guests had occupied the tent set apart for their convenience,

the sports began.

The first two athletic contests were 'throwing the hammer' and 'putting the stone;' but these are so thoroughly naturalised in England, and are seen so often, as to need no description. Suffice it to say, that the ponderous hammer was hurled to a distance which would have been creditable even in a champion-meeting in London. The third contest was more exclusively Scotch; so much so, that 'turning the cabbar' would probably present no meaning to the ears of many a practised Southern athlete. The cabbar is the trunk of a young tree, between twenty and thirty feet long, and heavier at one end than the other. This is taken up at the smallest end, which is about three inches in diameter, and balanced over the shoulder of the performer, who, running forward a few steps, endeavours to hurl it in the air, so that it shall topple over on the other side. It is not an easy feat, and requires both strength and knack. If, at the

moment of throwing, the cabbar be not perfectly balanced, if it be leaning forward in the least, it is almost certain to fall back. if it be thrown straight up, with a turn of the two wrists at the right moment, it will probably topple over and fall on its other side. Look at that tall man who is taking it now. It is put into his hands; and as he leans it against his shoulder, though he is a strong man, he staggers under the weight. He looks up to see that it is straight -a mistake; he ought to trust rather to the feel-and takes four quick steps forward, finishing with a jump and a heave of the ponderous pole. Alas for his disappointment! The cabbar pitches on its end indeed, but has not onward impetus enough; so falls backward with a dull and unsatisfactory thud. Several others try; among them Donald, who once was celebrated for his skill at this particular They all fail, however, and the feat seems as if it would not be performed. But presently a short, well-knit, and powerful-looking man takes the cabbar. He is evidently a favourite, from the buzz which greets his appearance. He gets the balance quite right with his eyes on the ground, and keeps it accurately during his forward steps. He jumps rather high, and, with a determined effort of arms, hands, and fingers, hurls the cabbar apparently straight up in the air. It pitches on its end, and, after a second of intense excitement, topples over, amidst a burst of applause. No one else can do it, and he is declared the winner of the prize.

Four series of dances were danced on the flat-board in front of the tents to which I have alluded, the performers being men in each instance. The dances were Highland reels: reels for boys under sixteen Sears of age, the ancient sword-dance, and the Highland fling. There is room for both agility and grace in these exhibitions; and it is by no means true that the man whose movements are quickest or highest is the best. For instance, of those who competed when I was looking on, the man who gained the prize was certainly not the most demonstrative, but danced with a quiet dignity and taste, which very rightly won the suffrages of the judges, the latter being, in this case, the Duchess of Athole and the ladies with her. The dancing was extremely pretty to see, the different plaids and kilts of the competitors (who, as a rule, danced in fours) blending very well together, and their movements, especially in the sword-dance, coming much nearer the description, 'many-twinkling feet,' than any English dances.

While the races and competitions had been going on, I had had more than one opportunity of testing the accuracy of the prophecy alluded to in the conversation which I mentioned above. Except perhaps during the time when the cabbar was being turned, or during the sword-dance, the attention of the spectators of the gentler sex was, in the majority of instances, confined entirely to one another, to the exclusion of the events of the day. And many a fair eye was

directed, not at the runners or jumpers, but at the owner of othe eyes equally bright.

The prizes given were by no means confined entirely to athleti sports. Over and above these, premiums were offered for the bes plaid manufactured in Athole, for the best hose manufactured it Athole, and for the man most correctly dressed in the ancient gar of the country, the garb to be hand-spun, dyed, woven, and made i Lastly, prizes were given to men-servants, 'who had fo the longest period served, and still continued to serve, with fidelit and without interruption, in the same service or place,' and for maid servants, under the same conditions. The tendency of these prize is of course to encourage the feeling of clanship—the esprit de corp which is so much the characteristic of, and has proved so advan tageous in, Scotland. Of course there are many people who object on principle to service too much prolonged; but the Duke of Athole in permitting such prizes to be awarded in his park, shows that h is of opinion that fidelity, contentment, and industry are deservin of some reward. The amount may not, perhaps, be much; but th reputation of the prize-winner is undoubtedly great. And the ter dency is to increase the number of servants who look upon attack ment to those whom they serve as a thing to be encouraged, an one which will not be unnoticed.

The last athletic contest is a long foot-race, the competitors i this, as in all the others, being dressed in the Highland garb. On foot-race is much like another; and beyond the dress of the runner and the roughness of the ground over which they ran, there was no much to remark about this one. Ere it was decided, the spectator had begun to leave the ground; and when it was over, the Athomen reassembled, and, again headed by the Duke, marched up to the castle. Then horses were put to, cloaks put on, ladies put in and walkers put out; the stream of carriages poured gradually or of the park, and the gathering was over.

The committee, however, by no means intended that this shoul be the end of the fun; and in about two hours a grand dinner we given at the inn, followed by a ball, to which the whole neighbour hood thronged. A Highland ball is a curious sight to English eyes especially to those who see it for the first time. Waltzes and galor seem extraordinary enough to those who do not dance them; and the remark of the Indian prince, who asked how much the ladic were paid, seems by no means senseless to many minds. But is more extraordinary, and far more wonderful, is the spirit which in spires a Highland reel.

EDMUND COURTENAY.





THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW

Bright the moon the garden made—Garden prodigal of ease;
Brighter moonlight, darker shade—
It was dark beneath the trees.

Underneath the trellis'd vines,
As with ruby fireflies lit,
Warm'd with subtle-hearted wines,
Dainty dryads gleam and flit.

Powder'd dryads of the groves, Rustling in a silken sweep, Tended by brocaded Loves, Minueting movements keep.

Comes Sir Dazzle from the ball, Vow'd to Doris, sweetest sweet, Seeking her, examines all— Pretty faces, darling feet!

By a smile beguiled apart,
Netted in a vagrant tress—
Well, 'tis but a clockwork heart
Beauty's arts cannot impress.

So, 'neath overswaying boughs, Love's ambrosia he sips; Murmurs aromatic vows, Hovers over velvet lips.

Soon, alas, enthralment flies!
From his dream Sir Dazzle breaks;
Doris fronts his startled eyes,
Doris his remorse awakes.

Then the storm of passion raves— Jealous railing, bitter tears— Vain as sighs to winds and waves Dulcet tones to jealous ears.

And that night Sir Dazzle sware
Thenceforth one alone to woo;
And the old love to forbear
Ere he ventured on the new.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

BAUDELAIRE

THE admirers of Baudelaire have of late years made more noise in England than in his own country, where, until the appearance of the last recent and complete edition of his works, his poems were out of print, and only to be attained with difficulty. This new edition has, however, attracted attention once more to the strange qualities and defects which characterise the poet of the Fleurs du Mal. collection is prefixed a biography of Baudelaire by Théophile Gantier; and, besides such record of his life, there is another biography, published in a separate form, by M. Asselineau, who, like Théophile Gautier, was a close friend of the deceased writer.

The two accounts, together with the critical works of Baudelaire, enable us to form a tolerably complete idea of the eccentric genius who endeavoured to erect the aphorism, 'Evil, be thou my good.' into a principle of art, and devoted his life to an impossible contest. He proposed to become a great poet while holding some of the most vital elements of beauty in contempt, and while despising those moral aspirations of humanity which Nature in its beneficence has made the conditions of all progress in art and science and politics. These are in some measure or other common to most men. Baudelaire, in all the pride of paradox and conceit, and in his contempt for the most natural emotions of mankind, removed his intellect from all healthy influence, and incarcerated it in a pestilential chamelhouse of his own creation, where it perished at last in impotent misery. His life and works are not of such a character as one would wish to dwell upon; nevertheless, the aberrations of a man of genius may often be studied with profit, and always with commiseration.

Baudelaire's chief production is undoubtedly the volume of poems called Les Fleurs du Mal. He has a value for the French as the translator of the works of Edgar Poe. His critical works, however, contain, in our opinion, the soundest portion of his intelligence-They often contain truthful and ingenious perceptions. Nevertheless, when they are good, they are good in spite of himself and his theories of art. Yet, in a country so rich in critical literature as France, they would have small claim to attention were their author not the poet of the Fleurs du Mal. Before proceeding, therefore, to give any account of Baudelaire, let us first endeavour to give some appreciation of his chief production.

The Fleurs du Mal comprise a series of poems, whose subjects almost exclusively are drawn from the corruptions and vices of our advanced state of civilisation-on this state of civilisation on which most look with pride and self-complacency, while the philosopher and the poet often regard it with mingled hopes and fears, in which the former are not always victorious. Leaving the philosopher's considerations aside, if the poet takes a somewhat disheartening view of the present aspect of society, little surprise can be manifested; since there never was a period in which intellectual culture had reached a certain eminence, and in which poetry exerted so little power, as at present, or enjoyed so little consideration even among those given to literary pursuits. The poet who feels that poetry is a gift and a power, and who has an innate conviction that the poetic instinct is the creative energy of the intellect—that this energy has enlarged and glorified the sphere of human existence, and created aspirations and firmaments and splendours as necessary for the freelom and delight of the soul as the stars of the heaven and the flowers of the earth—is naturally inclined to despondency in such an age. Faith in himself and in his powers dies for want of sustaining sympathy. And Baudelaire is not the only poet of his time in whom loubt and despair and a choice of unfit themes is remarkable; but deams of new spiritual light, rays of glorious hope, are to be found n sufficient abundance scattered about in the works of others to stone for their scepticism. The accusation to which Baudelaire has aid himself subject is, that he has with premeditation taken more loathsome forms of corruption and vice as matter meet for song than wer were so employed before, and that he has raised in their behalf liabolic chants of adoration, sometimes mingled with hate, in which ne appears to resign himself wholly and in ghastly delight to the lomination of evil.

The Fleurs du Mal commence with the following preface. It vill be seen, that if Baudelaire had been addressing a congregation of convicted felons, he could hardly have used worse language than that which he considers suitable to his public. The coarseness of the fourth line is characteristic of Baudelaire; and still coarser expressions, both in verse and prose, are not uncommon in his pages.

La sottise, l'erreur, le péché, la lésine, Occupent nos esprits et travaillent nos corps, Et nous alimentons nos aimables remords, Comme les mendiants nourrissent leur vermine.

Nos péchés sont têtus, nos repentirs sont lâches;
 Nous nous faisons payer grassement nos aveux,
 Et nous rentrons gatment dans le chemin bourbeux,
 Croyant par de vils pleurs laver toutes nos taches. . . .

C'est le Diable qui tient les fils qui nous remuent! Aux objets répugnants nous trouvons des appas; Chaque jour vers l'Enfer nous descendons d'un pas, Bans horreur, à travers des ténèbres qui puent.'

After some more lines of the same kind, in which he accuses us readers of possessing the desire to commit every mentionable and

unmentionable crime without having the courage, he ends by saying, among 'the jackals, the panthers, the apes, the scorpions, the vultures, the serpents—the yelling, howling, grunting, grovelling monsters which form the foul menagerie of our vices—there is one the most foul, the most wicked, the most unclean of all. This vice, although it uses neither extravagant gestures nor makes a great outcry, would willingly make a ruin of the earth, and swallow up all the world in a yawn. This is ennui! who, with his eye moistened by an involuntary tear, dreams of scaffolds in smoking his hookah. Thou knowest him, the delicate monster, hypocritical reader; my like, my brother!'

The savage coarseness of these lines does not admit of their being taken as a humorous extravagance; nevertheless, such was the preface which, after twelve years' time for reflection, Baudelaire thought proper for the Fleurs du Mal. His readers must be a compound of all the vices, unredeemed by a single virtue, except want of courage, to prevent them from committing murder, arson, &c.; and he himself was as bad as they were. It is not suggested that man possesses a beam of light to enlighten him, or a virtue of any kind to appeal to. Why, then, appeal to him at all? A saint is said to have once addressed a sermon to fishes; but in these days one can expect to attain little by addressing an audience of panthers, and vipers, and vermin. The poems of the Fleurs du Mal, as a whole, carry out the gloomy character of the preface; there are, however, a few pieces which form exceptions; the best of these is one called 'Elévation.'

'Beyond the pools, beyond the valleys, beyond the mountains, the woods, the clouds, and the seas, on the far side of the sunthe far side of the ethers, on the far side of the confines of starry spheres, thou canst move, O my spirit, in freedom; and a good swimmer who delights in the wave, thou furrowest gaily profound immensity with unspeakable and manly pleasure. Fly a far from these morbid miasmas; go and purify thyself in upper and drink, like a pure and divine fluid, the clear fire which fills limpid spaces. Behind the ennuis and the vast griefs which be down with their weight our wintry existence, happy is he who with a strong wing shoot forth towards the luminous and sere fields; whose thoughts, like the skylark, take a flight each mornitowards heaven; who can look down upon life, and comprehend without effort the language of flowers and of mute things.'

The poem ironically called 'Bénédiction' is another piece which shines like a glowworm amid the desolate darkness of the rest the volume; but even here there are passages gloomy and over

strained enough.

'When, by a decree of the supreme powers, the poet appear in this effete world, his mother—terrified and full of blasphemyclenches her hands at God, who has pity upon her. "Ah, why did I not rather bring forth a nest of vipers, than be the nursing-mother of this object of derision! Cursed be the night," &c. We will not continue to translate the imprecations of the mother. The poet grows up; and for once we find in Baudelaire's verse that an angel has something to do with the direction of human destinies:

> ' Pourtant, sous la tutelle invisible d'un Ange, L'Enfant déshérité s'enivre de soleil, Et dans tout ce qu'il boit et dans tout ce qu'il mange Retrouve l'ambroisie et le nectar vermeil.

Il joue avec le vent, cause avec le nuage Et s'enivre en chantant du chemin de la croix; Et l'Esprit qui le suit dans son pèlerinage Pleure de le voir gai comme un oiseau des bois.

Tous ceux qu'il veut aimer l'observent avec crainte, Ou bien, s'enhardissant de sa tranquillité, Cherchent à qui saura lui tirer une plainte, Et font sur lui l'essai de leur férocité.

Dans le pain et le vin destinés à sa bouche Ils mêlent de la cendre avec d'impurs crachats; Avec hypocrisie ils jettent ce qu'il touche, Et s'accusent d'avoir mis leurs pieds dans ses pas.'

As for the poet's love, she - since he finds her fair enough to be adored—she, she cries, will play the part of one of the malignant deities of old. She will allow herself to be satiated with nard and incense and myrrh, with bendings of the knees, and wine and good cheer, to see if she can usurp divine honours in a heart devoted to her. 'And when I am tired of these impious farces. I will lay upon him my frail and yet strong hand, and my nails-like the nails of the harpies-shall know how to tear a way to his heart. . I will wrench this heart, all crimson, and trembling, and palpitating, like a young bird; and I will cast it to the earth in disgust, to feed my pet beast.'

The redeeming part of the poem is in the termination. If a fair share of the poems of Baudelaire were redeemed by such termination, he would have been a gainer—from the point of view of art, as well as in other respects. The piece ends with the speech of

the poet:

'-Soyez béni, mon Dieu, qui donnez la souffrance Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés Et comme la meilleure et la plus pure essence Qui prépare les forts aux saintes voluptés! Je sais que vous gardez une place au Poëte Dans les rangs bienheureux des saintes Légions, Et que vous l'invitez à l'éternelle fête Des Trônes, des Vertus, des Dominations. Je sais que la douleur est la noblesse unique Où ne mordront jamais la terre et les enfers, Et qu'il faut pour tresser ma couronne mystique Imposer tous les temps et tous les univers.

Mais les bijoux perdus de l'antique Palmyre, Les métaux inconnus, les perles de la mer, Par votre main montés, ne pourraient pas suffire A ce beau diadème éblouissant et clair ;

Car il ne sera fait que de pure lumière, Puisée au foyer saint des rayons primitifs, Et dont les yeux mortels, dans leur splendeur entière, Ne sont que des miroirs obscurcis et plaintifs!"

But the strain of thought which produced the 'Elévation' and the 'Bénédiction' is rare indeed in Baudelaire. The general character of his verse is well summed up in a stanza of his own:

> ' Enfin, nous avons, pour noyer Le vertige dans le délire, Nons, prêtre orgueilleux de la Lyre, Dont la gloire est de déployer L'ivresse des choses funèbres, Bu sans soif et mangé sans faim! . . . -Vite soufflons la lampe, afin De nous cacher dans les ténèbres!'

The titles of poems running through his volume carry out the promise of the title of his volume; and the poems with the wors

titles are not by any means the worst.

Love has been the theme of poets since the beginning of time, to which each true poet has added a fresh charm and a fresh pathos. It is curious to see how Baudelaire treats this passion. of women flit across the lurid stage of his morbid imagination; the majority of them are the priestesses of venal passion. The power and the fatal beauty of such women, the delusive and impotent ravings of unrestrained desire, the self-imposed tortures of profaned and vainly-lavished adoration-such are the topics which form matter for some of Baudelaire's most powerful love-poems. However, one ideal of feminine excellence and purity—a phantom Beatrice—floats before his vision; before whose angelic apparition the foul Circes of the demi-monde fade into nothingness. But, alas! what is the last vision we have of this exceptional Beatrice?

The poet is wandering over desolate tracts, where the soil is volcanic, black with ashes, and without verdure; he is preparing in his mind the burden of lamentations to be addressed to Nature, and whetting anew upon his heart the poniard of his thought-when a funereal cloud charged with a tempest descends down upon him, from which bursts a crowd of demons like cruel and wicked dwarfs, who look at him as passers-by look at a madman: they give utterance to a chorus of mocking and scorn. The poet could have treated their derision with contempt; but he beheld amongst them the figure of

his beloved, the peerless queen of his idolatry—Beatrice!

^{&#}x27; J'aurais pu (mon orgueil aussi haut que les monts Domine la nuée et le cri des démons) Détourner simplement ma tête souveraine, Si je n'eusse pas vu parmi leur troupe obscène,

Crime qui n'a pas fait chanceler le soleil! La reine de mon cœur au regard nonpareil, Qui riait avec eux de ma sombre détresse Et leur versait parfois quelque sale caresse.'

The picture evoked before the imagination by this last line is horrible, yet most pathetic when regarded as affecting Baudelaire himself. Let us here cite a few words of a kindly letter written by the lately deceased great critic to Baudelaire:

'Vous avez pris l'enfer, vous vous êtes fait diable. Vous avez voulu arracher leurs secrets aux démons de la nuit. En faisant cela avec subtilité, avec raffinement, avec un talent curieux et un abandon quasi précieux d'expression, en perlant le détail, en pétrarquisant sur l'horrible, vous avez l'air de vous être joué; vous avez Pourtant souffert, vous vous êtes rongé à promener vos ennuis, vos cauchemars, vos tortures morales; vous avez dû beaucoup souffrir, mon cher enfant. Cette tristesse particulière qui ressort de vos Pages et où je reconnais le dernier symptôme d'une génération malade, dont les aînés nous sont très-connus, est aussi ce qui vous sera compté.'

No doubt, Baudelaire, with his nervous temperament, his demoniac pride (which he here describes as aussi haut que les monts), in the desolate views which he entertained of society and of human nature, must have suffered as immensely as Sainte-Beuve divined; but Baudelaire, when he wrote the Fleurs du Mal, was but twenty-four years of age, and should have been in the hopeful morning of youth. Did it never occur to him that by his gloomy self-abstraction from the joys and sorrows and hopes of ordinary men, and by his selfish theory of art for art's sake, and by his desolate opinions about human nature and society, and his youthful irreverence for all ennobling sentiments, he had formed for himself a veritable inferno, out of which there was no escape? It would take a longer space than we here have at command to discuss duly this question; however, as the dernier symptôme d'une génération malade, as Sainte-Beuve styles him, Baudelaire merits discussion; and we reserve to ourselves the liberty of saying a few words on his general theory of art towards the end of this paper. But all the considerations affecting the failures and the ultimate extinction of a poetic nature like Baudelaire's could not be adequately set forth without taking into account the relations existing between Art and Society-into which it does not now seem opportune to enter-for there is much to be said for the point of view of M. de Custine, expressed in a letter to the poet, 'On plaint l'époque où un esprit et un talent d'un ordre si élevé en sont reduits à se complaire dans la contemplation de choses qu'il vandrait mieux oublier qu'immortaliser.'

For the general impression derived from the perusal of Baudelaire's volume is one of extreme pain. All the nightmares, morbid fancies, blind, wild, and insatiable desires, deluded and mocked by appearance of fruition-all the disillusions, all the agonies of doubts and despairs, ending in adoration of the powers of evil-which tortured the morbid brain of an arrogant and eccentric genius, found place in the pages of the Fleurs du Mal; so that the reading leaves a sense of nightmare on the soul. Is it any relief to such impressions to know that Baudelaire has done this in verse which, from the point of view of manufacture, is of extreme merit? The greater the loathsomeness and wickedness of the result produced, the greater is the crime of the artist. Baudelaire says somewhere his book should be judged by its general tendency and by its conclusion. Its general tendency has been found by the great mass of critics and readers tbe such as we have set forth; it makes the world itself to be but une oasis d'horreur dans un désert d'ennui. As for the conclusion it reaches such an extremity of profanity as we believe no poe ever attained before. St. Peter is praised for having denied Christthere is a litany and a prayer to Satan; and in the very last vers of the volume he appeals to death :

O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps! levons l'ancre! Ce pays nous ennuie, O Mort! Appareillons! Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'enere, Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons! Verse-nous ton poison pour qu'il nous réconforte! Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau, Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel, qu'importe? Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

So ends the Fleurs du Mal. For so strange a production, M. Asselineau tells us the life of Baudelaire himself is the best commentary. Let us, then, take a glance at the biography of Baudelaire. The biography of Baudelaire would indeed be the best commentary on his poetry, if we could have an impartial account: as it is, the biographies left by his friends explain a good deal; and since it is not difficult to meet with persons who knew him in his lifetime, something may be gained from those who have seen him face to face.

Baudelaire was the son of a retired professor, a man of intelligence, who died while the poet of the Fleurs du Mal was yet young. Baudelaire's mother, on the death of her first husband, married General Aupick, who was subsequently ambassador at Constantinople. Baudelaire apparently showed no signs of talent in his youth. He passed his examination for the degree of bachelier es lettres with difficulty, and was, indeed, allowed his degree as a matter more of favour than of right. Nevertheless, Baudelaire showed an inclination to follow a literary career, much to the distaste of his relatives—who, to cure him of his propensities, sent him on a voyage to India, in the course of which he visited the Mauritius, Madagascar, and Ceylon. In Baudelaire's verse are to be found traces of the impressions received from such voyage—the splendour

of a tropical sky, the brilliance and exuberance of the vegetation, the dusky forms and the picturesque robes of the Indian races. his return home he had passed his minority, and consequently came into possession of the fortune he derived from his father. sought immediately for the society of men of letters and artists, and having rapidly got rid of his fortune, he took to literature as a profession. The poems of the Fleurs du Mal were his earliest production; some of them became known to his friends, and gave him a reputation for originality in his own circle twelve years before they were brought before the public. These singular poems naturally gain a great significance when we learn something of the tone of thought and sentiment, and of the habits of life, of Baudelaire at the time of their production. Both those who knew him and admired him, and those who knew him and did not admire him, concur in agreeing that he aimed at being, and was, an eminently eccentric character. The cut of his dress, the choice of his furniture, his habits of life, his literary opinions, his preference for painted ladies and for the artificial in every form,—all were strange in the extreme. As for his æsthetic training and opinions, it has been seen that his college career places him much below the Ordinary level of culture which literary men usually attain; a circumstance sufficient to prove that everything in the way of tradition in literature had a weak attraction for him. The best models of the best ages of literature seemed for this original genius to possess no charm, and he professed to admire the style of décadence in all ages; the artificial he expressly ranked above the natural, both in conversation and in his critical writings. For Théophile Gautier and Victor Hugo he had admiration; but the great idol of his literary worship was Edgar Poe! of whom, as we have said, he became the translator. One can hardly imagine a worse literary creed than such a one as Baudelaire manufactured for himself. What could be expected of a writer who despises the simple, the natural, the pure, eternally true and great aspirations and traditions of mankind? To these strange predispositions was allied an attraction for, a delight in, the horrible. The horrible he conceived as the ornament and the companion of beauty:

> 'Tu marches sur des morts, Beauté, dont tu te moques, De tes bijoux l'Horreur n'est pas le moins charmant, Et le Meurtre, parmi tes plus chères breloques, Sur ton ventre orgueilleux danse amoureusement.'

One is not, then, surprised to learn a story from one of Baudelaire's associates, which illustrates his strange taste for corruption. During a journey in the country and the society of a friend, he roused his companion up at an early hour, promising him one of the most splendid spectacles he had ever beheld—this was an immense knacker's yard, which Baudelaire had discovered early in the morning, and over whose corruption he had spent the early hours of the day in gloating with delight! Indeed, there is a poem which Baudelaire addresses to a real or ideal love, called *Une Charogne—Carrion*—in which he expends all his love of putrefaction and his powers of description on a decaying piece of carrion, and tells his beloved she must come to this—

'Oni! telle vous serez, O la reine des grâces.'

However, he consoles her-

'Alors, O ma beauté! dites à la vermine Qui vous mangera de baisers, Que j'ai gardé la forme et l'essence divine De mes amours décomposés!'

Baudelaire sought after originality, and he may fairly be allowed this originality—that he is, perhaps, the only man since the beginning of time who has attempted to combine obscenity, bad odours. and a putrefying carcass into a love-ditty. Hamlet moralising on a skull in a churchyard, we all know; but in the highest ecstasy of madness one cannot imagine his composing a sonnet of this fashion to present to Ophelia-though possibly this very scene in Hamlet may have suggested Baudelaire's poem. About the time of the composition of the Fleurs du Mal, Baudelaire was a member of a Club des Haschichins-which experimentalised on the effect of haschis on the imagination-a club consisting of various literary men and artists. He wrote at this time one or two articles in a newspaper rejoicing under the strange title of Corsaire-Satan, in which Champfleury, Murger, Théodore de Banville, Marc Fournier, and others also made their first appearance. But Baudelaire was little fitted for a journalist, although he undertook to conduct a liberal paper at Dijon in 1848; an enterprise which was so unsuccessful, that M. Asselineau says he never pronounced the name of Dijon but he ground his teeth-qu'en se serrant les dents. Baudelaire, indeed, had no political creed at all, except we call an utter disbelief in progress and an opinion that human nature was really as savage as in the stone period of the nature of a creed. Nevertheless, he was excited into something like an enthusiasm by the revolution of 1848-an enthusiasm of which, however, he was subsequently ashamed; for we find notes taken from his papers attempting to justify himself in his own eyes for having shared for a time in the common excitement and illusions of his country. 'My intoxication of 1848.' as he calls it. Of what nature was this intoxication? He answers. candidly enough, 'A taste for vengeance, and a natural pleasure in demolition.'

'What can be more absurd than progress,' he writes; 'since man, as is daily proved, is always the same and alike?—that is to say, always in the savage state—the animal of prey the most perfeet.' And again: 'The poet is of no party; otherwise he would be a man like the rest.'

This last phrase is highly characteristic. Baudelaire would not be a man like the rest, and the easiest way of being unlike them is to affect eccentricity. Friends like Sainte-Beuve would remark on this gently, and say, 'Do not be afraid of feeling like other men, do not distrust natural emotion; you will still have sufficient delicacy of expression to distinguish you.' Others, however, of a harsher spirit, put down the eccentricity of Baudelaire to a diabolical spirit of pride and vanity; from adoration of Satan and all things evil, they said Baudelaire had come to believe that he was Satan himself; and the morbid seclusion into which he ultimately withdrew may, perhaps, be attributed to the seething of bitter sayings and to the rankling of stinging verses on his nervous organisation. The disgust of Baudelaire, however, for his short-lived liberal inlituation of 1848 was consoled very soon by the permanent state of costasy into which he was thrown by the discovery of the works of Edgar Poe. Everybody he met was subjected to the question, 'Do you know Edgar Poe?' He determined to translate all the works of the American author, and took four years to prepare for the work, which appeared in the feuilleton of the Pays, and was subsemently collected into five volumes, which were published by Michel Levy. It is evident, indeed, that there is a good deal of affinity between the genius of Baudelaire and that of Edgar Poe; though, in our judgment, Baudelaire has written nothing at all comparable The Raven,' and the comparison is entirely to the advantage of the strange and subtle genius of Poe. The translation, however, one of the best translations in the French language, and reads like the work of an original writer.

The Fleurs du Mal, after having waited long for a publisher, at last found one in M. Malassis. This gentleman-who has published a chivalrous way much contemporary poetry, which had previously been handed in vain around to the various publishers of Paris-was the son of a printer of Alencon. He was educated at the Ecole de Chartres, and had, before the death of his father, mixed with literary en of Paris, among whom he became acquainted with Baudelaire. econte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville, Théophile Gautier in his Emaux et Camées, and other poets, came before the public by the instrumentality of the press of M. Malassis at Alençon. He Published the Fleurs du Mal in 1857. Some of the poems were found so indecent and profane, that the work was prosecuted as an Offence against the public morals; and a condemnation was passed, in consequence of which six of the poems were omitted in a second edition. The result of this trial made a great impression on Baudelaire, and he prepared a preface which he intended to prefix to the third edition, in which the injured pride of the man appears in contemptuous arrogance: 'J'ai un de ces heureux caractères qu tirent une jouissance de la haine, et qui se glorifient dans le mépris. 'Chaste comme le papier, sobre comme l'eau, porté à la dévotion comme une communiante, il ne me déplairait pas de passer pour

un débauché, un ivrogne, un impie et un assassin."

The publication of the Fleurs du Mal, however, gave to Baudelaire a more extensive reputation than he had hitherto enjoyed, Nevertheless he had exhausted his poetic vein; and, indeed, no long career of poetical production is possible, unless a sound, healthy, and genuinely human aspiration is its chief motive power. Baudelaire now produced articles of criticism on literature and on painting, which are not without merit when he forgets his literary creed. Besides these he wrote the Paradis Artificiels, drawn from the sensations he had experienced under the stimulating influence of haschish. He had at this time a number of literary friends who appreciated his society in the French capital; nevertheless, he now quitted Paris for Brussels. Théophile Gautier gives the desire of a more secluded life as his reason for making this change. M. Asselineau says his imagination was inflamed by the accounts of the profits which he had heard Dickens and Thackeray in England, and American writers across the Atlantic, had gained from readings, and that his motive for the change was a desire to earn money by readings of his works in Brussels. The speculation, however, was an unfortunate one in every way; his readings did not succeed, and he is said to have shown his contempt for one of his audiences in insulting fashion. He took Belgium in aversion, and meditated a satirical work on the country; for which he has left a mass of illegible notes. The headings of the chapters show, however, the spirit in which he designed to write: 'Pauvre Belgique,' 'La grotesque Belgique,' 'La Belgique toute nue,' 'La Capitale des Singes,' &c. The hatred of Baudelaire for the Belgians reached a state of exasperation; he detested everything in the country-its viands, its beer, the habits of the people, and their very way of walking. 'Tout est propre ci,' he writes, 'excepté l'homme et la femme.'

Nevertheless, he did not leave the country. 'Can you conceive that Baudelaire?' said Théophile Gautier; 'he stops in Belgium for the mere pleasure of saying he is bored.' However, after a little more than a year news was spread about among his friends in Paris that he was seriously ill; and such was soon found to be the case. He was attacked with paralysis, his whole right side was affected and the link which attaches thought to speech was broken for ever. He was removed from Brussels to a maison de santé at Paris, where he was nursed by his mother and sympathising friends. His end was too sad for us to dwell upon; he sank slowly, and died on the 31st of August 1867, at the age of forty-six years and six months.

Whether the catastrophe of his end was not in great measure

arought about by the perversion of his genius, his arrogant and isoated manner of intellectual life, and his contempt for all sane appeites, desires, and passions, we must leave the physiologist to deternine. Pity, however, and of the deepest, is due to so melancholy an end; and a partial, though not complete, excuse for his aberrations is to be found in the character of his time.

The portrait which friends have given of Baudelaire as a young man is striking. His features were fine, and finely finished: hazel-brown eyes, a good forehead, mouth, and chin, and teeth, a graceful and slender neck—all denoted a man upon whom Nature had set a crtain stamp of elegance. His manner of dress, though singular, as always scrupulously cared for—he even affected dandyism, for thich Baudelaire had an immense respect; the dandy being in his yes (they are his own words) le roi du monde. To be a dandy-rtist, and dandy-literary man, was in his estimation to reach percetion. His manners were good; but he aimed at coldness, disliked esticulation and rapid speech, and put forth his satanic axioms bout morals and art with as much gravity as if he were stating a nathematical truth.

Those who have been shocked by a perusal of the Fleurs du Mal vill, we imagine, cease to be astonished at their purport when they become acquainted with the life of their author. The best trait about he man was his deep but misdirected devotion to art; and those who look to poetry for the expression of a striking individuality, will ind this in him in perfection; for never have pride, extravagance, eccentricity, and defiance of common-sense been so strangely empodied in verse of undeniable merit.

But the question is a wider one than this. The poetry of Baulelaire places us face to face with the gravest questions of art. Is a moral end to be left out of sight altogether in writing and criticising a poet's work? Baudelaire and his admirers declare that morals have nothing to do with poetry. Baudelaire says that poetry must have no other end but itself. Others say the end of art is to please, without any moral ambition at all. Baudelaire, however, admits with others that poetry is aspiration towards a higher form of beauty.

Baudelaire, we imagine, would not consent to agree with those who say the end of art is to please. However, we have nothing to do with the fine distinctions which those who agree in denying the possibility of any alliance between morality and art may choose to draw: any quantity of specious logic may be produced on this vexed question. To us it seems as absurd to deny the use of moral power to the poet and the artist, as it would be to deny it to the orator, or to any form of human expression. To us it appears the aim of all art whatever is to excite sensations, which sensations in art may be either of the order of the beautiful, or the pathetic, or the sub-

lime; and in each case the moral sense, if artistically appealed to, will join with, and enhance, other sensations.

In fact, those who declare that moral considerations should have nothing to do with our esthetic judgments, and form no part of a true poem, leave out of sight altogether the fact that moral beauty is one of the highest forms of beauty, and that its contemplation is capable of affording the highest pleasure; and a poet who omits to use moral power as an ally in his service omits to appeal to emotions which are capable, if excited, of giving the purest satisfaction, and lacks also one of the most inspiring, invigorating, and enduring elements of his art.

From the moral point of view, a poet must be judged by his general tendency. Dante wrote his Inferno; but he also wrote his Paradiso. Juvenal has hideous pictures of vice; his satires, in passages, are revolting. But no one can doubt that the general tendency of Juvenal's aim in writing was to scourge vice, and hold it up to loathing; and that, in spite of the corruption which was the theme of his satire, his aim was good, and his belief in the ultimate triumph of good invincible.

It has been said that Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra are fit subjects for art on account of the very vices of their nature. But who can imagine a stage, or even a drama, occupied with none but such characters as these? The same poets who made Clytemnestra a leading personage in a tragedy produced Electras, Antigones, Ismenes, and Iphigenias; and the figure who remains the most prominent in the mind among the tragedies of Æschylus is Prometheus, the grand personification of the philanthropist, he who became hateful to envious superior powers διά την λίαν φιλότητα βροτῶν.

And is not the stage of Shakespeare full of gentle and noble men and women-of Cordelias, Imogens, Hamlets, Romeos, and Juliets-who far outnumber the Lady Macbeths and Richards III.? To say that vice, turpitude, and corruption are not to be utilised by poetry is, of course, absurd. The conflict and struggle of bad and evil passions is one of the grandest sources of poetic emotion. But adoration of vice even in a grand and satanic form-rhapsodies of crime, pictures of horrors and corruptions which leave doubt, despair. and disgust in the soul-when not redeemed by the assurance, suggested at least, of a moral end-are loathsome and maleficent. There is in some of the greatest poets a great deal of what may be called latent morality. We feel its presence, although not directly expressed: the moral sympathies of the reader form an inner and, as it were, orchestral accompaniment, in symphony with the words of the poet. The pathetic feeling excited by the fall of the hero whom we admire in a tragedy is of this kind: the whole tenor of the dramatic action and dialogue impresses us with the conviction that the dramatist in such case is not the apologist of destiny, and that his

end is not to make us view the triumph of crime or treachery with complacency or exultation; that he is on the side of right and nobility; and the pathetic awe excited in the spectator at a tragic conclusion is in all the greatest dramas accompanied with a revulsion of the conscience, which vindicates the ultimate triumph of justice and virtue in spite of failure in the individual instance. We recognise the truth and the mystery of the temporary dominion of sorrow.

The influence on the mind of all the greatest works of art is moral, or conducive to a higher moral aim; the more of the highest aspirations of man which a work contains, admitting that these are expressed in anything like an adequate manner, and asserting also that the higher the aim the more difficult will be the execution, the grander will be the work. In sculpture, for example, the finest statue in existence is the Apollo Belvidere, a representation of the god of life and light, and the fountain-head of all poetry. be imagined that any power of art could personify Hercules, or Cacus, or even Pluto, in the same divine fashion? In painting, Raphael and Titian have produced their masterpieces by fixing on the canvas the divine ideal of womanhood created by the middle ages and glorified by religious chivalry. The two greatest modern epics have each a divine subject. It would not be difficult to show that Homer himself is a moral poet; and if we knew the actual condition of manners in primeval Greece, he would in all probability appear far more moral than is now the case. As for the Æneid, that too has a religious subject, and the hero of the poem, though inadequately rendered, was intended to represent a perfect type of the patriarch and priest of primeval times. Schiller has drawn his noblest inspirations from the depths of a surpassing moral nature. Nor can the champions of art for art's sake claim Goethe on their side, though his moral aspiration was less predominant than that of Schiller above the faculties of the mind.

There is a poetry, without question, of doubt and despair, characteristic of the state of the European mind for the last half century. Even Lamartine has written his Désespoir; and in Byron and Alfred de Musset there is plenty of similar poetry. But there are visions of higher hope even in Byron and Alfred de Musset; nevertheless, they would have been greater poets, had they been able to express more equally both aspects of the struggle of good and evil in man's destiny; the nobler and more complete nature is that which passes through such crises of existence to a moral state of a more reverent and hopeful character, as Goethe did, after the production of Werther. All that can be conceded to those who assert that the beauty of a poem is not connected with morality is, that morality alone will not make verse a poem, that the didactic tone is to be avoided, that a poem should not be turned into a sermon in rhyme, and that weak poetry of the moral sort is tedious, though not so tedious or

repulsive as immoral poetry of the same strength. The corrupt and the horrible, it may be conceded, likewise may find a place in poetry, but still subject to the laws of good taste. The darker and lower elements of nature and life, and the vilest of passions, may undoubtedly, within certain limits, be exhibited in verse, otherwise poetry, which on the whole is a glorified vision of all existence, would not be a complete representation; but all who have any care for the advancement of man's intellectual welfare are interested in condemning a theory which declares, like the witches in *Macbeth*, that 'fair is foul and foul is fair;' and unhappy must be the destiny of any poet who exerts his whole or even his greatest power in glorifying the corrupt and the baser instincts of man, whose productions

fill the soul with darkness instead of light.

Yet, as far as regards Baudelaire, it cannot be denied that fleeting gleams of better convictions than those to which he has given his main energies are to be found in his verse and prose. We cannot accept the fatalistic conclusion that Baudelaire was necessarily what he was, and could be no other; it is a question how far external influences, and a more wholesome social and intellectual atmosphere, might have aided in saving from wreck a man who certainly had an intellect worth the saving. But to confine our attention to Baudelaire himself: when we find such a phrase as the following in his pages, it seems strange that a man who could so write should not also see that his theories of art and his fashion of writing poetry were a violation of that moral beauty and of that universal rhythm and prosody of the order of the world of which he speaks: 'Le vice porte atteinte au juste et au vrai, révolte l'intellect et la conscience. Mais comme outrage à l'harmonie. comme dissonance il blessera plus particulièrement certains esprits poétiques, et je ne crois pas qu'il soit scandalisant de considérer toute infraction à la morale, au beau moral, comme une espèce de faute contre le rhythme et la prosodie universels.'

Had Baudelaire aimed at making his work, even in incomplete fashion, a mirror of this universal rhythm and prosody, of which he seems to have had an idea, his readers would have had to sup less full of horrors in the perusal of his volume, and he would, without doubt, have taken a higher, and perhaps a permanent, place in the

literature of his country. However, as Keats writes,

'Even bees, the little almsmen of spring bowers, Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers,'

let us trust that these Fleurs du Mal, these 'poison-flowers,' may have served, and may serve, some purpose ere they die away. They might even by the very antagonism they are calculated to excite in a truly poetic mind serve a moral purpose, to the discomfiture of the partisans of the author's philosophy of art.





John Proctor, del.

J. R. Battershel

THE SHADOW AND THE RING

'MAY I not see thee once again, Fair face—not once? Ay me, no word replies. My love will change! Nay, my long love, though vain, Is one with rising fire and falling rain, And cannot change until thy lover dies, Fair face, too full of shine for my faint eyes!

Always to me indeed must seem Idalia's boy most dear: night's pregnant hours Have never form'd a face more dear in dream, Whose strange low voice is like a singing stream; Whose breath is balm, which after early showers Lies fast enfolded in thick leaves of flowers.

Ah, sweet! shall we not worship Love-Love who is worshipp'd ever in every land? Still art thou dumb: lend me at least thy glove, Which may of thee glad memories in me move— Thy glove, thy ring, some ribbon, or small band, Made holy by the warm touch of thy hand.

Nay, by thy genius do I swear, By all great oaths which grow in poet's rhyme, Almost methinks this love of mine a snare. Where Death lurks in disguise. Hast thou no care For me, sad soul, caught in Love's luscious lime? Serves but my woe to while away thy time?'

So pleaded he, with words as fire Warm, and unceasing as a winter snow,— No Lenten lover, and would never tire, More garrulous than ever yet was choir Of grasshoppers,—and when she answer'd, 'No,' They ebbed awhile, faster again to flow.

So pleading, while she still said 'Nay,' He took her ring, which when she took again He had changed for his,—the falling light of day Made small their difference,—nor sought more stay, But left her half in joy, yet, being fain That he should linger longer, half in pain. SECOND SERIES, VOL. V. F.S. VOL. XV. GG

Soon as the first red morning flame Stole in her room, the alien ring was known, And he was summon'd, who scarce heard her name But with his heart within him burning came, And found her by a fountain all alone, Walking with fair set face as hard as stone—

Cold as the stone marge where she set His ring, and redemanded hers; but he, 'Since thou refusest to wear my ring, she yet Shall wear it—she whom I may least forget, And love of all the world next after thee, She will receive my ring, I know, from me.'

'And wilt thou,' she almost said, 'dare?' A child's cheek flush'd with heat in summer noon Was hers, who ask'd as one without all care, 'Fair is she, then?' 'Ay,' quoth he, 'all too fair.' 'Tush! give to whom thou wilt thy worthless boon; I marvel much the maid was found so soon.'

But while she yet spoke, the ring fell In the water, which her own rare semblance bore; She saw, and sigh'd, and smiled, and said, 'Ah, well; Good sooth full pretty love-tales canst thou tell.' Then took him to her room, and closed her door, And never begg'd her ring back any more.

JAMES MEW.

FROM RUSSELL-SQUARE TO KENSAL-GREEN

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

Somewhere in Charlotte Brontë's works you may find a strange suggestive passage, in which that weird little woman of the Yorkshire wolds sets forth the topography of the Hypochondriacal Land. A very different projection that from the carte du pays du tendre which smug, rosy-cheeked, short-cloaked, silk-stockinged abbés used to sketch for the amusement of powdered marquises in brocaded acks and red-heeled shoes in Louis XV, boudoirs. A dreadful country, full of stagnant lakes, and marshes steaming with miasmatic exhalations. No houses there; only hospitals. The government a medical oligarchy: Sangrado doge, a sage femme dogess, Thomas Diagoirus prime minister, Mrs. Gamp (pp. Lucina) mistress of the robes. The staple products of the country I take to be bark, sarsaparilla, taraxicum, and colchicum. The chief town is on the river Liver. There is a huge temple erected to Mercury; and these bilious devotees strive to work out their salvation by orisons to the deity of Blue-pill. There may you see the famous statue of the Roman mother praying for her sick son; on the pedestal the despairing invocation:

> Divinæ febri, Sanctæ febri, Magnæ febri, Camilla Amata, Pro filio mali affecto.

But Camilla's son died, fever-stricken, notwithstanding. And she was a widow. Was she? Who can tell? Of her, her child, his sickness, nothing has come down to us but that sculptured wail.

Yes, it is in Liveropolis that, after the profession of a doctor, there are only two prosperous trades. The druggists flourish exceedingly, and the undertakers wax fat. Stay; the marble-masons, statuaries, and weavers of immortelles likewise do powerful strokes of business; and the mourning warehousemen are a wealthy folk. Only last week a statue was put up to Holloway; Morrison had a mural crown decreed him long ago; the senate have decided by solemn vote that Cockle deserved well of his country; Jay is a general, and old Parr a peer. This is the Hypochondriacal Land. There are never any seditions there; for the people are all patients, and obey their doctors implicitly. The men are a feeble race, incorpably valetudinarian; the women are remarkable for bad legs; the

children always have the rickets; the very puppies and kittens are afflicted with fits. The natives are not much given to stimulants, but they drink vast quantities of Daffy's elixir, Dalby's carminative, and Godfrey's cordial. They are poor feeders, subsisting chiefly on revalenta arabica, with a little beef-tea on high days and holidays. They sleep on water-beds, and take most of their exercise in Bathchairs; and instead of a court circular, there is published every

morning a sick-list.

I entreat you not to believe that Currer Bell ever wrote, or thought of writing, a tithe of the nonsense I have set down in the foregoing lines. She, the brave, sensible, clear-minded governess, she would have disdained such maundering trash. She wrote Jane Eyre, and was a practical woman; albeit she too could sometimes wander in the country of morbid imaginations (as Hartley Coleridge did among the Erycarians, that always interesting people who never existed), and make heroes out of Lord Charles Wellesley and the Marquis of Douro. But, most serene reader, did I not hint to you that the passage in Charlotte Brontë's works I remember, without being able to fix on the precise locality thereof, was 'suggestive'? The old schoolmen used to delight in theses, paratheses, antitheses, diatheses on the vexed question: 'How many millions of angels are able to dance on the point of a needle?' On the pin's point of a chance observation-made, I cannot tell where-mobs of unhealthy fancies are to me gyrating in Sahara waltz. Charlotte Brontë imagined herself travelling; but always, black upon the horizon, looming, threatening, ineffaceable, was one country, one province, one city-Necropolis.

I rose this morning with the lark and the blackbird and the sparrow,-who, if they knew how anxious the farmers and the proprietors of orchards were to shoot them, would not be in so great a hurry to get up, I fancy. Perceiving it to be a fine dry sunny morning: 'Where shall I travel this instant September morn?' I communed with myself. 'This is the last day of Barnet Fair. I have never been to Barnet. I have not visited a fair for years. Was it not at Barnet that little Oliver Twist first met with the Artful Dodger?' At Barnet was it not, in the '46, that the cruel London mob went forth to meet the unhappy prisoners from Culloden, and Cumberland's scouring of the Highlands? Poor prisoners! I see them now, with torn kilts and dusty bonnets and bleeding feet. shackled and tethered together like unruly calves, the dragoons and fusileers urging them onwards with bayonet-prick and blow of flat of sabre; the atrocious London riffraff beating upon warming-pans, and screeching out ribald abuse of the Pope and the Pretender. A noble cause nobly lost; and all this loyalty and devotion to the fugitive Stuart to be expiated-how? On Kennington-common, where the hangman is waiting with his halter and his axe, his

quartering-block and his caldron of seething pitch. God save the Protestant succession, and the bright little spots it has left upon our history!

There are many trains to Barnet, and I am within twelve minutes' sturdy walking of the Great Northern terminus at King's Cross. The tariff for return tickets is moderate. I might make a nice little day of it. I think I have a friend at Tottenham—or an enemy: it does not make much difference; and, coming back, I might pay a visit to that very admirable institution, the Masonic School for Boys. But anon the brow of my mind grows dark and gloomy. I abandon all ideas of Barnet. Why? There is a horse-fair there to-day, and the equine festival brings up painful associations. Woe is me! Long weeks ago I bought a horse—a gray horse, a cob, as easy to sit upon. I was informed, as an arm-chair. I intended to ride him The doctors said that horse exercise would do me good. thought of ordering riding trousers, and of undergoing a short probation on the Mecklenburghian nobleman's 'mechanical horse.' A friend made me a present of a riding-switch surmounted by a golden And then something always supervened to prevent me cross-I was busy, I was lazy, I was ill. Then I rememing the cob. bered how nervous I was, how awkward, how short-sighted. Suppose the cob chose to go sideways, whisking his tail into the shop-windows, like Mr. Winkle's horse at Rochester: suppose he began to dance directly a street band struck up 'Suoni la tromba;' suppose he displayed a propensity for bolting into the nearest pastry-cook's: suppose he pitched me over his head, or reared backwards and flung me over his tail, or turned round and bit me; suppose an enemy met me, and said sternly, 'Impostor, get out of that there horse!' felt that I should never be enabled to endure the sarcasms of the street-boys-their counsels to 'get inside and pull down the blinds!' their inquiries as to how much a pound I had paid for my steed.

That gray cob I have never set eyes upon. A friend bought him for me, and, when I definitively gave up the idea of equestrianism, sold him for me. All I have to do with him now is to pay a many weeks' bill for his keep, and for the shoes he has worn out. To me he is a phantom horse more fearful than that which Lenore's lover bestrides in Alfred Elmore's famous picture, or that which Mr. Benjamin West painted and Thomas Landseer etched in the 'Devil's walk.'

Confound that cob! I asked him to dine off hay and oats; and he has come (with his bill) like the Commendatore to the Libertine of Seville:

'Don Giovanni,

A cenar teco
M' invitasti,
E son venuto.'

There is a signpost (referring to an old grim legend) in Lancashire

called the 'Deil upo' dun,' and showing the fiend mounted upon a dun horse. The deil is welcome to my gray cob, as a leader to drive tandem. I don't know what his name—if he ever had a name—may be; but I should like to call him White Elephant.

I once knew a man who was actually ruined through purchasing at a sale an electro-plated cruet-stand, from which the pepper-caster

was missing.

Talk to me of Barnet Fair, and the cheap mettlesome ponies they sell there, after this. I dismissed North Middlesex from my projected itinerary at once. Musingly, for half-an-hour, I turned over some maps of the home counties. At last, in despair at fixing arbitrarily on a goal, I determined to set out on a walk westward,

and see what turned up.

I forgot that in the west lay Necropolis. I knew not that the whole of that day my feet were destined, like the Friar's in Romeo and Juliet, to 'stumble at graves.' I began badly. I generally strive to snatch an hour's wholesome reading after breakfast ere the bread-winning labours of the day commence, and this morning, wishing to induce a jocund train of thought, I carefully avoided those of my shelves where I knew Sir Thomas Browne's 'urn-burial,' Wakefield and Basil Montague on the punishment of death, Christopher Sutton's Disce Mori, or Learn to Dic, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, and other works of a mortuary tendency, awaited, tall and frigid, my matutinal perusal. O, no; I sought among the facetiæ for something merry—qualche cosa per incacare—such as Sophie Arnould, when she was tired of rose-satin hangings and spangled cavaliers, used to long for. And I came upon a little book bearing the title of Pig's Meat, or Lessons for the Swinish Multitude, which, in my ignorance, I imagined would prove funny, but which I found to be full of grave political matter, interspersed with solid literary food; the object of the editor of 'Pig's Meat' being, I apprehend, to teach the 'swinish multitude' that they were as able as their betters to digest good letters. Opening the volume at random, I fell upon Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard quoted at length. It was the first step towards Necropolis.

So I went out into Bloomsbury, and turned towards the west. It was a Monday morning. The pipes were not 'blawin' clear' as when 'a' the fouks cam' rinnin' out to greet the Chevalier; but a consumptive clarionet was tootling in a most phthisical manner on the eastern side of Russell-square. It is lucky for you, my friend, I thought, that Mr. Babbage is a Dorset-streetite. The Russellians seem partial to street music. I counted this morning before cleven A.M., from my window, either together or successively, the high-lander (probably, as Mr. Hook insinuated, a Mile-ender) shivering in a kilt and performing a pibroch, while the young lady in the garb of old Gaul—kilted pantalettes, tartan hose, and a mourning-coach

horse's coronal on her head-danced; next a German band, composed of equal parts of green-baize, brass instruments, and yellow hair; next the poor but cleanly family, whereof the daughter weeps, in a white bib, the son (who has a spotless turned-down collar, but no socks) alternately puts his finger in his mouth in a pensive manner, and draws the back of his hand across his prematurely impoverished nose, while the baby utters mournful albeit inarticulate wails against the hard-heartedness of the world; while the mother (who looks like a pious laundress, formerly a pew-opener, but reduced to distress through the villany of monsters in the form of men, whose washing she has taken in at per dozen, but who have neglected to pay her) is quavering out the first stave of the seventy-third psalm, keeping meanwhile one eye attentively roving from window to window, but the other artfully fixed on the street corner, lest the policeman should be coming round it. Beggars, to be masters of their profession, should always squint. Then we had Meer Sham Beggaroo Rhoy, from Calcutta—the ugly beast !--with his tom-tom this morning; also two Italian organ-grinders, one of whom delighted us with 'Deh con te!' exquisitely melodised, the other with 'Billy Patterson,' execrably murdered. Finally, there was the welldressed person, of genteel but shabby mien, who lounges against the area-railings, and sings ballads in any language in a powerful baritone voice. Some people say he is a nobleman, who sings in the street for his amusement; others that he is mad; others that he is merely a humbug, with felonious intentions respecting spoons.

Fortunately I have a den in a very remote part of the house, and am not compelled to listen to the street musicians. Were I so compelled, I don't think I should deem it my duty to write leading articles against them, or to move for an act of Parliament to put them down. I would sooner see Bethnal-green put down, or child-murder, or the game-laws, or boards of guardians generally.

Russell-square is, under ordinary circumstances, a very nice place If those troublesome railway vans and goods wagons to walk in. would not come lumbering and clattering, by way of Southamptonrow, through the square and up Guildford-street, on their way to King's-cross, 'La Place Roussell' would be as cosy and tranquil as 'La Place Royale' in Paris. It has the vastness of Lincoln's-innfields without its dinginess. Such pretty young ladies you meet in light cotton morning wrappers and round hats, and their hair flowing over their shoulders, bearing books and portfolios sometimes, and bound to and from their studies at ladies' colleges; such comfortable old dames in stiff silks and roomy velvet bonnets, sweeping along on shopping expeditions, with the red housekeeping books peeping from their reticules; such grand old gentlemen, too, in glossy black and snowy hair, and with great bunches of seals at their fobs. Russell-square is one of the few places where you may

meet with white neckcloths at ten o'clock in the morning. They belong, I think, to eminent family doctors, or rich lawyers, whose offices are in Bedford-row or Raymond's-buildings.

It was too early in the day to peep between the railings of Russell-square and watch the young ladies playing at croquet—a sight that would do Mr. Du Maurier good, if he has not already witnessed it; and moreover, Russell-square being fashionable, the fascinating members of the croquet club were all, doubtless, on the Continent or at the seaside; but I walked nevertheless by the railings, partly from habit, partly through an artful wish to cut off the corners on my path to Keppel-street, and partly through a faint hope that something in the way of life might turn up before I reached the pump, where three servant girls are generally gossiping, and five or more children squabbling. I reached the pump, and found indeed not life there, but death. It was a party of pilgrims journeying

towards Necropolis.

There is nothing perhaps so strange in meeting a one-horse hearse without plumes slowly journeying through Russell-square on its way to some cemetery. Nor was there anything abnormal in the circumstance of the hearse being followed at the usual distance by a mourning-coach, likewise uni-horsed. But there were some strange things connected with the procession, notwithstanding. the first place, both hearse and coach had come to a halt, and had so remained stationary, one of the spectators told me, for full twenty minutes. In the next place, the drivers of both vehicles had turned on their boxes, and were regarding the proceedings beneath them with the broadest of broad grins. Thirdly, the undertaker-a decentlooking man, although his gear bespoke him to be one of the cheap practitioners of the poorer districts who advertise 'tradesman's funerals' at fixed rates—was doing his best, both by persuasion and force of arm, to quell the tumult around him; and lastly, there was the tumult itself. It was neither more nor less than an Irish row. The person who was going to be buried had been, I presume, of the Hibernian persuasion, but he or she was the only thing quiet about the obsequies. There were at least seven persons in the mourningcoach, including a child, who, being sat upon, squalled; and they were all yelling out, in fierce dispute, and at the top of their voices. On the pavement, close to the railings, an Irish gentleman, whose normal condition appeared to be that of a bricklayer, but whose working garments were insufficiently veiled by a mourning-cloak and hatband, was scuffling with a fellow-countryman, who, from his pale face, red whiskers, shabby broadcloth coat, and early intensity of intoxication, I assumed to be a tailor. They had not quite come to fisticuffs. The fray partook now of the nature of hair-pulling, jostling, and hat-flinging. Both their hats indeed were by this time under the pump. The undertaker was striving hard to part them,

but, I need scarcely say, unavailingly. A woman in a mourning-cloak and hood (if she too belonged to the coach, it would have made the complement ten) hovered on the outskirts of the combatants, pouring, not oil, but blazing vitriol on the waters of strife, and ever and anon making a lunge at the tailor, and contributing to the increase of that baldness of which I could see—he being bareheaded—symptoms had already appeared.

At once I built up a little history, and shaped the cause of the tumult into this. The tailor was a relative or near friend of the defunct, but through family differences, or a disinclination to contribute to the expenses of the wake, he had been excluded from the procession. Wandering about that St. Monday morning, full of 'high disdain and sense of injured merit,' to say nothing of alcohol, he had come upon the funeral train. Rendered desperate by grief and ardent spirits, he had attempted to scale the mourning-coach, either with the intent of following his beloved Phelim or Dennis to the grave in a 'dacent' manner, or else of inciting one of the mourners to tread on the tail of his coat. The latter eventuality had come about. His gage of battle had been taken up, and the tailor and the chief mourner were having a rough-and-tumble fight.

Of course there was not a policeman in the way, and the combatants were surrounded by a very oddly-compounded crowd. There were no raffs and no roughs—they do not, as a rule, patronise Russell-square—but there were a few genteel beggars, and several doctors' boys with medicine, also a sprinkling of youths in the employ of the neighbouring fishmongers, bakers, and greengrocers, and an outer fringe of old ladies, and young ladies, and schoolgirls, and nursery-maids, and children; all very anxious to see how the affair would end, but timidly scurrying off whenever the frenzied foes had a more than ordinarily desperate tussle.

Suddenly there came a voice from the interior of the mourning-coach, and a striped-cotton-clad arm darting from beneath a sable mantle, and both belonging to a highly-excited Irish female in the coach, came out into the open, and essayed to wrench round the door-handle in order to procure egress.

'Judith O'Shaughnessy! Judith O'Shaughnessy!' vociferated this highly-excited female. 'Lit me out! lit me out, I say! and I'll dye my hands in the heart's best blood of him!'

I do declare that she uttered literatim et verbatim this awful menace, worthy in tone and purport of Ristori in Medea. If you have ever found it worth your while to sit in a police-court late in the afternoon, when the 'abusive language' summonses are being heard, you will hear scores of threats such as these deposed to, and learn to what a height of terse and terrible eloquence the most illiterate of the poor will often rise. The undertaker, who was a man of

peace, probably thinking that if the excited female were not 'lit out____ she might essay to dye her hands in the heart's best blood of h nearest neighbour, and that the fresh air might calm her wrat opened the door himself, and gallantly assisted her to descend. S was in the thick of the fight at once; but although I heard he varying her minations, threaten to be hanged for somebody, to make garters of somebody else's intestines, and to pour a kettle of boiling. water over a third, nobody's heart's blood was spilt on the occasion. The vital stream began indeed to pour from somebody's nose, whereupon the rest of the mourners tumbled out of the coach—with one bright exception—and it became a family fight, with which nobody The drivers, seemingly wearied with long had a right to meddle. waiting, began to move on slowly, and the mourners and the tailor followed it, still fighting. I'm sure I don't know what became of them eventually, whether they arrived at an amicable understanding and took in the tailor, or whether they continued fighting all the way to the cemetery. I remembered the line in Hudibras touching upon those who 'in quarrels interpose,' and sped away as swiftly as I might, to make up for lost time, on my own concerns. must I spare a word of commendation for the bright exception who wouldn't come out of the mourning-coach. To him the objurgations of Judith O'Shaughnessy, the wrath of the excited female, the fight between the tailor and the bricklayer, were naught. He was manifestly very drunk, but he looked eminently happy. He struck up a song as the fray was at its bitterest, and must have been a treasure that night at the after wake.

A pretty sight, you may say, to be seen at high noon in Russellsquare, in defiance of the Queen's peace and all the proprieties. I appeal to the respectable denizens, and equally respectable by-passers who may have been present on this particular September morning, to vouch for my having extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in As I went on my way towards Paddington, some vagrant thoughts came across me, to this result: That the incessant rows. the murderous outrages, the savage orgies and rites to which the Irish are, as it would seem, incurably addicted, are very shocking and very scandalous, and at the first blush seem to render it highly desirable for all Irishmen and Irishwomen to be banished, on pain of death, from the British metropolis. An Irish row in Russellsquare is happily a rarity; but you can hardly pass down Grav'sinn-lane on Saturday night, at any season of the year, without your life being in danger from the hordes of savage Irishry vomited forth from the foul courts and lanes still permitted, to the shame of the Government and the parish authorities, to exist there. But, upon reflection, I remembered to have seen scenes of equal brutality and equal savagery, differing from this one only in degree, among English labourers in the manufacturing districts and in the Potteries. and finally, I arrived at this paradoxical and unsatisfactory concluion: Here are these warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, irrepresibly-pugnacious Celts. Put them in red coats, and place muskets 1 their hands, and they will storm St. Sebastian, or mow down the rench Maison du Roi. But, condemned to civil avocations, they rill fill up their leisure time by drinking, by brawling, and by fightng. To make the matter worse, they frequently take to smashing he head of the Saxon as well as that of the Celt. Then the police ome up with their bludgeons, and the station-house cells are full: nd the next morning the worthy magistrate has work to do, and Phelim is committed for trial, or Dennis gets six months at the readmill, only for doing that which, done with a red coat on the mack and a musket in the hand, would earn for them medals, penions, and renown. To me it seems very like shortsightedness on he part of Justice to turn these mere shillelagh offenders at once Phelim has split open Dennis's head in a row. He is eady to kiss Dennis, and to share his last groat with him, this mornng; but off poor Phelim must go in the van, to be clad in the gaol bress, and herd, at degrading toil, with the skulking pickpocket or he villanous burglar, who has been pursuing his nefarious trade for rears. What a capital thing it would be if the magistrate were enabled to say, 'Phelim Mactwolter, you have been convicted of a vioent assault—without dishonesty, mind; and you, being strong and able-bodied, are sentenced to serve as a soldier for twelve calendar nonths. Your pay will go to your wife and family, if you have one; and when you are off duty, you may work at your trade.' Such an experiment might be tried, perhaps, with great benefit to the county ates, and to the future of Phelim Mactwolter. He might enter the army a rowdy, and leave it a sober, steady, well-disciplined man, or emain in it to become a hero. They used to try these experiments n old times, nor were the criminal classes increased by it. In our sut-and-dried modern system, it is always the everlasting, immutible, and inefficacious prison. To gaol with him! to gaol with nim! and an offender goes to gaol till he becomes indeed a gaol-bird, and. vulture-like, pecks out the eyes of society.

Or, 'another way,' but more impracticable of execution, I fear, han the last. What an excellent thing might it prove, if, instead of the time of our magistrates being taken up by Irish rows, which always exhibit the same features, there was a supplementary police ribunal, presided over by an assessor, than whom there could be no setter one, I assume, than his reverence the Catholic priest of the listrict. And in such a court, I suggest, the case being heard, both the phase of him who was most in the wrong. Thus everybody would get his deserts, and la vindicte publique would be satisfied.

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But you can't 'bate' Mrs. Phelim; you mustn't touch Jud to O'Shaughnessy; you can't make one law for the Celt, and another for the Saxon; and I have been wasting breath and ink. All of which I thought in a hansom cab, journeying towards Tyburn-ga te.

I came to Tyburn, where so many tall stout young fellows, who did not do in their time so much worse than you and I have done, Brother Churchwarden, in ours, have arrived, not in a cab, but in a cart. Passing the Marble Arch, I dismissed the cab; but finding the Edgware and the Euston Roads too trite to travel in, entered an omnibus, which conveyed me to the Great Western Railway terminus at Paddington. Why did I not reach the western confines of the metropolis per Metropolitan line from King's-cross to Bishop's-road? Well, I should have seen the Underground Railway; but then I should have missed the Irish funeral in Russell-square.

The 'confines of the metropolis'! O, vain and vapid inditer of insipid phrases. The times are gone for ever when Praed-street was in the suburbs, and Westbourne-park a long way off. I plunged into the heart of Tyburnia, always keeping to the west, and then attempted to struggle out of it, and reach the open country, the verdant meads, and purling brooks. But I was many hours reaching the country; and when I found the meads, they were not verdant, but were cut up in trenches for house foundations, and stuck all over with scaffold poles, or serried rows of criss-cross planks—the piled

arms of peace-or littered with builders' rubbish.

Posting-bills, placards, handbills, stencilled advertisements glaring on the walls, reminded me that I was not out of town. A lively announcement that the authorities of Paddington Workhouse were ready to receive tenders for the supply of ox-beef, clods and stickings, bread, flour, salt, milk, butter, oatmeal, haberdashers' ware, grindery, coals, coffins, and a hearse—Necropolis again!—appeared on the stumpy remains of a quickset hedge. Then I blundered and floundered in and out and up and down old streets, that suddenly broke out into new ones, and new streets that began with palaces, and ended with quagmires. And so at last, after wandering to all parts of the compass, and denouncing myself ten times in the course of every hour, I traversed Wormwood Scrubs, and straggled into the Harrow-road, and so, in the dull autumnal evening, toiled into town and made Russell-square again.

THE INTERIOR ECONOMY OF A REGIMENT

MILITARY science is more generally understood than it was a few years ago. The hoarse shouts of command, formerly so incomprehensible to the civilian, are now resolved into familiar phrases. In fact, the flower of the youth of England has been initiated into the mysteries of drill, and can not only attach a definite meaning to such an order as 'b'tallion, 't'chun, shoulder hoop!' but proceed to act upon it with military precision. Few, however, who have not themselves served her Majesty are acquainted with more than that outward phase of a soldier's life which is exhibited on the parade-ground. And in this age, when there is such demand for universal enlightenment, the civilian world may be interested in knowing how, and in what kind, the soldier is provided with his food, shelter, and raiment. So we have ventured to suppose that a sketch of their ordinary manner of life may be considered as entertaining as that of little ragged street-boys, convicts, hospital matrons, or other classes which have engaged the public sympathies.

There is one word which affords a kind of 'open sesame' or magic key to the whole existence of the soldiers of the British army. That word is Regulation. Whether on or off duty, whether on parade or in his barrack-room, whether sick in hospital or taking his walks abroad in his normal state of health, the soldier must behave according to regulation. The guide to his daily course of life is to be found in a red book entitled The Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army. Not only must a private soldier be dressed and accounted exactly according to rule when he appears upon parade, but even when, for a few hours in the afternoon or early part of the evening, he is allowed to go beyond the barrack-gate in pursuit of his own devices for recreation. He may or may not have a chilly habit of body, or be partial or not to carrying a slender cane in his hand; but the wearing of a greatcoat or the walking with a cane will depend, not upon his own notions, but upon the regulations issued by his commanding-officer. Many civilians have doubtless imagined when they have observed a smart soldier of cavalry clinking along the streets in his closely-fitting jacket and admirably-parted hair, with his cap at the extreme side of his head and a riding-whip in his hand, with his swaggering martial gait, that everything is simply the result of warlike bearing occasioned by professional ardour. He is merely acting according to regulation. The infantry are only taught to march steadily whether in or out of the ranks; the cavalry are instructed, by a peculiar system of drill, to assume when dismounted

a swagger in their gait.

The soldier, too, must rise, shave, wash, and arrange the sixteenth (or thereabouts) portion of a barrack-room which he occupies precisely according to regulation; and the non-commissioned officer in charge of the room, the regimental officer of the day, and one of the officers of his company will, at various times, inspect the apartment to insure due attention to the orders. In fact, the unfortunate man never enjoys any privacy. Wearied with his early drill, he is seated at his breakfast, disposing of the basin of dark thick fluid courteously denominated coffee, and the hunch of dry bread, which, according to regulation, constitutes his morning meal; the door opens, a smart rap with a cane is heard upon it, the cabalistic military word 'T'chun!' is heard from the orderly corporal of the day, and he must respond to it by immediately rising to the upright attitude called 'attention.' 'Any complaints?' inquires the orderly officer, who is behind the corporal. If there be no complaints respecting the coffee or bread, the officer continues his tour round the barracks for the purpose of ascertaining whether all are satisfied with their breakfasts; and as the bread is generally good household bread, and the men have not been accustomed to Parisian cafe, complaints are rare. The dinner generally consists of meat boiled with its soup, and potatoes boiled in their skins in a net, and these are divided into equal portions by the orderly of the room, and distributed into each man's basin. The dinner is eaten on the bare boards of the table, usually without bread, and subsequently the soldier proceeds to quench his thirst at the regimental canteen or at the barrack-pump. With respect to their tea, the Queen's Regulations for the Army generously observes that, 'when circumstances admit, an evening meal of tea or coffee, with a portion of bread, is invariably to be furnished to them in addition to their breakfast and dinner;' so it appears that they have no positive claim to the basin of tea, and second, but smaller, hunch of dry bread with which they are usually regaled in the evening. About twice a week their dinner is varied by baked meat; and the orderly officer invariably attends to be informed of any complaints they may desire to make.

Once a week the commanding-officer of the regiment will probably visit the men at their dinners, and inspect the barrack-rooms, with the view of investigating their condition of order and cleanliness. Sunday is often the day chosen. After returning from 'church-parade,' the officers are informed that the colonel will 'go round the dinners;' and for the next hour the peace and quiet of the regiment, which ought surely to be allowed to prevail during its Sunday dinner, after its devotions, are utterly ruined.

'These Sunday inspections are the curse of the service,' remarks

Captain Query, as the officers proceed towards the rooms of their respective companies. 'Why cannot the colonel let the men enjoy their dinner in peace?'

'Deuce take it!' says Lieutenant Bartle; 'I promised to lunch with the Grimstones, and I shall be kept hanging about these infernal barracks for the next hour and a half, for no possible good that I can see.'

'That sermon's given me the devil of an appetite,' says Ensign Gollop; 'and looking at the men feeding will make it worse. I wish the colonel would choose some other day. If I might smoke a pipe, I wouldn't mind.'

On entering the barrack-rooms, the officers find the men at table.

Instantly they all stand upright.

'Sit down and go on with your dinners,' says the captain condescendingly. 'Who's the non-commissioned officer in charge of this room?' he continues.—'O, Corporal Trimmins, it's you, is it? Now, look here: these accourtements are not hung according to regulation; the order is, that the haversack should be on the left side of the bed, and the cartouche-box two inches below the what's-its-name. You really ought to see to these things. Who's the man belonging to this bed?—Come here, sir, and arrange these things properly, will you? Here's the colonel coming round, and, damme, the room's like a pigsty! Confound it, I will confine any man to barracks who won't take the trouble to attend to the regulations!"

Interruptions of this description having spoiled the dinner of most of the men, the room is finally got into a condition of apparently the most perfect order. Captain Query casts a critical glance around, and mentally observes, 'I'll be hanged if the colonel will be able to find anything wrong here.' He therefore proceeds to the other rooms occupied by his company, to which he has previously dispatched his subalterns; and finding that those smart young officers have taken care that they should be in an equally correct condition of order, he returns to the first room, to await the arrival of the commanding-officer.

The men have for the most part finished, by this time, their disturbed meal, and are picking their teeth with their steel prongs, and probably wishing the inspection were over, that they might be off to their beer in the canteen, or their sweethearts in the town. Presently a clatter of brass-and-steel-scabbarded sabres is heard, the door is flung open with a tremendous 'T'chun!' and the colonel, followed by the adjutant, quartermaster, and sergeant-major, strides into the apartment. Every man springs up. The commanding-officer gives a searching look round the room. Everything appears to be in the most correct military order. Captain Query chuckles inwardly as he perceives that no fault can be found. But the eagle eye of the commanding-officer is not to be deceived. He pounces

upon a bed, and draws from its folds a coloured rag, which some soldier has used as a pocket-handkerchief—a luxury not included in

the regulation-kit.

'Look here, Captain Query, what is this filthy rag doing?' says the colonel in an injured tone, taking up the offending article upon the point of his sheathed sword.—'Throw it out of the window, sergeant-major, and let the man belonging to this bed be confined to barracks to-day.—You really should look after these things, Captain Query; it's very hard I can't get my officers to take any trouble about the state of their rooms.'

So the colonel and his staff clatter off again, and the unfortunate owner of the pocket-handkerchief is prevented from leaving the dull barrack-square all that Sunday afternoon, unless the captain, thinking no inquiry will be made, mercifully ventures to neglect to have the order enforced.

The men enjoy meat every day. They are carefully attended if sick, and have the satisfaction of knowing that, except upon a campaign, provision will be made for all their actual wants. Yet fifteenpence per diem is not a tempting compensation for all this loss of liberty; especially when we take into consideration the fact, that out of this fifteenpence eightpence halfpenny is deducted for the soldier's rations, and that out of the remaining fourpence halfpenny he has to pay for his washing, haircutting, and all his regulation articles of clothing, except his full-dress uniform, after he has worn out the free kit, as it is called, which he received on enlisting. Certainly, for every five years of unremitting good behaviour during which he serves his Queen and country, he will receive an extra penny per diem; but this is only contingent upon his continued faultlessness, and, in fact, mostly falls to the lot of men who are so fortunate as to be able to carry their liquor discreetly; for although the soldier has not more than threepence upon the average to spend daily in tobacco and drink, he somehow manages to become inebriated much too frequently.

This slender amount of coin is doled out to him every morning in the presence of an officer of his company. Indeed, his captain is responsible that he is duly paid, and also that he is properly provided with his weapons, accourtements, and other necessaries; and he is obliged, in the event of the soldier's requiring any article, to pay for it himself, and subsequently deduct the price from his modicum of pay; always, however, giving him one penny per diem till the amount be liquidated. The civilian mind not unfrequently believes that the sole business of an officer of the British army consists in strutting about a parade-ground in scarlet and gold lace, to the inspiring strains of martial music, and the admiration of the neighbouring fair. He sees him perhaps lounging about in the afternoon in a cutaway coat and round hat, with a cigar in his mouth, and

remarks that the army is an excellent profession for an idle man. But really the regimental captain of a company, or the subaltern in his absence, although his duties may not require a very high order of intellect, must be a man of very strict business habits, and go through a considerable amount of dry, matter-of-fact work, or he will simply lose money, unless he be particularly fortunate in his pay-sergeant, who acts as his clerk. The commander of a company draws its pay from the paymaster; and, after deducting all the expenses which a soldier has incurred for hospital charges, stoppage of pay while in prison, supplies from the quartermaster's stores, &c., must pay him the remainder. At the end of every month there is a settling-day, on which he must balance accounts with the hundred men in his charge. And in these times, when so few soldiers reenlist at the expiration of their ten years' service, it is rare to find a sergeant upon whom the captain of a company can thoroughly That officer not only manages the pecuniary affairs of all his men, but is, by regulation, acquainted with every circumstance affecting them. He knows their religion, birthplace, age, and extent If they be married, he is also acquainted with their of education. wives and children; in fact, he exercises generally a fatherly superintendence over the soldiers of his company. It is hard that, because military business is mostly transacted at an early hour of the morning, and officers are seen amusing themselves according to their own devices in the afternoon, they should be branded as idlers. men may perhaps be seen occasionally in the afternoon drilling, under the command of the adjutant, while the officers disport themselves in the costume of civilians; but it is because there are certain drills, called 'setting-up drills,' necessary for the instruction of the men in carrying themselves and their rifles with proper steadiness, at which it would be useless for the officers to attend; and it must be remembered that the average service of the latter is much longer than that of the enlisted soldiers.

When we reflect that a captain has, according to the regulation price, paid 1800l. for his commission; that he has probably served for some fifteen years, ten of which, at least, will have been passed on foreign service; and that he only receives about 200l. per annum, or little over ten per cent for his money, we think that his position is not to be compared with that of the soldier to the disadvantage of The officers, too, are obliged to subscribe for the mainthe latter. tenance of the band; and, if unmarried, they are compelled to pay two shillings every day for their mess-dinner, whether they eat it or But it is a very good dinner usually. No other gentleman, with an income of two or three hundred a year, can dine like an officer of the army. Soup, fish, entrées, entremets, handsome plate, and a servant to each cover if necessary, make amends for many hardships; such as early rising, dusty field-days (which are not SECOND SERIES, VOL. V. F.S. VOL. XV. HH

exciting after twenty years' experience of them), the details of regimental duties, and, especially, the resignation of freedom of action.

The commanding-officer of a regiment wields most despotic authority. He has magisterial powers over the soldiers of his regiment and their camp-followers. He can imprison them to the extent of seven days; and can order a court-martial of his officers to try them, if their offences are serious. The confirmation of its sentence, which may be imprisonment with hard labour for six weeks, depends upon himself. If the crime is of too much magnitude even for such a punishment, he can send the soldier before a district or general court-martial. In India it is not unknown for a commanding-officer to imprison the women belonging to the regiment for drunkenness or other offences; and the colonel of a regiment there, not long ago, threatened to put his own wife in the cells. Pause, then, sweet girls in light blue or gauzy white, who are becoming captivated by gay and gallant youths in scarlet at garrison-balls; and remember that, if you become the spouse of one of them, you will be liable to

military discipline in your position as a camp-follower.

The soldiers live much more luxuriously in India. at least sixpence per diem, besides a pound of meat instead of threequarters as in England, with plenty of vegetables and other allowances. They have native servants to wait upon them, and sit down comfortably before table-cloths to dinners varied by curry and madedishes. That inconvenient garment, of ridiculous aspect, the shelljacket, is exchanged for a loose coat of red serge or white stuff, according to the season; and the sergeants are to be seen occasionally bestriding their own ponies, and they are not unfrequently in possession of a billiard-table at their mess, an article invariably to be found at an officers' mess in India. More care, too, is taken there to provide the soldiers with quoits, cricket, &c., and a library of books and papers, where they may also play at chess and draughts. But without an extra amount of comfort and distraction it would be impossible to exist in that enervating climate, where the sun keeps one imprisoned within doors for so many tedious hours. Indeed, life would be almost insupportable to the soldier, except in the excitement of a campaign, unless he had his native servants to pull punkahs over him, and generally wait upon him. In England he must himself perform all his domestic labours, except washing his linen, which is done by one of the wives of the regiment. Six per cent of the soldiers are allowed to have their wives residing with them in barracks, and about four families usually have, to the disgrace of the military authorities, to share one room of moderate dimensions. As soldiers who have married without the consent of their commanding-officer must not be allowed accommodation for their wives in barracks, or any of the extra advantages granted by the regulations for those who are married according to order, the

military condition is usually that of single blessedness, the abovementioned fifteenpence per diem not being a satisfactory income to marry upon.

On the whole, the interior aspect of a regiment is not so pleasing as its appearance upon parade. When it is drawn up in the thin red line which has rendered the infantry of England so famous, and the bayonets are glistening in the sunshine—when the great silken colours, with the proud names of victories emblazoned on them, are fluttering in the breeze, and the white-coated band are striking up then may the bystanders thrill with martial ardour, and think of the glories the old corps in front of them has won. But to see the men carrying their coals, cleaning their barrack-rooms, and breakfasting on dry bed, is not suggestive of heroism or romance. It is distressing to see a life-guardsman, in shining cuirass and plumed helm, jack-boots, long spurs, and clanking sword, carrying a basin of tea and a piece of bread, which he is about to consume for his evening He ought, according to his appearance, to sup on a chine of beef and a flagon of nut-brown ale, as in days of yore, when a soldier was not such a mere regulated part of a machine, and was better paid in proportion to the earnings of the rest of the community.

It is much to be deprecated that the private soldiers of all the armies of Europe except our own can be trusted to wear their sidearms when off duty. But unfortunately no reliance can be reposed upon the discretion of men so liable to the bane of the British army, Even the waist-belts, which the infantry wear off duty when in full dress, can scarcely be allowed, so many drunken brawls having occurred in which they have been converted into It is to be regretted, too, that more attention cannot be bestowed upon making the recruit a soldier in sentiment as well as Instead of being encouraged to respect himself as a member of an honourable profession, he is rather instructed to consider himself individually as naught—valuable only when disciplined to merge self entirely in obedience to orders. Implicit and unreflecting obedience is the first essential of our military system; and as at least a third of the recruits are unable to read and write, it would perhaps be absurd to endeavour to inculcate its necessity by appealing to their sense of honour and patriotism, or hope of glory, ideas which they probably comprehend but vaguely. Besides, our soldiers do not metaphorically carry the batons of field-marshals in their knapsacks. Of late much has been done to improve the condition of the soldier by the establishment of libraries, clubs, &c. And the extra twopence per diem granted to him has been most highly appreciated; a vast addition having been afforded, by even that small sum, to his creature comforts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FOX-HUNTER

'Gaudet equis canibusque'

IN TWO PARTS:-PART I.

AH, even youth had no pleasure like it,—as the historian of the 'shires' well wrote in *Holmby House*:

'It is a curious mania, that fondness for hunting which pervades the rural population of Great Britain, from the peer to the peasant, and which we alone of all their progeny seem to have inherited from our Scandinavian ancestors; a mania that outlives love, friendship, literature, money-making, all the devices of poor human nature to squander its most priceless possession—time.'

Only last season, after an interval of more Yes; it is true. years than I care to count, I found myself sitting at the corner of a gorse covert; and though my hair was quite a different colour from what it was when I last jumped the 'double' which let us into that old mole-hilly field; though huntsman, master, and most of the friendly enemies whom we used to try to 'cut down'-being cut down more often by them—were gone, let us hope, to happier hunting-grounds,—though I confess that I can conceive nothing 'happier' than a good 'mount' from the stable of the now somewhat portly proprietor of White's, a large grass ground, hounds running hard, and a big but fair fence, as good here as there, before you, -in spite of these changes, I say, I felt as young and as eager as when Burn made my first top-boots, and somebody a scarlet dress swallow-tailed coat, with a collar after, I suppose, the fashion of the Regency. Keen? I should think I was. 'And afraid,' perhaps you will say. Well, I confess that if nobody else perceived the change of nerve, I did; and so, I dare say, did Thunderbolt, by Thunderer out of Atmosphere; but we kept the secret. Talk of shooting! Capital fun, or used to be, when you shot with dogs, and your friend did not go back to Boodle's and say: 'D-d slow! I shot there four days, and I don't think I averaged five hundred head a day. Cook! Not a good chef lived with old Landless.' But shooting did make you quarrel with many Now you never need hate your hunting neighbour, as you do your relations, if he does not kill foxes. If he does, of course you shoot him at the very next battue, or do to him that which Jack S- did to me: he jumped on me when I got a superior header over a stile in Covington-lane, nearly broke my spine, and quite pulled off the tail of my coat, and then, shoving on the Cock of the Heath, said: 'All right, old fellow. Dropped my glass; could not

see it was you.'—Shooting! Why, how two neighbours used to quarrel about their game! A pheasant's feather would turn the scale between two really good fellows and fox-preservers. But hunting—no, you need not quarrel. I believe in Actæon, and that he was a good fellow ruined by keeping hounds—'eaten up by his dogs.' What other translation is possible of

'Acteon canibus præda fit ipse suis'?

History repeats itself. We have Lords Suffield and Hastings; and was not the Quorn pack seized by sheriff's officers at John o' Gaunt? It would have puzzled the sheriff or his officers some fifteen years later to have caught the Quorn pack, much less taken them, when we had a 'forty minutes' from that cover in which one man lost his hat, several their heads, and all of us our dinner at poor Sidebottom's (then Duke of Manchester), but none of us, if I remember rightly, our places.

'Are you going to jump that fence?' said Lord G— to H— B—.
'I should think not,' was the reply; 'but I am going to try.'

I see the fence now, and fancy that it was close to a house in which Lord Waterford lived when he kept drag-hounds and used to paint turnpikes red, which now is the property of a very good man.

It is so long since I first saw hounds, that I am rather uncertain as to the day I was 'entered;' but I think it was at a Mrs. Moore's place in Staffordshire. I was driving the old lady as 'quiet in harness' in an armchair in her boudoir, when we saw a pack of harriers running with what must have been a scent across the park. From that day I became a bigoted worshipper at the shrine of the huntress Diana. The first fox which I saw found I distinctly remember; and also that I went 'to cover' with my nurse.

It was at Pyrgo Park, Havering, old Conyers being master. Old Conyers, so long M.F.H. in Essex, was a curiosity. He loved and understood the sport, but he could not jump a fence; and, under the impression that he was the pink of politeness, most courteous and cautious in his language, he used to swear harder than Lord D—, who was not mealy-mouthed.

I never shall forget standing in the bay windows of B—'s with Mr. Assheton Smith, Sir Henry Peyton, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. Delmè Ratcliffe (all masters of foxhounds), and the Squire observing:

'Well, I am d—d if any one ever heard me swear, in the field or out of it!'

There was a roar.

Convers said to poor dear George H—, who once won the Oaks, and who used in a run, as Henry C— said, 'to gallop and jump more, and be more last, than any one else:'

'Why do you ride over my hounds, God bless you?* Preserve your eyes! why do you come here at all? Good luck! why, in heaven's name, don't you stay with Parry? I am d—d—no, condemned—if you come larking over my country for nothing! Send us a load of straw if you will not subscribe.'

Poor old squire! he was a good sportsman, a great gentleman, an amusing companion, and a good fellow, though he did say that my nurse and myself most likely headed his fox at Pyrgo Park.

My next appearance in the field seems to me to have been with a scratch pack of harriers, kept by one Mr. Robinson of Havering-atte-Bower, where Queen Elizabeth made love, and the Countess Paulet, at a later period, bred piebald donkeys; and, if I remember, my pony kicked the best hound, and I was ignominiously sent home. I remember, however, as if it was yesterday, that I jumped a ditch (it might have been three feet wide, but probably was not) into Hainault Forest. The forest is now gone to the same limbo as the hare, the pack, the pony, and the master of the Havering harriers. Several years are supposed to elapse—passed at school—'the happiest part of our life.' Is it? I confess I have found life better fun since I saw a master or a tutor. D'Israeli is wrong: it is not old age, but youth, which is a mistake, and boyhood a blunder.

One fine spring day I was well out of bounds, when I heard hounds running-it is music once heard never forgotten; and presently 'a great thing like a donkey,' as I heard it called years after, . when they brought 'staggers' down to Deane, and when a royal highness had a first-rate mount on a horse which cost eight pounds. The deer ran twenty miles, and was taken for the devil by a field full of potato-diggers—a great brown beast jumped a fence just by Hanger-hill, and I saw, for the first time I believe, Mr. Hubert de Burgh—I have seen him since in many places, say from Ascot to Paris, where he was a grandee, when there was a Paris and grandees. Merrily streaming over a grass country, second only to the shires -according to Shirker and Turner it was better, for it was 'grass without danger'—came a pack running hard, and the deer was taken close to Ealing-common. I saw it was 'nailed,' and 'put in the bill;' but at that very altar I swore that I would hunt something while I lived.

I have done so. Fame, success, happiness, knowledge, hope, friendship—I say, Bah! they are for early youth only. But, if not too fat or too friendless, you can yet get a mount and hunt a fox. Later we started 'a stud:' we, I say, for we were several—a governor of a West-Indian island, and two or three friends, whose huntings were as irregular as their habits, and who were, after a late night,

^{*} The language used was perhaps stronger, in fact much 'more pagan than par-liamentary.'

likely to wake on Saturday and say: 'Dear me! we sent on our horses to Crick yesterday.'

Crick is a hill in Northamptonshire, which is as great a bore to cavaliers now as Naseby field was to Rupert, when men rode for their king. But in these days we used to chase chiefly the over-fed deer with a pack of perfect hounds, save foot-lameness, which then was rampant, hunted by the best stag-hunter, and one of the finest cross-country riders in England, which in hunting parlance means England, Ireland, Scotland, Europe—the world.

Davis was about the most elegant horseman I have ever seen; one of the few snaffle-bridle riders who brought their theory to practice. A friend of mine used to say, that there were only three horses in England fit to be ridden with a curb, and that three men with 'hands' could not be found to ride them. His motto was, 'Let them go, and they will not fall for their sake, let alone mine.' And Davis believed in that friend of mine. He jumped into a lane at Egham, after forty minutes, over a fence I have never seen matched, saying, 'Now, Mr. Davis, is it over the road, or on? I think on; and on he went. The mare had been the leader in the Uxbridge omnibus that morning. To be sure, it turned out that the mare was Jewess, a celebrated hunter of Lord Waldegrave's. It would be difficult to class the splendid riders and the magnificent horsemen, which one who has hunted with almost all the best packs in England has seen. However, 'aristocracy' wins easy; the well-bred ones, riders or ridden, get usually first into that last field which is the crucial test of how you 'went.' To dare to make a list of 'customers' is a bold and not an enviable task; and if I leave out any hard-riding good fellow, I shall do as did the man who was introduced to the Baron Malortye, a cousin of Bismarck's, and a great duellist—beg his pardon for everything beforehand. I will begin with my favourite county. The Fitzwilliam I have often seen, and vainly tried to follow, on a 'Wednesday at 10 o'clock;' Alec Goodman, the finest rider in Europe; Frank Gordon, the next best; Charles Bevill, as elegant as Lord Wilton, and as quick; Tom George, whom I perhaps admire as much as any one, as he was even heavier than I was, whom you could not beat, and who knew every inch of the country. 'Come this way, Mr. Blank,' he said to me one day in Lord Lilford's most serious country, where the fences are barricades. 'Why, hounds are running straight for Thorpe!' 'Never mind that,' said he; 'I have just put up new rails five foot high in the next field.' So I was persuaded, turned, and we got to the hounds first, save one man. Who was he?

'Why,' said Tom George, 'there's the Captain and your white horse!' And so it was: the 'cool' Captain came up to the rails and jumped them like a bird. Poor Reynolds of the 11th offered 300l. for Whitebait when we killed—he cost me 80l., and

earlier I could have got him for 40l. He was a pony, and once I jumped the brook between Shelton and Stanwick, five-and-twenty clear feet of water. I should never repeat it, but that Goodman jumped it just before me; and a man we both knew, Bloodworth, an estate agent at Kimbolton, was shooting-he was always shooting, and seldom missed—in the field, and measured the distance. 'I hear you have just jumped an arm of the sea,' said Captain C ... Both the Reynoldses went like the very deuce; and Sartoris, father of the winner of the penultimate Baden-Baden steeplechase -a whole week of 'Days'—the first 'Day' being purpureus dies, so christened by George E- on account of his face, which suggested the port-wine which he gave you when you dined with him. He used to get up at daybreak, and go out shooting before he went out hunting; he had also a pack of harriers, which many a time he has hunted, and I have whipped into when we got home too soon for dinner from the Oakley or Fitzwilliam.

The Oakley reminds me that we used at certain meets of the Fitzwilliam to have with us the Magniacs, the Hogges, and the Bedford division. Mr. Magniac hunted till he was about eighty: he loved it thoroughly; and as to weight, could have ridden for the Derby. I said to him once at Stanwick Pastures,

'Why, Mr. Magniac, you are very early!'

'Yes,' he replied; 'I am trying a new horse; so I rode straight

across country.'

The Arkwrights, who were then at Cambridge, and one of whom has been for years master of the Oakley, were fine performers when a difficult passage had to be executed. Nor must I omit from this record Mr. Charles Magniac on Saddle, or his younger brother 'Bertie' on a pony-he went to China before he had arrived at the dignity of a stud. I wish I could remember the name of a butcher —I think it was Warmington—he rode an animal, and the animal always jumped everything. For three successive Wednesdays we had a run from Buckworth, and had to jump the same fences: he jumped five rails the first day, and knocked off one (to the delight of Potter of the militia, who was following him), and finished off two more on the following Wednesdays. Charlie Lindow-son of that Lindow who was in the celebrated Billesdon Coplow run, who won the Derby, and who Nimrod (not the elder, but the one whose history of a run was revised by Wilson Croker, and published in the Quarterly) said was about the best man to hounds he had ever seen -was often with us. With a start, Charlie on the Captain, the Commissioner, or Mrs. Grant, was very bad to beat. And, by Nimrod, how the farmers all liked him! I never saw Lord Cardigan with these hounds but once, though Deane is in the country. We found at Hunt's Closes, and ran like mad for Bythorn village. 'My lord,' as the farmers, who worshipped him, used to say, went like a bird.

'We must jump the brook,' said Tom George.

'Brook to the right, hounds running left,' said my lord, charging an oxer, where he nearly broke his knee-cap, and had to go home. Curiously enough, I rode up to the meet with Reynolds of the 11th, who had never seen his old chief since the day he himself was forced to leave the regiment, through one of those squabbles which did everybody so much harm. George Beers, for years huntsman to the Oakley, assured me that Lord Cardigan was the 'hardest' man he had ever seen.

'Over two walls, in and out of a lane in Leicestershire, with his eyes fixed on heaven! Now he could have no business there!'

Lords Aboyne and Sandwich both went well; and how they did enjoy it! Lord Aboyne was the youngest man for his age I ever saw, and the best-looking; he was as handsome as Lord Frank Gordon his brother, and a better figure. We were sitting one day after dinner, when he said,

'Let's talk about hunting; my wife does not mind it!'

He was what Dick Christian used to call 'a powerful man for timber,' and jumped rails on the slightest provocation. He had a nephew, who, when he rode one of his uncle's horses, always got to the end of the run, and perhaps the horse; for his creed was, 'be with them I will.' I suppose he weighed about a hundred pounds in those days.

There was a boy too—I fear, for his sake, that he is now a man -who used to ride wonderfully: Roper, now of the -th Foot. cut down Charlie Lindow and this mild scribbler (on his best horse) one day in Gidding Open Field, and, when we were blundering through gaps, was careering over gates on his roan pony. Percival used to go hard if he got a chance, and was a good judge of hunting; but I have reserved till now the goodly person of Tom Sebright, who came from Osbaldiston to Earl Fitzwilliam, and died As a judge of the 'noble science,' I should say he was facile princeps—at least I have seen him easily first very often. In figure he was rather like Punch than Apollo, and had no legs; but then he had a long body, and I should say the highest cap in all hunting England. He never used bad language, always rode with a slack rein, and had a theory that his business was to keep his eyes on his hounds, and that the duty of his horse was to keep him close to them: if he fell down, he must get up again—that was his affair. With friends he was very amusing. 'Ride over them now, Captain,' he would say, as his pet pack streamed away from Ashton Wold; 'you've got my leave.' I shall never forget his remark when some children holloed a hare. 'O dear me! O dear me! Poor neglected little things, don't know a fox from a hare !--Hold up, horse!'

Well, he is gone to ground; but George Carter exists, and he too is bad to beat. I have known him from a boy, and he always

was a good one. I wonder if he remembers a cub-hunting run from Ashton Spinnies to the other side of the great North road, when he said, 'Biggish place, sir; so early in the season, and mortal blind. You're fresher than I am; just jump it, and see what it is!'

I suppose, take him all in all, we shall never see a second Lord Wilton in the saddle; he goes such a pace, and knows exactly how fast he is going. It is a curious hunting fact, that for ten men who will jump anything, there is about one who is not afraid to gallop.

'Confound Goodman!' said, one day, Charlie Lindow (and he was pretty quick); 'I think I am there, and I see him half a field before me!'

When I first saw the High Leicestershire, there were many artists: Lord Gardner, the Ollivers, little Gilmour, Sterling Crawford, the Suttons (who ought to be painted in one picture, surrounded with a wreath of 'brushes'); Whyte-Melville, who now has his wreath. It was Dick Sutton, I think, who, like our old schoolfellow, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer; and never went out shooting, because he never missed, or out hunting, because he was always first. I believe the man who enjoys shooting is he who never hits but by accident: when a suicidal pheasant falls, he is indeed happy, and exclaims with the Latin poet,

'Here, here; I am he who did it;'

while Lord Rangerfield is in a fit because he has missed one 'rocketer.' I wish I knew the names of a tenth part of the farmers who rode well in the midland counties, that I might register them in this paper; and such good fellows should be remembered and recorded by one who owes them so much. I shall never forget the first time I asked my way in the Fitzwilliam country.

'Want to go to Elton Thorns to-morrow.'

'Well, you go so-and-so, till you come to so-and-so; then ask for Jack Orme, and he will give you some pork-pie and sherry, and ride on with you.'

It is the history of hunting countries—foxes and friendship, pheasants and foes. I love a farmer; and the greatest compliment I have ever been paid was one which I overheard one day from one of them, when hounds checked suddenly right in the glorious 'open' before the great Kimbolton woods. I ventured to suggest that the fox was forward; that he had not gone to the left, as the sheep were quiet; that he was away to the right, as a flock of pigeons was frightened. I was right for once; and as Farmer Thomas thrust his big bay horse through a 'bullfinch,' he muttered, 'Good chap. good chap! ought to be a farmer.'

While I think of it—for this is a roving diary, and records things as they come back to the memory (ah, fond recollections of the past,

you are both sorrowful and pleasant!)—our county historian says, all men who can ride screws over a country, ride also more or less upon Pegasus; and, entre nous, he must have been used up, and an awful screw years ago; but I am sure that our prose poet is right.

I wish Pegasus to pull up a minute, and let me write down the terrific pace at which the present Earl Fitzwilliam used to gallop over a country: his brother George was a harder rider; but 'my lord' was always close to hounds, and, as some one said, was going best pace when you thought he was standing still. But, to be sure, he had (I speak of 1851-52, when it rained for four months, when all the hair came off our horses' legs, and kindly masters would not send a servant to cover, much less have out a second horse) the best stud I ever saw; and if Morocco by Mulatto was not a grand horse, a speedy and safe conveyance, I have never seen one.

I shall never forget that season, nor the expression of the face of the faithful M— (whom some of your readers will remember, as he did their fathers' grandmothers, the scandals about their lovers, and the ladies they loved); at least, I don't.

'Sunday, sir! yes, sir; and of course it's a fine hunting day; hounds will hardly keep in the kennel. You must go to town and get your hair cut, though, to-night; for Henry says that there is not a hair on any of the legs of the stud, and all your clothes are wet to the skin.'

- 'What o'clock-One, sir?'
- ' Called the Captain?'

'No, sir; you know he never gets up on Sunday; and besides, his gentleman told me that, as he had two lame, he thought he should not get up till Catworth gorse on Wednesday.'

And then what fine riders used to come out of the Household Brigade and the cavalry, and from the universities !- but it would require a book as big as an Army List to chronicle them. But I I shall not easily forget the first day I hunted must hark back. The meet was at Southall, between Hanwell with the 'Queen's.' and Ealing, and I rode down. Going through Ealing, I was passed by Lord Chesterfield's coach, the Taglioni, on which he drove a curious load. Among them I can remember Lord Pembroke, Count D'Orsay (got up after that style which, good or bad, was his own), and another individual who has since that day's hunting made some noise in the world—Prince Louis Napoleon! The future Emperor of the French used to ride well, and was very hard; Lord Chesterfield sometimes very hard; and Lord Pembroke, whose stud was perfection, very seldom. I think we had had what somebody called 'an early vegetable run,' and with the fine Harrow country before us, kept in market-gardens. I know that we thought it good fun. those days, 'consule Chesterfield,' it was rather the right thing to

send some of your stud up from the shires, and get a few days with Davis at the end of the season. I can just remember Colonel Standish and Sir Henry Peyton—two of Davis's pets—Lord A. St. Maur, and other dandies (there were 'dandies' on the earth in those days), and they used to try and cut one another down; but none of them could beat the huntsman Charles Davis, who glided over a country like a bird. And then what a swell he was when he rode up the course at Ascot! and how fond he was of hunting! I met him once in Oxford-street, and he said,

'Why, sir, you do not look in condition; I am sure you do not hunt enough.'

I said, 'Four days a week usually; six, when I can get a horse.'

'Then, depend on it, your constitution, like mine, requires seven days,' was the reply.

I have seen some jolly days with the Royal Staggers, and some fine runs. From Pole Hill to Paddington was the *ne plus ultra* of a clipper; and if it was not very 'deep,' it was a nice galloping country.

'What place is this?' asked a man one day, as he neatly doubled a fence into the Finchley road.

'That be London,' said a road-scraper, who, for a wonder, was not deaf.

There was a fine run too one day from the New Lodge at Ascot. when horses and hounds stopped on a hill beyond Henley, the deer fairly beating them and getting away. A ludicrous incident marked the 'uncarting' that day. Two men who were not afraid to go hired two horses of William Tollit. When they found their mounts, the two animals were so thin that they were ashamed, and had them hidden by the side of a haystack till the hounds were layed on; then they got up, but to avoid the 'field,' which, as often happens till it gets warm, preferred to 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road,' to jumping, they kept in the park, and were rewarded by seeing the hounds blazing away towards a great park paling. It was too late to repent or to retreat; for the 'road' could now see them, and both confessed afterwards that their horses would not refuse; so at it they went, and landed safely over one of really the biggest bits of timber I have seen jumped; I have read of six feet, seven feet-and eight feet in Ireland. The horses turned out to be the remains of two of the finest ever ridden, the Creeper and Young and sound, they would have been worth 500l. each; even in their ashes burned the wonted fires; and they were not the first to stop on that cruel hill.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER X XX. THE NEAREST WAY TO CARLSRUHE.

A GREAT event befell George Fairfax in the spring of the new year. He received a summons to Lyvedon, and arrived there only in time to attend his uncle's death-bed. The old man died, and was buried in the tomb of his forefathers—a spacious vaulted chamber beneath Lyvedon church—and George Fairfax reigned in his stead. his brother's death he had known that this was to be, and had accepted the fact as a matter of course. His succession caused him very little elation. He was glad to have unlimited ready-money, but, in the altered aspect of his life, he did not care much for the With Geraldine Challoner for his wife, the possession of such a place as Lyvedon would have been very agreeable to him. He could have almost resigned himself to the ordinary country gentleman's life: to be a magnate in the county; to attend at petty sessions, and keep himself well posted in parochial questions; to make himself a terror to the soul of poachers, and to feel that his youth was over. But now it was different. He had no wife, nor any prospect of a wife. He had no definite plans for his future. For a long time he had been going altogether the wrong way; leading a roving, desultory kind of existence; living amongst men whose habits and principles were worse than his own.

He sent for his mother, and installed her as mistress of Lyvedon. The place and the position suited her to admiration. He spent a month in dawdling about the neighbourhood, taking stock of his new possessions, now and then suggesting some alteration or improvement, but always too lazy to carry it out; strolling in the park with a couple of dogs and a cigar, or going fly-fishing along the bank of a little winding river; driving in an open carriage with his mother; yawning over a book or a newspaper all the evening, and then sitting up till late into the night, writing letters which might just as easily have been written in the day. His manner made his mother anxious. Once, with a sigh, she ventured to say how much she regretted the breaking-off his engagement to Lady Geraldine.

- 'You were so admirably adapted for each other,' she said.
- 'Yes, mother, admirably adapted, no doubt; but you see we did not love each other.' He felt a little pang of remorse as he said this, for it misgave him that Geraldine had loved him. 'It would have been like those chestnut ponies you drive; they go very well together,

and look superb, but they are always snapping at each other's heads. I don't mean to say that Geraldine and I would have quarrelled—one might as well try to quarrel with a rock—but we shouldn't have got on. In short, I have a prejudice in favour of marrying a woman I could love.'

'And yet I thought you were so much attached to her.'

'I was—in the way of friendship. Her society had become a kind of habit with me. I do really like her, and shall always consider her one of the handsomest and cleverest women I know; but it was a mistake to ask her to marry me, and might have been a fatal one. You will say, of course, that a man ought not to make that kind of mistake. I quite agree with you there; but I made it, and I think it infinitely better to pull up even at an awkward point than to make two lives miserable.'

Mrs. Fairfax sighed, and shook her head doubtfully.

'O, George, George, I'm afraid there was some newer fancy—some secret reason for your conduct to poor Geraldine,' she said in a reproachful tone.

'My dear mother, I have a dozen fancies in a month, and rarely know my own mind for a week at a stretch; but I do know that I never really loved Geraldine Challoner, and that it is better for me to be free from an ill-advised engagement.'

Mrs. Fairfax did not venture to press the question any farther. She had her suspicions, and her suspicions pointed to Clarissa. But Clarissa now being married and fairly out of the way, she had some faint hope that her son would return to his old allegiance, and that she might even yet have Geraldine Challoner for her daughter. In the mean time she was fain to be patient, and to refrain from any irritating persistence upon a subject that was very near to her heart.

So far as her own interests were concerned, it would have been a pleasant thing for Mrs. Fairfax that her son should remain a The sovereignty of Lyvedon was a pure and perfect delight to her. The place was the home of her childhood; and there was not a thicket in the park, or a flower-bed in the garden, that was not familiar and dear to her. Every corner of the sombre old rooms -in which the furniture had been unchanged for a century-had its tender associations. All the hopes and dreams of her long-vanished youth came back to her, faint and pale, like faded flowers shut in the leaves of a book. And in the event of her son's marriage, she must of course resign all this-must make a new home for herself outside the walls of Lyvedon; for she was not a woman to accept a secondary place in any household. Considering the question merely from a selfish point of view, she had every reason to be satisfied with the existing state of things; but it was not of herself She saw her son restless and unsettled, and had a secret conviction that he was unhappy. There had been much in

the history of his past life that had troubled her; and for his future her chief hope had been in the security of a judicious marriage. She was a woman of strong religious feeling, and had shed many bitter tears and prayed many prayers on account of this beloved son.

The beloved son in the mean while dawdled away life in a very unsatisfactory manner. He found the roads and lanes about Lyvedon remarkable for nothing but their dust. There were wild flowers, of course—possibly nightingales and that sort of thing; but he preferred such imported bouquets, grown on the flowery slopes of the Mediterranean, as he could procure to order at Covent-garden; and the song of nightingales in the dusky after-dinner-time made him melancholy. The place was a fine old place, and it was undoubtedly a good thing to possess it; but George Fairfax had lived too wild a life to find happiness in the simple pleasures of a Kentish squire. So, after enduring the placid monotony of Lyvedon for a couple of months, he grew insufferably weary all at once, and told his mother that he was going to the Black Forest.

'It's too early to shoot capercailzies,' he said, 'but I daresay I shall find something to do. I'm nothing but a bore to you here, mother; and you can amuse yourself, while I'm gone, in carrying out any of the improvements we've discussed.'

Mrs. Fairfax assured her son that his presence was always a delight to her, but that, of course, there was nothing in the world she desired so much as his happiness, and that it had been a pain to her to see him otherwise than happy.

'I had hoped that the possession of this place would have given you so much occupation,' she said, 'that you would have gone into parliament and made a position for yourself.'

'My dear mother, I never had any affection for politics; and, unless a man could be a modern Pitt, I don't see the use of that kind of thing. Every young Englishman turns his face towards the House of Commons, as the sunflower turns to the sun-god; and see what a charming level of mediocrity we enjoy in consequence thereof.'

'Anything that would occupy your mind, George,' remonstrated Mrs. Fairfax.

'The question is, whether I have any mind to be occupied, mother,' replied the young man with a laugh. 'I think the average modern intellect, when it knows its own capacity, rarely soars above billiards. That is a science; and what can a man be more than scientific?'

'It is so easy to laugh the subject down in that way, George,' returned the mother with a sigh. 'But a man has duties to perform.'

'Surely not a man with an estate like this, mother! I can never understand that talk about the duties of a rich man, except to pay his income-tax properly. A fellow with a wife and children, and no income to speak of, has duties, of course—imprimis, the duty

of working for his belongings; but what are the privileges of wealth, if one may not take life as one pleases?'

'O, George, George, I used to hope such great things of

you!'

'The fond delusion common to maternity, my dearest mother. A brat learns his A B C a shade quicker than other children, or construes Qui fit Mæcenas with tolerable correctness; and straightway the doting mother thinks her lad is an embryo Canning. You should never have hoped anything of me, except that I would love you dearly all my life. You have made that very easy to me.'

Mr. Fairfax took his portmanteau and departed, leaving his servant to carry the rest of his luggage straight to Paris, and await his master's arrival at one of the hotels in the Rue de Rivoli. The master himself took a somewhat circuitous route, and began his

journey to the Black Forest by going down to Holborough.

'I can take a steamer from Hull to Hamburg,' he said to him-

self, 'and push on from there to Carlsruhe.'

He wanted to see Clarissa again. He knew that she was at Arden Court, and that Lady Laura Armstrong was not at Hale Castle. He wanted to see her; his ulterior views were of the vaguest; but that passionate yearning to see her, to hear the sweet winning voice, to look into the soft hazel eyes, was strong upon him. It was a year since the day he dined in Clarges-street; and in all that year he had done his uttermost to forget her, had hated himself for the weakness which made her still dearer to him than any other woman; and then, alike angry with her and with himself, had cried, with Wilmot Earl of Rochester,

'Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.'

He went up to London early one morning, and straight from London to Holborough, where he arrived late in the evening. He slept at the chief inn of the place; and in the golden summer noontide set out for Arden Court-not to make a formal visit, but rather to look about him in a somewhat furtive way. He did not care to make his advent known to Daniel Granger just vet; perhaps, indeed, he might find it expedient to avoid any revelation of himself to that gentleman. He wanted to find out all he could of Clarissa's habits, so that he might contrive an interview with her. He had seen the announcement of the baby's birth, and O, what a bitter pang the commonplace paragraph had given him! Never before had the fact that she was another man's wife come home to him so keenly. He tried to put the subject out of his thoughts, to forget that there had been a son born to the house of Granger; but often in the dreary spring twilight, walking among the oaks of Lyvedon, he had said to himself, 'Her child ought to have been heir to this place.'

He went in at the lodge gate, and strolled idly into the park, not being at all clear as to how he was to bring about what he wanted. The weather was lovely—weather in which few people, untrammelled by necessity, would have cared to remain indoors. There was just the chance that Mrs. Granger might be strolling in the park herself, and the still more remote contingency that she might be alone. He was quite prepared for the possibility of meeting her accompanied by the lynx-eyed Miss Granger; and was not a man to be thrown off his guard or taken at a disadvantage, come what might.

The place wore its fairest aspect: avenues of elms, that had begun to grow when England was young; gigantic oaks dotted here and there upon the undulating open ground, reputed a thousand years old; bright young plantations of rare fir and pine, that had a pert crisp newness about them, like the air of a modern dandy; everywhere the appearance of that perfect care and culture which is the most conclusive evidence of unlimited wealth.

George Fairfax looked round him with a sigh. The scene he looked upon was very fair. It was not difficult to understand how dear association might have made so beautiful a spot to such a girl as Clarissa. She had told him she would give the world to win back her lost home; and 'she had given—something less than the world—only herself. 'Paris is worth a mass,' said the great Henry; and Clarissa's perjury was only one more of the many lies which men and women have told to compass their desires.

He kept away from the carriage-roads, loitering in the remoter regions of the park, and considering what he should do. He did not want to present himself at the Court as a formal visitor. In the first place, it would have been rather difficult to give any adequate reason for his presence in Holborough; and in the second, he had an unspeakable repugnance to any social intercourse with Clarissa's husband.

How he was ever to see her in the future without that hideous hypocrisy of friendliness towards Daniel Granger, he knew not; but he knew that it would cost him dearly to take the hand of the man who had supplanted him.

He wandered on till he came to a dell where the ground was broken a good deal, and where the fern seemed to grow more luxuriantly than in any other part of the park. There was a glimpse of blue water at the bottom of the slope—a narrow strip of a streamlet running between swampy banks, where the forget-me-nots and pale water-plants ran riot. This verdant valley was sheltered by some of the oldest hawthorns George Fairfax had ever seen—very Methuselahs of trees, whose grim old trunks and crooked branches time had twisted into the queerest shapes, and whose massive boles and strange excrescences of limb were covered with the moss of past

generations. It was such a valley as Gustave Doré would love to

draw; a glimpse of wilderness in the midst of cultivation.

There were not wanted figures to brighten the landscape. A woman dressed in white sat under one of the hawthorns, with a baby on her lap; and a nursemaid, in gayer raiment, stood by, looking down at the child.

How well George Fairfax remembered the slight girlish figure, and the day when he had come upon it unawares in Marley-wood! He stood a few paces off, and listened to the soft sweet voice.

Clarissa was talking to her baby in the unintelligible motherlanguage inspired by the occasion. A baby just able to smile at her, and coo and crow and chuckle in that peculiarly unctuous manner common to babies of amiable character; a fair blue-eyed baby, big and bonny, with soft rings of flaxen hair upon his pink young head, and tender little arms that seemed meant for nothing so much as to be kissed.

After a good deal of that sweet baby-talk, there was a little discussion between the mistress and maid; and then the child was wrapped up as carefully as if destruction were in the breath of the softest June zephyr. Mr. Fairfax was afraid the mother was going away with the child, and that his chance would be lost; but it was not so. The maid tripped off with the infant, after it had been brought back two of three times to be half smothered with kisses—kisses which it seemed to relish in its own peculiar way, opening its mouth to receive them, as if they had been something edible. The baby was carried away at last, and Clarissa took up a book and began to read.

George Fairfax waited till the maid had been gone about ten minutes, and then came slowly down the hollow to the spot where Clarissa was seated. The rustle of the fern startled her; she looked up, and saw him standing by her side. It was just a year since he had surprised her in Mr. Wooster's garden at Henley. She had thought of him very much in that time, but less since the birth of her boy. She turned very pale at sight of him; and when she tried to speak, the words would not come: her lips only moved tremulously.

'I hope I did not alarm you very much,' he said, 'by the suddenness of my appearance. I thought I heard your voice just now speaking to some one'—he had not the heart to mention her baby —'and came down here to look for you. What a charming spot

it is!

She had recovered her self-possession by this time, and was able

to answer him quite calmly.

'Yes, it is very pretty. It was a favourite spot of Austin's. I have at least a dozen sketches of it done by him. But I did not know you were in Yorkshire, Mr. Fairfax.'

She wondered whether he was staying at Hale; and then it flashed upon her that there had been a reconciliation between him and Lady Geraldine.

'I have not been long in Yorkshire. I am merely here en passant, in short. My only excuse for approaching you lies in the fact that I have come to talk to you about your brother.'

'About Austin!' exclaimed Clarissa, with a look of alarm.

'There is nothing wrong—he is well, I hope?'

'Pray don't alarm yourself. Yes, he is tolerably well, I believe; and there is nothing wrong—nothing that need cause you any immediate concern, at least. I am going to Paris, and I thought you might be glad to send some message.'

'You are very kind to think of that; yes, I shall be glad to send to him. He is not a good correspondent, and I get very anxious about him sometimes. What you said just now seemed to imply that there was something wrong. Pray be candid with me, Mr. Fairfax.'

He did not answer her immediately; in fact, for the moment he scarcely was conscious of her words. He was looking at the beautiful face—looking at it with a repressed passion that was deeper and more real than any he had ever felt in his life. His thoughts wandered away from Austin Lovel. He was thinking what he would have given, what peril he would have dared, to call this woman his own. All this lower world seemed nothing to him when weighed against her; and in such a moment a man of his stamp rarely remembers any other world.

'There is something wrong,' repeated Clarissa with increasing anxiety. 'I entreat you to tell me the truth!'

'Yes, there is something wrong,' he answered vaguely; and then, wrenching his mind away from those wild speculations as to what he would or would not do to win Daniel Granger's wife, he went on in another tone: "The truth is, my dear Mrs. Granger, I was in Paris last winter, and saw something of your brother's mode of life; and I cannot say that I consider it a satisfactory one. You have sent him a good deal of money since I saw you last, I daresay? Pray understand that there is nothing intrusive or impertinent in my question. I only wish to be some use to you, if I can.'

'I am sure of that. Yes; I have sent him what I could—about four hundred pounds—since last June; and he has been very grateful, poor fellow! He ought to know that he is welcome to every shilling I have. I could send him much more, of course, if I cared to ask my husband for money.'

'It is wiser to trust to your own resources. And I doubt if the command of much money would be a positive benefit to your brother. You have asked me to be candid; and I shall obey you, even at the

hazard of giving you pain. There is a kind of constitutional weakness in your brother's nature. He is a man open to every influence, and not always governed by the best influences. I saw a good deal of him when I was last in Paris, and I saw him most in the fastest society, amongst people who petted him for the sake of his genius and vivacity, but who would turn their backs upon him to-morrow if he were no longer able to amuse them; the set into which an artist is so apt to fall when his home influences are not strong enough to keep him steady, and when he has that lurking disposition to Bohemianism which has been the bane of your brother's life. I speak entirely without reserve, you see.'

'I am grateful to you for doing so. Poor Austin! if he had only chosen more wisely! But his wife is fond of him, you say?'

'Too fond of him, perhaps; for she is very much given to torment him with jealous outbreaks; and he is not a man to take that sort of thing pleasantly. She does not go into society with him; indeed, I doubt if half-a-dozen out of the people whom he lives amongst know that he has a wife. I found his social position considerably improved; thanks to your remittances, no doubt. He was still in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard—as, of course, you know—but had moved a stage lower down, and had furnished a painting-room in the stereotyped style—Flemish carved buffets, dingy tapestry from a passage behind the Rue Richelieu, and a sprinkling of brie-à-brac from the Quai Voltaire. The poor little woman and her children were banished; and he had a room full of visitors chattering round him while he painted. You know his wonderful facility. The atmosphere was cloudy with tobacco-smoke; and the men were drinking that abominable concoction of wormwood with which young France cultivates madness and early doom.'

'It is not a pleasant picture,' said Clarissa with a profound sigh.

'No, my dear Mrs. Granger; but it is a faithful one. Mr. Lovel had won a certain reputation for his airy style of art, and was beginning to get better prices for his pictures; but I fancy he has a capacity for spending money, and an inability to save it, which would bring him always to the same level of comparative insolvency. I have known so many men like that; and a man who begins in that way so rarely ends in any other way.'

'What am I to do!' exclaimed Clarissa piteously; 'what can I

do to help him?'

'I am almost at a loss to suggest anything. Perhaps if you were on the spot, your influence might do something. I know he loves you, and is more moved by the mention of your name than by any sermon one could preach to him. But I suppose there is no chance of your being in Paris.'

'I don't know. Mr. Granger talked some time ago of spending the autumn abroad, and asked me if I should like to see a NewYear's day in Paris. I think, if I were to express a wish about it, he would take me there; and it would be such happiness to me to see Austin!' And then Mrs. Granger thought of her baby, and wondered whether the atmosphere of Paris would be favourable to that rare and beauteous blossom; whether the tops-and-bottoms of the French capital would agree with his tender digestive machinery, and if the cowkeepers of the Faubourg St. Honoré were an honest and unadulterating race. The very notion of taking the treasure away from his own nurseries, his own cow, his own goat-chaise, was enough to make her shudder.

'It would be the best chance for his redemption. A little womanly kindness and counsel from you to the wife might bring about a happier state of things in his home; and a man who can be happy at home is in a measure saved. It is hardly possible for your brother to mix much with the people amongst whom I saw him without injury to himself. They are people to whom dissipation is the very salt of life; people who breakfast at the Moulin Rouge at three o'clock in the afternoon, and eat ices at midnight to the music of the cascade in the Bois; people to be seen at every race-meeting; men who borrow money at seventy-five per cent to pay for operaboxes and dinners at the Café Riche, and who manage the rest of their existence on credit.'

'But what could my influence do against such friends as these?' asked Clarissa in a hopeless tone.

'Who can say? It might do wonders. I know your brother has a heart, and that you have power to touch it. Take my advice, Mrs. Granger, and try to be in Paris as soon as you can.'

'I will,' she answered fervently. 'I would do anything to save him.' She looked at her watch, and rose from the seat under the hawthorn. 'It is nearly two o'clock,' she said, 'and I must go back to the house. You will come to luncheon, of course?'

'Thanks—no. I have an engagement that will take me back to the town immediately.'

'But Mr. Granger will be surprised to hear that you have been here without calling upon him.'

' Need Mr. Granger hear of my coming?' George Fairfax asked in a low tone.

Clarissa flushed scarlet.

'I have no secrets from my husband, Mr. Fairfax,' she said, 'even about trifles.'

'Ten thousand pardons! I scarcely want to make my presence here a secret; but, in short, I came solely to speak to you about a subject in which I knew you were deeply interested, and I had not contemplated calling upon Mr. Granger.'

They were walking slowly up the grassy slope as they talked; and after this there came a silence, during which Clarissa quickened

her pace a little, George Fairfax keeping still by her side. Her heart beat faster than its wont; and she had a vague sense of danger in this man's presence—a sense of a net being woven round her, a lurking suspicion that this apparent interest in her brother veiled some deeper feeling.

They came out of the hollow, side by side, into a short arcade of flowering limes, at the end of which there was a broad sweep of open grass. A man on a deep-chested strong-limbed gray horse was riding slowly towards them across the grass—Daniel Granger.

That picture of his wife walking in the little avenue of limes, with George Fairfax by her side, haunted Mr. Granger with a strange distinctness in days to come,—the slight white-robed figure against the background of sunlit greenery; the young man's handsome head, uncovered, and stooping a little as he spoke to his companion.

The master of Arden Court dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle as he came forward to meet Mr. Fairfax. The two men shook hands; but not very warmly. The encounter mystified Daniel Granger a little. It was strange to find a man he had supposed to be at the other end of England strolling in the park with his wife, and that man the one about whom he had had many a dreary halfhour of brooding. He waited for an explanation, however, without any outward show of surprise. The business was simple and natural enough, no doubt, he told himself.

'Have you been to the house?' he asked; 'I have been out all

the morning.'

'No; I was on my way there, when I came upon Mrs. Granger in the most romantic spot yonder. I felt that I was rather early for a morning-call, even in the depths of the country, and had strolled out of the beaten path to get rid of an hour or so.'

'I did not know you were in Yorkshire,' said Mr. Granger, not in the most cordial tone. 'You are staying at Hale, I sup-

pose ?'

'No; Lady Laura is away, you know.'
'Ah—to be sure; I had forgotten.'

'I am spending a few days with a bachelor friend in Holborough.

I am off to Germany before the week is out.'

Mr. Granger was not sorry to hear this. He was not jealous of George Fairfax. If anybody had suggested the possibility of his entertaining such a sentiment, that person would have experienced the full force of Daniel Granger's resentment; but this was just the one man whom he fancied his wife might have cared for a little before her marriage. He was not a man given to petty jealousies; and of late, since the birth of his son, there had been growing up in his mind a sense of security in his wife's fidelity—her affection even. The union between them had seemed very perfect after the advent of the child; and the master of Arden Court felt almost as if

there were nothing upon this earth left for him to desire. But he was a little puzzled by the presence of George Fairfax, nevertheless.

Holborough was a small place; and he began to speculate immediately upon the identity of this bachelor friend of Mr. Fairfax's. It was not a garrison town. The young men of the place were for the most part small professional men-half-a-dozen lawyers and doctors, two or three curates, a couple of bankers' sons, an auctioneer or two, ranking vaguely between the trading and professional classes, and the sons of tradesmen. Among them all Mr. Granger could remember no one likely to be a friend of George Fairfax. It might possibly be one of the curates; but it seemed scarcely probable that Mr. Fairfax would come two hundred and fifty miles to abide three days with a curate. Nor was it the season of partridges. was no shooting to attract Mr. Fairfax to the neighbourhood of There was trout, certainly, to be found in abundance Holborough. in brooks, and river within a walk of the town; and Mr. Fairfax might be passionately fond of fly-fishing.

'You will come in and have some luncheon, of course,' Mr. Granger said, when they came to the gateway, where George Fairfax pulled up, and began to wish them good-bye. Not to ask the man to eat and drink would have seemed to him the most unnatural

thing in the world.

- Thanks. I think I had better deny myself that pleasure,' Mr. Fairfax said doubtfully. 'The day is getting on, and—and I have an engagement for the afternoon.' ('Trout, no doubt,' thought Mr. Granger.) 'I have seen you, that is the grand point. I could not leave Yorkshire without paying my respects to you and Mrs. Granger.'
 - 'Do you leave so soon?'
 - 'To-morrow, I think.'
 - 'A hurried journey for trout,' thought Mr. Granger.

He insisted upon the visitor coming in to luncheon. George Fairfax was not very obdurate. It was so sweet to be near the woman he loved, and he had not the habit of refusing himself the things that were sweet to him. They went into the small diningroom. The luncheon-bell had rung a quarter of an hour ago, and Miss Granger was waiting for her parents, with an air of placid self abnegation, by an open window.

There was a good deal of talk during luncheon, but the chief talker was George Fairfax. Clarissa was grave, and somewhat absent. She was thinking of her brother Austin, and the gloomy account of him which she had just heard. It was hardly a surprise to her. His letters had been few and far between, and they had not been hopeful, or, at the best, brightened by only a flash of hopefulness, which was more like bravado, now and then. His necessity

for money, too, had seemed without limit. She was planning her campaign. Come what might, she must contrive some means of being in Paris before long. Mr. Fairfax was going on to Carlsruhe, that was an advantage; for something in his manner to-day had told her that he must always be more or less than her friend. She had a vague sense that his eagerness to establish a confidence between her and himself was a menace of danger to her.

'If I can only go to Austin myself,' she thought, 'there need

be no intermediary.'

Luncheon was over, and still Mr. Fairfax lingered—strangely indifferent to the waning of an afternoon which seemed peculiarly advantageous for fly-fishing, Mr. Granger thought. They went into the drawing-room, and Mr. Fairfax dawdled an hour away talking of Lyvedon, and giving a serio-comic description of himself in the novel character of a country gentleman. It was not till Mr. Granger had looked at his watch once or twice in a surreptitious manner, thinking of an engagement to meet his architect for the inspection of some dilapidated cottages on the newest part of his estate, that the visitor rose to depart. Daniel Granger had quite warmed to him by this time. His manner was so natural in its pleasant airiness: it was not easy to think there could be any lurking evil beneath such a show of candour.

'Can't you stay and dine with us?' asked Mr. Granger; 'or will you go back to Holborough and fetch your friend? We shall

be very glad to know him, if we don't know him already.'

If a blush had been possible to George Fairfax, this friendly speech would have raised it; but the capacity had departed from him before he left Eton. He did feel ashamed of himself nevertheless.

'You are more than good,' he said, 'but my friend seldom goes

anywhere. Good-bye.'

He made his adieux with an agreeable abruptness, not caring to prolong the dinner question. Such men as he tell lies without stint upon occasion; but the men are few to whom it is actually congenial to lie. He was glad to get away even from the woman he loved, and the sense of shame was strong upon him as he departed.

If his mother, who was anxiously awaiting a letter from Paris or Carlsruhe, could have known of his presence here in this place, to which his father had come years ago to betray her! If she who loved him so fondly, and was so full of prayers and hopes for his future, could have seen him so utterly on the wrong road, what bitter shame and lamenting there would have been in the halls of Lyvedon that day—those deserted halls in which the lady sat alone among the sombre old-world grandeurs of oak and tapestry, and sighed for her absent son!

Instead of going straight back to the Holborough high-road, Mr. Fairfax struck across the woods by that path which led to the mill-stream and the orchard, where he had parted from Clarissa on that cheerless October night nearly three years ago. He knew that Mr. Lovel was away, and the cottage only tenanted by servants, and he had a fancy for looking at the place where he had been so angry and so miserable—the scene of that one rejection which had stung him to the very quick, the single humiliation of his successful career. It was only the morbid fancy of an idle man, who had an afternoon to dispose of somehow.

Half-way between the Court and the cottage, he heard the jingling of bells, and presently, flashing and gleaming among the trees, he saw a gaily-painted carriage drawn by a pair of goats, with plated harness that shone in the sun. Mixed with the joyous jingle of the bells, there came the sound of an infant's laughter. It was the baby taking his after-dinner airing, attended by a couple of nurses. A turn in the path brought George Fairfax and the heir of Arden face to face.

A sudden impulse seized him—a sudden impulse of tenderness for her child. He took the little bundle of rosy babyhood and lace and muslin in his arms, and kissed the soft little face as gently as a woman, and looked into the innocent blue eyes, dilated to an almost impossible extent in a wondering stare, with unspeakable love and melancholy in his own. Great heaven! if Clarissa had been his wife, this child his son, what a happy man he might have been, what a new charm there would have been in the possession of a fine estate, what a new zest in life, the savour of which seemed to have departed altogether of late!

He put the little one back into his cushioned seat in the goatchaise with supreme care and gentleness, not ruffling so much as a plume in his dainty white satin hat.

'A fine boy, Mrs. Nurse,' he said, feeling in his waistcoatpocket for bacsheesh; to which proposition the portly head-nurse, who had stared at him, aghast with horror, while he handled the infant, assented with enthusiasm.

'I never nursed a finer, sir; and I was head-nurse to Lady Fitz-Lubin, which my lady had five boys, and not a girl between them; and Mrs. Granger does doat on him so. I never see a ma that rapt up in her child.'

Mr. Fairfax gave her half a sovereign, stooped down to kiss the baby again—it is doubtful if he had ever kissed a baby before—and then walked on, wondering at the new sensation. Such a little soft thing, that opened its mouth to be kissed, like a petted bird! And yet he could contemplate a future in which he should come between Clarissa and this child; he could dream of a possibility which should make its mother's name a shame to this little one.

Mr. Granger kept his appointment with the architect, and came to the natural conclusion of a rich man upon the subject of dilapidated buildings. After inspecting the lopsided old cottages, with their deep roomy chimneys, in which the farm-labourer loved to sit of a night, roasting his ponderous boots, and smoking the pipe of meditation, and their impossible staircases, which seemed to have been designed with a deliberate view to the breaking of legs and endangerment of spines, Mr. Granger made a wry face, and ordered that rubbish to be swept away.

'You can build me half a dozen upon the New Arden design,' he said; 'red brick, with stone dressings; and be sure you put a

tablet with the date in front of each.'

He was thinking of his son, anxious that there should be some notable improvement, some new building every year, to mark the progress of his boy's existence.

The farm-labourers and their wives did not look so delighted as they might have been by this edict. These benighted souls liked the old cottages, lopsided as they were-liked the crooked staircase squeezed into a corner of the living room below, the stuffy little dens above, with casement windows which only opened on one side, letting in the smallest modicum of air, and were not often opened at all. Cottages on the New Arden model meant stone floors below and open rafters above, thorough draughts everywhere, and, worst of all, they meant weekly inspection by Miss Granger. The free sons and daughters of Hickly-on-the-Hill-this little cluster of houses which formed a part of Mr. Granger's new estate—had rejoiced that they were not as the Ardenites; that they could revel in warmth and dirt, and eat liver-and-bacon for supper on a Saturday night, without any fear of being lectured for their extravagance by the omniscient Sophia on the following Monday, convicted of their guilt by the evidence of the grease in an unwashed frying-pan; that their children could sport on the hillside in garments that were guiltless of strings; that, in short, they were outside the circle of Miss Granger's sympathies, and could live their own lives. But that sweet liberty was all over now; with the red brick and stone dressings would come the Draconian laws of New Arden; no more corners for the comfortable accumulation of dirt, no more delicious little cupboards for the stowing away of rubbish. Everything was to be square and solid and They heard Mr. Granger giving orders that the chimney was to be flush with the wall, and so on; the stove, an 'Oxford front,' warranted to hold not more than a pound and a half of coal; no recesses in which old age could sit and croon, no cosy nook for the cradle of infancy.

After this interview with the architect, Mr. Granger rode home through Holborough. His way took him past that very hotel where George Fairfax was staying—the chief inn of the town, a

fine old red-brick building that filled nearly one side of the market-place.

It happened that just as Mr. Granger rode along the High-street, where there were some half a dozen stragglers visible upon a wide expanse of pavement, and one carriage waiting at the draper's, Mr. Fairfax walked up the broad steps of the hotel and entered—entered with the air of a man who lived there, Daniel Granger thought. And he had said that he was staying with a bachelor friend. Mr. Granger rode slowly past the principal part of the hotel to an archway at the end—an archway leading to livery stables, where the ostler was lounging. He stopped opposite this archway, and beckoned the man over to him.

- 'There was a gentleman went into the hotel just now,' he said; 'did you see him?'
- 'Yes, sir, I seed him. Mr. Fairfax; him as was to have married Lady Laura Armstrong's sister.'
 - 'Is he staying in the house, do you know?'
- 'Yes, sir; came last night, down from London. Shall I take him your card, sir?'
- 'No, thank you, Giles; I won't call upon him this afternoon. I only wanted to be sure. Good-day.'

He rode on. What was the meaning of this lie which George Fairfax had told him? Had it any meaning which it behoved him to fathom? It was strange, at the least—strange enough to make Mr. Granger very uncomfortable as he rode slowly back to the Court.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AUSTIN.

LATE in the autumn of that year, Mr. Granger and his household took up their abode in Paris. Clarissa had expressed a wish to winter in that brilliant city, and Daniel Granger had no greater desire than to please her. But, in making any concession of this kind, he did it in such a quiet unobtrusive way, that his wife was scarcely aware how entirely her wishes had been studied. He was too proud a man to parade his affection for her; he kept a check upon himself rather, and in a manner regulated his own conduct by the standard of hers. There was never any show of devotion on his part. The world might have taken them for a couple brought together by convenience, and making the best of their loveless union.

So, with regard to the gratification of her wishes, it seemed always that the thing which Clarissa desired, happened to suit his own humour, rather than that he sacrificed all personal feeling for her pleasure. In this Parisian arrangement it had been so, and his wife had no idea that it was entirely on her account that Daniel

Granger set up his tent in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

The fair Sophia had, however, a very shrewd suspicion of the fact, and, for some weeks prior to the departure from Arden, existed in a state of suppressed indignation, which was not good for the model villagers; her powers of observation were, if possible, sharpened in the matter of cobwebs; her sense of smell intensified in relation to cabbage-water. Nor did she refrain from making herself

eminently disagreeable to her stepmother.

'I should not have supposed you would so soon be tired of Arden Court,' she remarked pleasantly, during that dreary quarter of an hour after dinner which Mr. Granger and his wife and daughter were wont to pass in the contemplation of crystallised apricots and hothouse grapes, and the exchange of the baldest commonplaces in the way of conversation. Perhaps if Clarissa and her husband had been alone on such occasions, that air of ceremony might have vanished. The young wife might have drawn her chair a little nearer her husband's, and there might have been some pleasant talk about that inexhaustible source of wonder and delight, the baby. But with Miss Granger always at hand, the dessert was as ceremonious as if there had been a party of eighteen, and infinitely more dreary, lacking the cheery clatter and buzz of company. She ate five hothouse grapes, and sipped half a glass of claret, with as solemn an air as if she had been making a libation to the gods.

Mr. Granger looked up from his plate when his daughter made this remark about Arden, and glanced inquiringly at his wife, with a shadow of displeasure in his face. Yielding and indulgent as he had been to her, there was in his composition something of the stuff that makes a tyrant. His wife must love the things that he loved. It would have been intolerable to him to suppose that Mrs. Granger

could grow weary of the house that he had beautified.

'I am not tired of the Court,' Clarissa answered with a sad smile. 'There are too many recollections to make it dear to me.'

Daniel Granger's face flushed ever so slightly at this speech. It was the past, then, and not the present, that rendered the place dear to her.

'I could never grow tired of Arden,' she went on; 'but I think

it will be very nice to spend a winter in Paris.'

'Lady Laura Armstrong has put that notion into your head, no doubt,' said Miss Granger, with the faintest suspicion of a sneer. She was not very warmly attached to the lady of Hale Castle now-adays, regarding her as the chief promoter of Mr. Granger's marriage.

'Lady Laura has said that they enjoyed themselves very much in Paris the winter before last,' Clarissa answered frankly; 'and has promised me plenty of introductions. She even promises that she and Mr. Armstrong will come over for a week or two, while we are there.'

'And poor Lady Geraldine Challoner?'

Miss Granger always exhibited a profound pity for Lady Geraldine, and never lost any opportunity of dwelling upon Mr. Fairfax's bad conduct.

- 'No; I don't suppose Lady Geraldine would go with them,' Clarissa answered, colouring a little. The name of Geraldine Challoner was always painful to her. 'She doesn't care about going anywhere.'
- 'Perhaps she would not care to run the risk of meeting Mr. Fairfax,' suggested Sophia.
- Mr. Granger looked up again, with that shadow of displeasure upon his countenance.
- 'She would not be more likely to meet him in Paris than at Hale,' replied Clarissa. 'He has gone to Germany.'
- 'Yes, for the autumn, he said. Depend upon it, he will spend the winter in Paris. I have always observed that those dissipated kind of men prefer Paris to London.'
- 'I don't think you have any right to call Mr. Fairfax dissipated, Sophia,' said her father, with an offended air; 'and I don't think that his movements can be of the smallest consequence to you, nor those of the Hale Castle people either. Clarissa and I have determined to spend two or three months in Paris, and we are not in the slightest degree dependent upon our English friends for our enjoyment there. If you are disinclined to accompany us, and would rather remain at Arden—'
- 'O, papa, papa!' cried Sophia, with an injured look, 'don't say that; don't allow me to think I have grown quite indifferent to you.'
- 'You have not grown indifferent to me; but I don't want to take you away from home against your wish.'

'My wish is to be anywhere with you, papa; anywhere—even though you may feel me an incumbrance. I could endure the humiliation of feeling that, so long as I was allowed to remain with you.'

Mr. Granger gave a sigh that was almost a groan, and, for perhaps the first time in his life, it occurred to him that it would be a pleasant thing if his only daughter were to fall in love with some fortunate youth, and desire to marry him. A curate even. There was Tillott. Why shouldn't she marry Tillott? He, Daniel Granger, would give his child a handsome portion, and they could go through life inspecting model cottages, and teaching village children the works and ways of all those wicked kings of Israel, who made groves and set up the idols of their heathen neighbours; a pure and virtuous and useful life, without question, if tempered with some consideration for the feelings of the model cottagers, and some mercy for the brains of the humble scholars.

In the interval between this little after-dinner scene and the departure from Arden, Mr. Granger invited Mr. Tillott to dinner two or three times, and watched him with the eyes of anxiety as he conversed with Sophia. But although the curate was evidently eager to find favour in the sight of the damsel, the damsel herself showed no sign of weakness. Mr. Granger sighed, and told himself that

the lamp of hope burned dimly in this quarter.

'She really ought to marry,' he said to himself. 'A girl of her energetic indefatigable nature would be a treasure to some man, and she is only wasting herself here. Perhaps in Paris we shall meet some one;' and then there arose before Mr. Granger the vision of some foreign adventurer, seeking to entangle the wealthy English 'meess' in his meshes. Paris might be a dangerous place; but with such a girl as Sophia, there could be no fear; she was a young woman who might be trusted to walk with unfaltering steps through the most tortuous pathways of this life, always directing herself aright, and coming in at the finish just at that very point at which a well-

brought-up young person should arrive.

Mr. Granger made his Parisian arrangements on the large scale which became him as a landed gentleman of unlimited wealth. A first floor of some ten spacious rooms was selected in one of the bran-new stone mansions in a bran-new street in the fashionable Faubourg; a house that seemed to have been built for the habitation of giants; a house made splendid by external decoration in carved stonework, garlands of stone-fruit and flowers, projecting lionheads, caryatides, and so on; no gloomy porte-cochère, but a streetdoor, through which a loaded drag might have been driven without damage to the hats of the outside passengers. A house glorified within by egg-and-dart mouldings, white enamelled woodwork and much gilding; but a house in which the winter wind howled as in a primeval forest, and which required to be supplied with supplementary padded crimson-velvet doors before the spacious chambers could be made comfortable. Here Mr. Granger took up his abode, with ten of his Arden Court servants quartered on a floor above. The baby had a nursery looking into the broad bare street, where some newly-planted sticks of the sycamore species shivered in the north-east wind; and the baby took his matutinal airings in the Tuileries Gardens, and his afternoon drives in the Bois, while every movement of his infant existence was watched or directed by the tenderest of mothers. The chief nurse, who had lived with more fashionable mistresses, for whom the duties of the nursery were subordinate to the business of society, pronounced Mrs. Granger 'fidgety;' a very sweet lady, but too fond of interfering about trifles, and not reposing boundless confidence in the experience of her nurse.

There were a good many English people in Paris this year whom the Grangers knew, and Lady Laura had insisted upon giving Cla-

rissa introductions to some of her dearest friends among the old French nobility—people who had known Lord Calderwood in their days of exile—and more than one dearest friend among the newer lights of the Napoleonic firmament. Then there were a Russian princess and a Polish countess or so, whom Lady Laura had brought to Mrs. Granger's receptions in Clarges-street: so that Clarissa and her husband found themselves at once in the centre of a circle, from the elegant dissipations whereof there was no escape. Mrs. Granger and the rich Mr. Granger were in request everywhere; nor was the stately Sophia neglected, although she took her share in all festivities with the familiar sunday-school primness, and seemed to vivacious Gaul the very archetype of that representative young English lady who is always exclaiming 'Shocking!' Even after her arrival in Paris, when she felt herself so very near him, after so many years of severance, Clarissa did not find it the easiest thing in the Mr. and Mrs. Granger had only spent a world to see her brother. couple of days in Paris during their honeymoon, and Daniel Granger planned a round of sight-seeing, in the way of churches, picture-galleries, and cemeteries, which fully occupied the first four or five days after their arrival. Clarissa was obliged to be deeply interested in all the details of gothic architecture—to appreciate Ingres, to give her mind to Gerome-when her heart was yearning for that meeting which she had waited so long to compass. Mr. Granger, as an idle man, with no estate to manage—no new barns being built within his morning's ride—no dilapidated cottages to be swept away—was not easily to be got rid of. He devoted his days to showing his wife the glories of the splendid city, which he knew by heart himself, and admired sufficiently in a sober business-like way. The evenings were mortgaged to society. Clarissa had been more than a week in Paris before she had a morning to herself; and even then there was Miss Granger to be disposed of, and Miss Granger's curiosity to be satisfied.

Mr. Granger had gone to breakfast at the Maison Dorée with a mercantile magnate from his own country—a solemn commercial breakfast, whereat all the airy trifles and dainty compositions of fish, flesh, and fowl with which the butterfly youth of France are nourished, were to be set before unappreciative Britons. At ten o'clock Clarissa ordered her carriage. It was best to go in her own carriage, she thought, even at the risk of exciting the curiosity of servants. To send for a hired vehicle would have caused greater wonder; to walk alone was impossible; to walk with her nurse and child might have been considered eccentric.

She could not even take an airing, however, without some discussion with Miss Granger. That young lady was established in the drawing-room—the vast foreign chamber, which never looked like a home—illuminating a new set of gothic texts for the adorn-

ment of her school. She sorely missed the occupation and importance afforded her by the model village. In Paris there was no one afraid of her; no humble matrons to quail as her severe eyes surveyed wall and ceiling, floor and surbase. And being of a temperament which required perpetual employment, she was fain to fall back upon illumination, Berlin-wool work, and early-morning practice of pianoforte music of the most strictly mathematical character. It was her boast that she had been thoroughly 'grounded' in the science of harmony; but although she could have given a reason for every interval in a sonata, her playing never sparkled into brilliancy or melted into tenderness, and never had her prim cold fingers found their way to a human soul.

'Are you going out so early?' this wise damsel asked wonderingly, as Clarissa came into the drawing-room in her bonnet and

shawl.

'Yes, it is such a fine morning, and I think baby will enjoy it. I have not had a drive with him since we have been here.'

'No,' replied Sophia, 'you have only had papa. I shouldn't think he would be very much flattered if he heard you preferred baby.'

'I did not say that I preferred baby, Sophia. What a habit

you have of misrepresenting me!'

The nurse appeared at this moment, carrying the heir of the Grangers, gloriously arrayed in blue velvet, and looking fully conscious of his magnificence.

'But I do like to have a drive with my pet-lamb, don't I, darling?' said the mother, stooping to kiss the plump rosy cheek. And then there followed some low confidential talk, in the fond baby

language peculiar to young mothers.

'I should have thought you would have been glad to get a morning alone, for once in a way,' remarked Sophia, coming over to the baby, and giving him a stately kiss. She liked him tolerably well in her own way, and was not angry with him for having come into the world to oust her from her proud position as sole heiress to her father's wealth. The position had been very pleasant to her, and she had not seen it slip away from her without many a pang; but, however she might dislike Clarissa, she was not base enough to hate her father's child. If she could have had the sole care and management of him, physicked and dieted him after her own method, and developed the budding powers of his infant mind by her favourite forcing system—made a model villager of him, in short—she might have grown even to love him. But these privileges being forbidden to her—her wisdom being set at naught, and her counsel rejected—she could not help regarding Lovel Granger as more or less an injury.

'I should have thought you would have been glad of a morning

at home, Clarissa,' she repeated.

'Not such a fine morning as this, Sophy. It would be such a pity for baby to lose the sunshine; and I have really nothing to do.'

'If I had known a little sooner that you were going, I would

have gone with you,' said Miss Granger.

Clarissa's countenance fell. She could not help that little troubled look, which told Miss Granger that her society would not have been welcome.

'You would have had no objection to my coming with you, I suppose?' the fair Sophia said sharply. 'Baby is not quite a monopoly.'

'Of course not. If you'll put on your things now, Sophia, I'll

wait for you.'

It was a hard thing for Clarissa to make the offer, when she had been waiting so anxiously for this opportunity of seeing her brother. To be in the same city with him, and not see him, was more painful than to be divided from him by half the earth, as she had been. It was harder still to have to plot and plan and stoop to falsehood in order to compass a meeting. But she remembered the stern cold look in her husband's face when she had spoken of Austin, and she could not bring herself to degrade her brother by entreating Daniel Granger's indulgence for his past misdeeds, or Daniel Granger's interest in his future fortunes.

Happily Sophia had made elaborate preparations for the gothic texts, and was not inclined to waste so much trouble.

'I have got my colours all ready,' she said, 'and have put everything out, you see. No, I don't think I'll go to-day. But another time, if you'll be so kind as to let me know beforehand, I shall be pleased to go with my brother. I suppose you know there's an east wind to-day, by the bye.'

The quarter whence the wind came, was a subject about which Clarissa had never concerned herself. The sun was shining, and the sky was blue.

'We have plenty of wraps,' she said; 'and we can have the car-

riage closed if we are cold.'

'It is not a day upon which I should take an infant out,' Miss Granger murmured, dipping her brush in some Prussian-blue; 'but of course you know best.'

'O, we shall take care of baby, depend upon it. Good-bye,

Sophy.'

And Clarissa departed, anxious to avoid farther remonstrance on the part of her step-daughter. She told the coachman to drive to the Luxembourg-gardens, intending to leave the nurse and baby to promenade that favourite resort, while she made her way on foot to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. She remembered that George Fairfax had described her brother's lodging as near the Luxembourg.

They drove through the gay Parisian streets, past the pillar in the Place Vendome, and along the Rue de la Paix, all shining with jewellers' ware, and the Rue de Rivoli, where the chest-nut-trees in the gardens of the Tuileries were shedding their last leaves upon the pavement, past the airy tower of St. Jacques, and across the bridge into that unknown world on the other side of the Seine. The nurse, who had seen very little of that quarter of the town, wondered what obscure region she was traversing, and wondered still more when they alighted at the somewhat shabby-looking gardens.

'These are the Luxembourg-gardens,' said Clarissa. 'As you have been to the Tuilcries every day, I thought it would be a change

for you to come here.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' replied Mrs. Brobson, the chief nurse; but I don't think as these gardings is anyways equal to the Tooleries—nor to Regent's-park even. When I were in Paris with Lady Fitz-Lubin we took the children to the Tooleries or the Bore de Boulong every day—but, law me, the Bore de Boulong were a poor place in those days to what it is now.'

Clarissa took a couple of turns along one of the walks with Mrs. Brobson, and then, as they were going back towards the gate, she

said, as carelessly as she could manage to say:

'There is a person living somewhere near here whom I want to see, Mrs. Brobson. I'll leave you and baby in the gardens for half

an hour or so, while I go and pay my visit.'

Mrs. Brobson stared. It was not an hour in the day when any lady she had ever served was wont to pay visits; and that Mrs. Granger of Arden Court should traverse a neighbourhood of narrow streets and tall houses, on foot and alone, to call upon her acquaintance at eleven o'clock in the morning, seemed to her altogether inexplicable.

'You'll take the carriage, won't you, ma'am?' she said, with

undisguised astonishment.

'No, I shall not want the carriage; it's very near. Be sure

you keep baby warm, Mrs. Brobson.'

Clarissa hurried out into the street. The landau, with its pair of Yorkshire-bred horses, was moving slowly up and down, to the admiration of juvenile Paris, which looked upon Mr. Granger's deep-chested, strong-limbed bays almost as a new order in the animal creation. Mrs. Granger felt that the eyes of coachman and footman were upon her as she turned the first corner, thinking of nothing, for the moment, but how to escape the watchfulness of her own servants. She walked a little way down the street, and then asked a sleepy-looking waiter, who was sweeping the threshold of a very dingy restaurant, to direct her to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. It was tous près, the man said; only a turn to the right,

at that corner yonder, and the next turning was the street she wanted. She thanked him, and hurried on, with her heart beating faster at every step. Austin might be out, she thought, and her trouble wasted; and there was no knowing when she might have another opportunity. Even if he were at home, their interview must needs be brief: there was the nurse waiting and wondering;

the baby exposed to possible peril from east winds.

The Rue du Chevalier Bayard was a street of tall gaunt houses that had seen better days—houses with porte-cochères, exaggerated iron knockers, and queer old lamps; dreary balconies on the first-floor, with here and there a plaster vase containing some withered member of the palm tribe, or a faded orange-tree; everywhere and in everything an air of dilapidation and decay; faded curtains, that had once been fine, flapping in the open windows; Venetian shutters going to ruin; and the only glimpse of brightness or domestic comfort confined to the humble parlour of the portress, who kept watch and ward over one of the dismal mansions, and who had a birdcage hanging in her window, an Angora cat sunning itself on the stone sill, and a row of scarlet geraniums in the little iron balcony.

But this model portress did not preside over the house inhabited by Austin Lovel. There Clarissa found only a little deaf old man, who grinned and shook his head helplessly when she questioned him, and shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the staircase—a cavernous stone staircase, with an odour as of newly-opened graves. She went up to the first-floor, past the *entresol*, where the earthy odour was subjugated by a powerful smell of cooking, in which garlic was the prevailing feature. One tall door on the first-floor was painted a pale pink, and had still some dingy indications of former gilding upon its mouldings. On this pink door was inscribed the

name of Mr. Austin, Painter.

Clarissa rang a bell, and a tawdry-looking French servant, with big earrings and a dirty muslin cap, came to answer her summons. Mr. Austin was at home; would madame please to enter. Madame, having replied in the affirmative, was shown into a small sitting-room, furnished with a heterogeneous collection of cabinets, tables, and sofas, every one of which bore the stamp of the broker's shop—things which had been graceful and pretty in their day, but from which the ormolu-moulding had been knocked off here, and the inlaid-wood chipped away there, and the tortoiseshell cracked in another place, until they seemed the very emblems of decay. It was as if they had been set up as perpetual monitors—monuments of man's fragility. 'This is what life comes to,' they said in their silent fashion. This faded rubbish in buhl and marqueterie was useful enough to Mr. Lovel, however; and on his canvas the faded furniture glowed and sparkled with all its original brightness, fresh

as the still-life of Meissonier. There were a child's toys scattered on the floor; and Clarissa heard a woman's voice talking to a child in an adjoining room, on the other side of a pair of tall pink folding-doors. Then she heard her brother's voice saying something to the servant; and at the sound she felt as if she must have fallen to the ground. Then one of the doors was opened, and a woman came in; a pretty, faded-looking woman, dressed in a light-blue morning wrapper that might very well have been cleaner; a woman with a great deal of dyed hair in an untidy mass at the back of her head; a woman whom Clarissa felt it must be a difficult thing to like.

This was her brother's wife, of course. There was a boy of four or five years old clinging to his mother's gown, and Clarissa's heart yearned to the child. He had Austin's face. It would be

easy to love him, she thought.

"Mr. Austin is in his paintin'-room, madame,' said the wife, putting on a kind of company manner. 'Did you wish to see him about a picture?' Je parle très poo de Français, mais si—'

"I am English,' Clarissa answered, smiling; 'if you will kindly tell Mr. Austin a lady from England wishes to see him. What a

dear little boy! May I shake hands with him?'

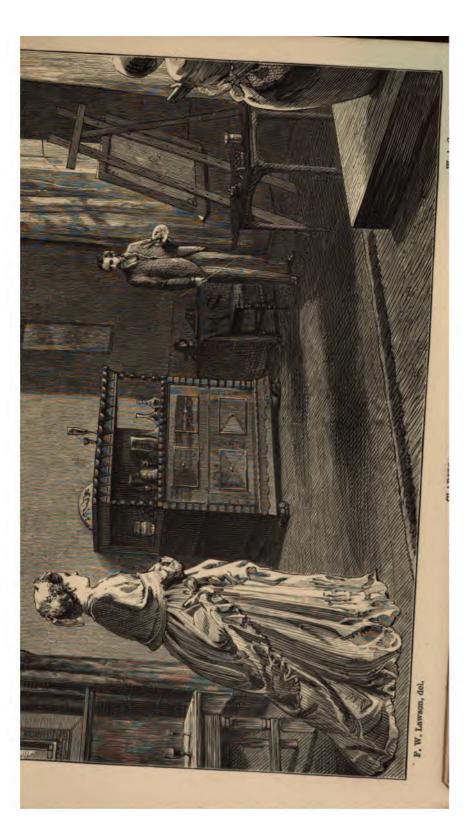
'Give the lady your hand, Henery,' said the mother. 'Not that one,' as the boy, after the invariable custom of childhood, offered his left—'the right hand.'

Clarissa took the sticky little paw tenderly in her pearl-gray glove. To think that her brother Austin Lovel should have married a woman who could call her son 'Henery,' and who had such an unmistakable air of commonness!

The wife went back to the painting-room; and returned the next minute to beg the visitor to 'step this way, if you please, ma'am.' She opened one of the folding-doors wide as she spoke, and Clarissa went into a large room, at the other end of which there stood a tall shim young man, in a short velvet coat, before a small easel.

It was her brother Austin; pale and a trifle haggard, too old in looks for his years, but very handsome — a masculine edition of Clarissa herself, in fact; the same delicate clearly-cut features, the same dark hazel eyes, shaded by long brown lashes tinged with gold. This was what Mrs. Granger saw in the broad noonday sunshine; while the painter, looking up from his easel, beheld a radiant creature approaching him, a woman in pale-gray silk, that it would have been rapture to paint; a woman with one of the loveliest faces he had over seen, crowned with a broad plait of dark-brown hair, and some delicate structure of point-lace and pink roses, called by courtesy a bonnet.

He laid down his mahl-stick, and came to meet her, with a puzzled look in his face. Her beauty seemed familiar to him somehow, and yet he had no recollection of ever having seen her before.





He saw the faded counterpart of that bright face every morning in his looking-glass.

She held out both her hands.

'Austin, don't you know me?'

He gave a cry of pleased surprise, and caught her in his arms.

- 'Clarissa!' he exclaimed; 'why, my darling, how lovely you have grown! My dear little Clary! How well I remember the sweet young face, and the tears, and kisses, and the slender little figure in its childish dress, that day your father carried you off to school! My own little Clary, what a happiness to see you! But you never told me you were coming to Paris.'
- 'No, dear, I kept that for a surprise. And are you really glad to see me, Austin?'
- 'Really glad! Is there any one in the world could make me gladder?'
- 'I am so happy to hear that. I was almost afraid you had half forgotten me. Your letters were so few, and so short.'
- 'Letters!' cried Austin Lovel, with a laugh; 'I never was much of a hand at letter-writing; and then I hadn't anything particularly pleasant to write about. You mustn't gauge my affection by the length of my letters, Clary. And then I have to work deucedly hard when I am at home, and have very little time for scribbling.'

Clarissa glanced round the room while he was speaking. Every detail in her brother's surroundings had an interest for her. Here, as in the drawing-room, there was an untidy air about everything—a want of harmony in all the arrangements. There were Flemish carved-oak cabinets, and big Japan vases; a mantelpiece draped with dusty crimson velvet, a broken Venetian glass above it, and a group of rusty-looking arms on each side; long limp amber curtains to the three tall windows, with festooned valances in an advanced stage of disarrangement and dilapidation. There were some logs burning on the hearth, a pot of chocolate simmering among the ashes, and breakfast laid for one person upon a little table by the fire—the remnant of a perigord-pie, flanked by a stone bottle of curaçoa.

She looked at her brother with anxious scrutinising eyes. No, George Fairfax had not deceived her. He had the look of a man who was going the wrong way. There were premature lines across the forehead, and about the dark brilliant eyes; a nervous expression in the contracted lips. It was the face of a man who burns the candle of life at both ends. Late hours, anxiety, dissipation of all kinds, had set their fatal seal upon his countenance.

'Dear Austin, you are as handsome as ever; but I don't think

you are looking well,' she said tenderly.

'Don't look so alarmed, my dear girl,' he answered lightly; 'I am well enough; that is to say, I am never ill, never knock under,

or strike work. There are men who go through life like that—never ill, and never exactly well. I rarely get up in the morning without a headache; but I generally brighten considerably as the sun goes down. We move with a contrary motion, Helos and I.'

'I am afraid you work too hard, and sit up too late.'

'As to working hard, my dear, that is a necessity; and going out every night is another necessity. I get my commissions in society.'

'But you must have a reputation by this time, Austin; and commissions would come to you, I should think, without your

courting them.'

- 'No, child; I have only a reputation de salon, I am only known in a certain set. And a man must live, you see. To a man himself that is the primary necessity. Your generosity set me on my legs last year, and tempted me to take this floor, and make a slight advance movement altogether. I thought better rooms would bring me better work—sitters for a new style of cabinet-portraits, and so on. But so far the rooms have been comparatively a useless extravagance. However, I go out a good deal, and meet a great many influential people; so I can scarcely miss a success in the end.'
 - 'But if you sacrifice your health in the mean time, Austin.'
- 'Sacrifice my health! That's just like a woman. If a man looks a trifle pale, and dark under the eyes, she begins to fancy he's dying. My poor little wife takes just the same notions into her head, and would like me to stop at home every evening to watch her darn the children's stockings.'
- 'I think your wife is quite right to be anxious, Austin; and it would be much better for you to stay at home, even to see stockings darned. It must be very dull for her too when you are out, poor soul.'

Mr. Lovel shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating air.

'C'est son métier,' he said. 'I suppose she does find it rather dismal at times; but there are the children, you see—it is a woman's duty to find all-sufficient society in her children. And now, Clary, tell me about yourself. You have made a brilliant match, and are mistress of Arden Court. A strange stroke of fortune that. And you are happy, I hope, my dear?'

'I ought to be very happy,' Clarissa answered, with a faint sigh, thinking perhaps that, bright as her life might be, it was not quite the fulfilment of her vague girlish dreams—not quite the life she had fancied lying before her when the future was all unknown; 'I ought to be very happy and very grateful to Providence; and, O Austin, my boy is the sweetest darling in the world!'

Austin Lovel looked doubtful for a moment, half inclined to think 'my boy' might stand for Daniel Granger.

- 'You must see him, Austin,' continued his sister; 'he is nearly ten months old now, and such a beauty!'
- 'O, the baby!' said Austin, rather coolly. 'I daresay he's a nice little chap, and I should like to see him very much, if it were practicable. But how about Granger himself? He is a good sort of fellow, I hope.'
- 'He is all goodness to me,' Clarissa answered gravely, casting down her eyes as she spoke; and Austin Lovel knew that the marriage which had given his sister Arden Court had been no love-match.

They talked for some time; talked of the old days when they had been together at Arden; but of the years that made the story of his life, Austin Lovel spoke very little.

- 'I have always been an unlucky beggar,' he said, in his careless way. 'There's very little use in going over old ground. Some men never get fairly on the high-road of life. They spend their existence wading across swamps, and scrambling through bushes, and never reach any particular point at the end. My career has been that sort of thing.'
- "But you are so young, Austin,' pleaded Clarissa, 'and may do so much yet.'

He shook his head with an air of hopelessness that was half indifference.

- 'My dear child, I am neither a Raffaelle nor a Doré,' he said, 'and I'd need be one or the other to redeem my past. But so long as I can pick up enough to keep the little woman yonder and the bairns, and get a decent cigar and an honest bottle of Bordeaux, I'm content. Ambition departed from me ten years ago.'
- 'O Austin, I can't bear to hear you say that! With your genius you ought to do so much. I wish you would be friends with my husband, and that he could be of use to you.'
- 'My dear Clarissa, put that idea out of your mind at once and for ever. There can be no such thing as friendship between Mr. Granger and me. Do you remember what Samuel Johnson said about some one's distaste for clean linen—"And I, sir, have no passion for it!" I confess to having no passion for respectable people. I am very glad to hear Mr. Granger is a good husband; but he's much too respectable a citizen for my acquaintance."

Clarissa sighed; there was a prejudice here, even if Daniel Granger could have been induced to think kindly of his brother-in-law.

'Depend upon it, the Prodigal Son had a hard time of it after the fatted calf had been eaten, Clary, and wished himself back among the swine. Do you think, however lenient his father might be, that his brother and the friends of the family spared him? His past was thrown in his face, you may be sure. I daresay he went back to his evil ways after a year or so. Good people maintain their monopoly of virtue by making the repentant sinner's life a burden to him.'

Clarissa spoke of his wife presently.

'You must introduce me to her, Austin. She took me for a

stranger just now, and I did not undeceive her.'

'Yes, I'll introduce you. There's not much in common between you; but she'll be very proud of your acquaintance. She looks upon my relations as an exalted race of beings, and myself as a kind of fallen angel. You mustn't be too hard upon her, Clary, if she seems not quite the sort of woman you would have chosen for your sisterin-law. She has been a good wife to me, and she was a good daughter to her drunken old father—one of the greatest scamps in London, who used to get his bread-or rather his gin-by standing for Count Ugolino and Cardinal Wolsey, or anything grim and gray and aquiline-nosed in the way of patriarchs. The girl Bessie was a model too in her time; and it was in Jack Redgrave's paintingroom—the Preraphaelite fellow who paints fearfully-and-wonderfullymade women with red hair and angular arms-I first met her. Jack and I were great chums at that time—it was just after I sold out and I used to paint at his rooms. I was going in for painting just then with a great spurt, having nothing but my brush to live upon. You can guess the rest. As Bessie was a very pretty girl, and neither she nor I had a sixpence wherewith to bless ourselves, of course we fell in love with each other. Poor little thing, how pretty she used to look in those days, standing on Jack's movable platform, with her hair falling loose about her face, and a heap of primroses held up in her petticoat!—such a patient plaintive look in the sweet little mouth, as much as to say, "I'm very tired of standing here; but I'm only a model, to be hired for eighteenpence an hour; go on smoking your cigars, and talking your slangey talk about the turf and the theatres, gentlemen. I count for nothing." Poor little patient soul! she was so helpless and so friendless, Clary. my love for her was something like the compassion one feels for some young feeble bird that has fallen out of its nest. So we were married one morning; and for some time lived in lodgings at Putney, where I used to suffer considerable affliction from Count Ugolino and two bony boys, Bessie's brothers, who looked as if the count had been acting up to his character with too great a fidelity. Ugolino himself would come prowling out of a Saturday afternoon to borrow the wherewithal to pay his week's lodging, lest he should be cast out into the streets at nightfall; and it was a common thing for one of the bony boys to appear at breakfast-time with a duplicate of his father's coat, pledged over-night for drink, and without the means of redeeming which he could not pursue his honourable vocation. In short, I think it was as much the affliction of the Ugolino family as my own entanglements that drove me to seek my fortunes on the other side of the world.'

Austin Lovel opened one of the doors, and called his wife.

'Come here, Bessie; I've a pleasant surprise for you.'

Mrs. Lovel appeared quickly in answer to this summons. She had changed her morning-dress for a purple silk, which was smartly trimmed, but by no means fresh, and she had dressed her hair, and refreshed her complexion by a liberal application of violet powder. She had a look which can only be described as 'flashy'—a look that struck Clarissa unpleasantly, in spite of herself.

Her expressions of surprise did not sound quite so natural as they might have done—for she had been listening at the folding-doors during a considerable part of the interview; but she seemed really delighted by Mrs. Granger's condescension, and she kissed that lady with much affection.

'I'm sure I do feel proud to know any relation of Austin's,' she said, 'and you most of all, who have been so kind to him. Heaven knows what would have become of us last winter, if it hadn't been for your generosity.'

Clarissa laid her hand upon Bessie Lovel's lips.

'You mustn't talk of generosity between my brother and me,' she said; 'all I have in the world is at his service. And now let me see my nephews, please; and then I must run away.'

The nephews were produced; the boy Clarissa had seen, and another of smaller growth—pale-faced, bright-eyed little fellows. They too had been subjected to the infliction of soap-and-water and hair-brushes, clean pinafores, and so on, since Mrs. Granger's arrival.

She knelt down and kissed them both, with real motherly tenderness, thinking of her own darling, and the difference between his fortunes and theirs; and then, after a warm caress, she slipped a napoleon into each little warm hand, 'to buy toys,' and rose to depart.

'I must hurry away now, Austin,' she said; 'but I shall come again very soon, if I may. Good-bye, dear, and God bless you.'

The embrace that followed was a very fervent one. It had been sweet to meet again after so many years, and it was hard to leave him so soon—to leave him with the conviction that his life was a wreck. But Clarissa had no time to linger. The thought of the baby in the Luxembourg-gardens had been distracting her for ever so long. These stolen meetings must needs be short.

She looked at her watch when she got back to the street, and found, to her horror, that she had been very nearly an hour away from the nurse and her charge. The carriage was waiting at the gate, and she had to encounter the full fire of her servants' gaze as she crossed the road and went into the gardens. Yes, there was the baby's blue-velvet pelisse resplendent at the end of an avenue. Clarissa walked quickly to meet him.

'My darling!' she cried. 'Has he been waiting for his mamma?

I hope he has not been tired of the gardens, nurse?'

'Yes, ma'am, he have been tired,' replied Mrs. Brobson, with an outraged air. 'There ain't much in these gardens to keep a baby of his age amused for an hour at a stretch; and in a east wind too! It's right down cutting at that corner.'

'Why didn't you take him home in the carriage, nurse? It would have been better than running any risk of his catching cold.'

'What, and leave you without a conveyance, ma'am? I couldn't have done that!'

'I was detained longer than I expected to stay. O, by the bye, you need not mention to Miss Granger that I have been making a call. The people I have been to see are—are in humble circum-

stances; and I don't want her to know anything about it.'

'I hope I know my duty, ma'am,' replied Mrs. Brobson stiffly. That hour's parading in the gardens, without any relief from her subordinate, had soured her temper, and inclined her to look with unfavourable eyes upon the conduct of her mistress. Clarissa felt that she had excited the suspicion of her servant, and that all her future meetings with her brother would involve as much plotting and planning as would serve for the ripening of a political conspiracy.

THE DEAD SUMMER-TIME

THE Autumn may come with her splendour,
Full-breasted, gold-wreath'd, lips of red,
With largess of charms that may lend her
Grace richer than summer-tide sped.
Can her plenty, her pride, and her glories
Sweet summer-time make me forget?
O, sweet happy time, that no more is,
I cling to you, dwell on you yet!

O, that time when, day nestling in shadow,

The summer-light just growing dim,

Book in hand, by the marge of the meadow,

I thought of, I waited for him!

Ah, sweet was the rhyme—well I know it!

Was it epic or lyrical lay?—

Which help'd me—and writ by what poet?—

To beguile the last moments of day!

The Summer, methinks, is a maiden
Light-hearted and gladsome in mien;
And Autumn, the heavily laden
With wealth, she comes on like a queen.
And Summer is all expectation,
And tremulous over with joy;
And Autumn she brings consummation,
But the pleasures achieved, soon they cloy!

They are fair, sunlit stubble and fallow,
The woods' lustrous deepening hue;
But restore me the joys which you bore me,
O Summer, the hopeful and true!

Sweet to watch was the harvest's rich token, Ere the work of the reaper was done; Sweet, sweet were Love's promises, spoken In the days of the Summer that's gone.

From Night we her beauties must borrow.

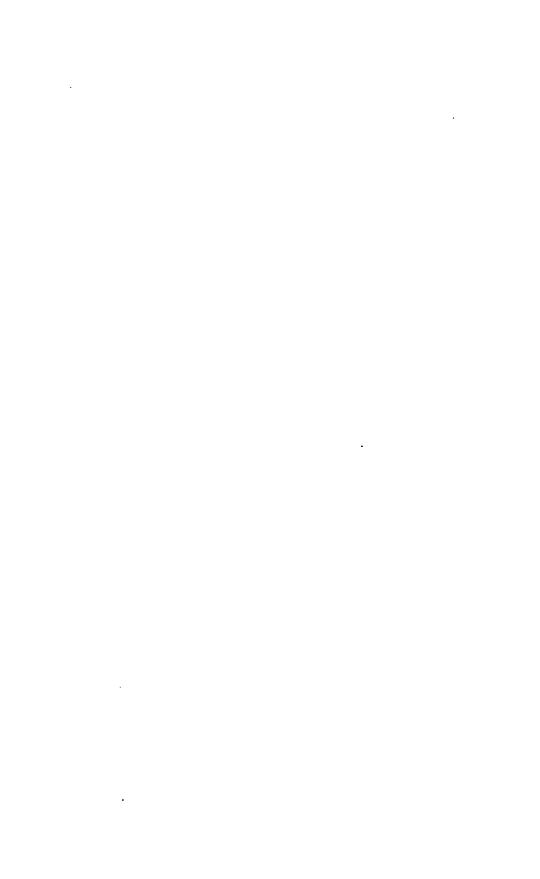
Night draws on as evening descends,
That tells us of tears and of sorrow

For friends, and the parting of friends.
Sweet Summer! all hope and all gladness,
Fit topic for soul-cheering rhyme,
Dispel for me Autumn its sadness,
Restore me the sweet summer-time!

T. H. S. ESCOTT.











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